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THE WORKS

OF

WASHINGTON IRVING

VOL. XI.

THE COMPANIONS OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

LIFE AND LETTERS

VOL. I.

BY HIS NEPHEW

PIERRE M. IRVING

NEW YORK
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
27 AND 29 WEST 23D STREET

THE COMPANIONS OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

BY

WASHINGTON IRVING

Venient annis
Sæcula seris, quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens
Pateat tellus, Tethysque novos
Detegat orbes, nec sit terris
Ultima Thule.

SENECA: *Medea*

AUTHOR'S REVISED EDITION

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INTRODUCTION.

THE first discovery of the Western Hemisphere has already been related by the Author in his History of Columbus. It is proposed by him, in the present work, to narrate the enterprises of certain of the companions and disciples of the admiral, who, enkindled by his zeal, and instructed by his example, sallied forth separately in the vast region of adventure to which he had led the way. Many of them sought merely to skirt the continent which he had partially visited; to secure the first-fruits of the pearl fisheries of Paria and Cubaga; or to explore the coast of Veragua, which he had represented as the Aurea Chersonesus of the ancients. Others aspired to accomplish a grand discovery which he had meditated towards the close of his career. In the course of his expeditions along the coast of Terra Firma, Columbus had repeatedly received information of the existence of a vast sea to the

south. He supposed it to be the great Indian Ocean, the region of the Oriental spice islands, and that it must communicate by a strait with the Caribbean Sea. His last and most disastrous voyage was made for the express purpose of discovering that imaginary strait, and making his way into the Southern Ocean. The illustrious navigator, however, was doomed to die, as it were, upon the threshold of his discoveries. It was reserved for one of his followers, Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, to obtain the first view of the promised ocean, from the lofty mountains of Darien, some years after the eyes of the venerable admiral had been closed in death. The expeditions here narrated, therefore, may be considered as springing immediately out of the voyages of Columbus, and fulfilling some of his grand designs. They may be compared to the attempts of adventurous knights-errant to achieve the enterprise left unfinished by some illustrious predecessor. Neither is this comparison entirely fanciful; on the contrary, it is a curious fact, well worthy of notice, that the spirit of chivalry entered largely into the early expeditions of the Spanish discoverers, giving them a character wholly distinct from similar enterprises, undertaken by other nations. It will not, perhaps, be considered far-sought, if we trace the cause of this peculiarity to the domestic history of the Spaniards during the Middle Ages.

Eight centuries of incessant warfare with the Moorish usurpers of the Peninsula, produced a deep and lasting

effect upon Spanish character and manners. The war being ever close at home, mingled itself with the domestic habits and concerns of the Spaniard. He was born a soldier. The wild and predatory nature of the war also made him a kind of chivalrous marauder. His delight was in roving incursions and extravagant exploits; and no gain was so glorious in his eyes as the cavalgada of spoils and captives driven home in triumph from a plundered province. Religion, which has ever held great empire over the Spanish mind, lent its aid to sanctify these roving and ravaging propensities, and the Castilian cavalier, as he sacked the towns, and laid waste the fields of his Moslem neighbor, piously believed he was doing God service.

The conquest of Granada put an end to the peninsular wars between Christian and Infidel: the spirit of Spanish chivalry was thus suddenly deprived of its wonted sphere of action; but it had been too long fostered and excited, to be as suddenly appeased. The youth of the nation, bred up to daring adventure and heroic achievement, could not brook the tranquil and regular pursuits of common life, but panted for some new field of romantic enterprise.

It was at this juncture that the grand project of Columbus was carried into effect. His treaty with the sovereigns was, in a manner, signed with the same pen that had subscribed the capitulation of the Moorish capital; and his first expedition may almost be said to have de-

parted from beneath the walls of Granada. Many of the youthful cavaliers, who had flashed their swords in that memorable war, crowded the ships of the discoverers, thinking a new career of arms was to be opened to them —a kind of crusade into splendid and unknown regions of infidels. The very weapons and armor that had been used against the Moors, were drawn from the arsenal to equip the heroes of these remoter adventures; and some of the most noted commanders in the New World, will be found to have made their first essay in arms, under the banner of Ferdinand and Isabella, in their romantic campaigns among the mountains of Andalusia.

To these circumstances may, in a great measure, be ascribed that swelling chivalrous spirit which will be found continually mingling, or rather warring, with the technical habits of the seaman and the sordid schemes of the mercenary adventurer, in these early Spanish discoveries. Chivalry had left the land and launched upon the deep. The Spanish cavalier had embarked in the caravel of the discoverer. He carried among the trackless wildernesses of the New World the same contempt of danger and fortitude under suffering; the same restless, roaming spirit; the same passion for inroad and ravage, and vainglorious exploit; and the same fervent, and often bigoted zeal for the propagation of his faith, that had distinguished him during his warfare with the Moors. Instances in point will be found in the extravagant career of the daring Ojeda, particularly in his adventures along the coast

of Terra Firma and the wild shores of Cuba; in the sad story of the "unfortunate Nicuesa," graced as it is with occasional touches of high-bred courtesy; in the singular cruise of that brave but credulous old cavalier, Juan Ponce de Leon, who fell upon the flowery coast of Florida in his search after an imaginary fountain of youth; and above all, in the checkered fortunes of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, whose discovery of the Pacific Ocean forms one of the most beautiful and striking incidents in the history of the New World, and whose fate might furnish a theme of wonderful interest for a poem or a drama.

The extraordinary actions and adventures of these men, while they rival the exploits recorded in chivalric romance, have the additional interest of verity. They leave us in admiration of the bold and heroic qualities inherent in the Spanish character, which led that nation to so high a pitch of power and glory; and which are still discernible in the great mass of that gallant people, by those who have an opportunity of judging of them rightly.

Before concluding these prefatory remarks, the Author would acknowledge how much he has been indebted to the third volume of the invaluable Historical Collection of Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, wherein that author has exhibited his usual industry, accuracy, and critical acumen. He has likewise profited greatly by the second volume of Ovedo's General History, which only exists in manuscript, and a copy of which he found in

the Columbian Library of the Cathedral of Seville. He has had some assistance also from the documents of the law case between Don Diego Columbus and the crown, which exist in the Archives of the Indies, and for an inspection of which he is much indebted to the permission of the government and the kind attentions of Don Josef de la Higuera y Lara, the intelligent keeper of the Archives. These, with the historical works of Herrera, Las Casas, Gomera, and Peter Martyr, have been his authorities for the facts contained in the following work, though he has not thought proper to refer to them continually at the bottom of his page.

While his work was going through the press, he received a volume of Spanish Biography, written with great elegance and accuracy, by Don Manuel Josef Quintana, and containing a life of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa. He was gratified to find that his own arrangement of facts was generally corroborated by this work; though he was enabled to correct his dates in several instances, and to make a few other emendations from the volume of Señor Quintana, whose position in Spain gave him the means of attaining superior exactness on these points.

VOYAGES AND DISCOVERIES

OF

THE COMPANIONS OF COLUMBUS

981 818

ALONZO DE OJEDA,*

HIS FIRST VOYAGE, IN WHICH HE WAS ACCOMPANIED BY AMERIGO VESPUCCI.†

CHAPTER I.

SOME ACCOUNT OF OJEDA.—OF JUAN DE LA COSA.—OF AMERIGO VESPUCCI.—PREPARATIONS FOR THE VOYAGE.

[1499.]

HOSE who have read the history of Columbus will, doubtless, remember the character and exploits of Alonzo de Ojeda; as some of the readers of the following pages, however, may not have

* Ojeda is pronounced in Spanish Oheda, with a strong aspiration of the *h*.

† Vespucci, pronounced Vespuchy.

perused that work, and as it is proposed at present to trace the subsequent fortunes of this youthful adventurer, a brief sketch of him may not be deemed superfluous.

Alonzo de Ojeda was a native of Cuenca, in New Castile, and of a respectable family. He was brought up as a page or esquire, in the service of Don Luis de Cerda, Duke of Medina Celi, one of the most powerful nobles of Spain; the same who for some time patronized Columbus during his application to the Spanish court.*

In those warlike days, when the peninsula was distracted by contests between the Christian kingdoms, by feuds between the nobles and the crown, and by incessant and marauding warfare with the Moors, the household of a Spanish nobleman was a complete school of arms, where the youth of the country were sent to be trained up in all kinds of hardy exercises, and to be led to battle under an illustrious banner. Such was especially the case with the service of the Duke of Medina Celi, who possessed princely domains, whose household was a petty court, who led legions of armed retainers to the field, and who appeared in splendid state and with an immense retinue, more as an ally of Ferdinand and Isabella, than as a subject. He engaged in many of the roughest expeditions of the memorable war of Granada, always insisting on leading his own troops in person,

* Varones Ilustres, por F. Pizarro y Orellana, p. 41. Las Casas, Hist. Ind., lib. i. cap. 82.

when the service was of peculiar difficulty and danger. Alonzo de Ojeda was formed to signalize himself in such a school. Though small of stature, he was well made, and of wonderful force and activity, with a towering spirit that seemed to make up for deficiency of height. He was a bold and graceful horseman, an excellent foot soldier, dexterous with every weapon, and noted for his extraordinary skill and adroitness in all feats of strength and agility.

He must have been quite young when he followed the Duke of Medina Celi, as page, to the Moorish wars; for he was but about twenty-one years of age when he accompanied Columbus in his second voyage; he had already, however, distinguished himself by his enterprising spirit and headlong valor; and his exploits during that voyage contributed to enhance his reputation. He returned to Spain with Columbus, but did not accompany him in his third voyage, in the spring of 1498. He was probably impatient of subordination, and ambitious of a separate employment or command, which the influence of his connections gave him a great chance of obtaining. He had a cousin german of his own name, the reverend Padre Alonzo de Ojeda, a Dominican friar, one of the first inquisitors of Spain, and a great favorite with the Catholic sovereigns.* This father inquisitor was, moreover, an intimate friend of the bishop Don Juan

* Pizarro. Varones Ilustres.

Rodriguez Fonseca, who had the chief management of the affairs of the Indies, under which general name were comprehended all the countries discovered in the New World. Through the good offices of his cousin inquisitor, therefore, Ojeda had been introduced to the notice of the bishop, who took him into his especial favor and patronage. Mention has already been made in the History of Columbus, of a present made by the bishop to Ojeda of a small Flemish painting of the Holy Virgin. This the young adventurer carried about with him as a protecting relic, invoking it at all times of peril, whether by sea or land; and to the especial care of the Virgin he attributed the remarkable circumstance, that he had never been wounded in any of the innumerable brawls and battles into which he was continually betrayed by his rash and fiery temperament.

While Ojeda was lingering about the court, letters were received from Columbus, giving an account of the events of his third voyage, especially of his discovery of the coast of Paria, which he described as abounding in drugs and spices, in gold and silver, and precious stones, and, above all, in Oriental pearls, and which he supposed to be the borders of that vast and unknown region of the East, wherein, according to certain learned theorists, was situated the terrestrial paradise. Specimens of the pearls, procured in considerable quantities from the natives, accompanied his epistle, together with charts descriptive of his route. These tidings caused a great

sensation among the maritime adventurers of Spain; but no one was more excited by them than Alonzo de Ojeda, who, from his intimacy with the bishop, had full access to the charts and correspondence of Columbus. He immediately conceived the project of making a voyage in the route thus marked out by the admiral, and of seizing upon the first fruits of discovery which he had left ungathered. His scheme met with ready encouragement from Fonseca, who, as has heretofore been shown, was an implacable enemy to Columbus, and willing to promote any measure that might injure or molest him. The bishop accordingly granted a commission to Ojeda, authorizing him to fit out an armament and proceed on a voyage of discovery, with the proviso merely that he should not visit any territories appertaining to Portugal, nor any of the lands discovered in the name of Spain previous to the year 1495. The latter part of this provision appears to have been craftily worded by the bishop, so as to leave the coast of Paria and its pearl fisheries open to Ojeda, they having been recently discovered by Columbus in 1498.

The commission was signed by Fonseca alone, in virtue of general powers vested in him for such purposes, but the signature of the sovereigns did not appear on the instrument, and it is doubtful whether their sanction was sought on the occasion. He knew that Columbus had recently remonstrated against a royal mandate issued in 1495, permitting voyages of discovery by private ad-

venturers, and that the sovereigns had in consequence revoked their mandate wherever it might be deemed prejudicial to the stipulated privileges of the admiral.* It is probable, therefore, that the bishop avoided raising any question that might impede the enterprise; being confident of the ultimate approbation of Ferdinand, who would be well pleased to have his dominions in the New World extended by the discoveries of private adventurers, undertaken at their own expense. It was stipulated in this, as well as in subsequent licenses for private expeditions that a certain proportion of the profits, generally a fourth or fifth, should be reserved for the crown.

Having thus obtained permission to make the voyage, the next consideration with Ojeda was to find the means. He was a young adventurer, a mere soldier of fortune, and destitute of wealth; but he had a high reputation for courage and enterprise, and with these, it was thought, would soon make his way to the richest parts of the newly-discovered lands, and have the wealth of the Indies at his disposal. He had no difficulty, therefore, in finding moneyed associates among the rich merchants of Seville, who, in that age of discovery, were ever ready to stake their property upon the schemes of roving navigators. With such assistance he soon equipped a squadron of four vessels at Port St. Mary, opposite Cadiz. Among the seamen who engaged with him

*Navarrete, tom. ii. Document cxiii.

were several just returned from accompanying Columbus in his voyage to this very coast of Paria. The principal associate of Ojeda, and one on whom he placed great reliance, was Juan de la Cosa; who accompanied him as first mate, or, as it was termed, chief pilot. This was a bold Biscayan, who may be regarded as a disciple of Columbus, with whom he had sailed in his second voyage when he coasted Cuba and Jamaica, and he had since accompanied Rodrigo de Bastides, in an expedition along the coast of Terra Firma. The hardy veteran was looked up to by his contemporaries as an oracle of the seas, and was pronounced one of the most able mariners of the day; he may be excused, therefore, if, in his harmless vanity, he considered himself on a par even with Columbus.*

Another conspicuous associate of Ojeda, in this voyage, was Amerigo Vespucci, a Florentine merchant, induced by broken fortunes and a rambling disposition to seek adventures in the New World. Whether he had any pecuniary interest in the expedition, and in what capacity he sailed, does not appear. His importance has entirely arisen from subsequent circumstances; from his having written and published a narrative of his voyages, and from his name having eventually been given to the New World.

* Navarrete, Colec. Viag., tom. iii. p. 4.

CHAPTER II.

DEPARTURE FROM SPAIN.—ARRIVAL ON THE COAST OF PARIA.—CUSTOMS OF THE NATIVES.

OJEDA sailed from Port St. Mary on the 20th of May, 1499, and, having touched for supplies at the Canaries, took a departure from Gomara, pursuing the route of Columbus in his third voyage, being guided by the chart he had sent home, as well as by the mariners who accompanied him on that occasion. At the end of twenty-four days he reached the continent of the New World, about two hundred leagues further south than the part discovered by Columbus, being, as it is supposed, the coast of Surinam.*

Hence he ran along the coast of the Gulf of Paria, passing the mouths of many rivers, but especially those of the Esquivo and the Oronoko. These, to the astonishment of the Spaniards, unaccustomed as yet to the mighty rivers of the New World, poured forth such a prodigious volume of water, as to freshen the sea for a great extent. They beheld none of the natives until they arrived at Trinidad, on which island they met with traces of the recent visit of Columbus.

Vespucci, in his letters, gives a long description of the

* Navarrete, tom. iii. p. 5.

people of this island and the coast of Paria, who were of the Carib race, tall, well made, and vigorous, and expert with the bow, the lance, and the buckler. His description, in general, resembles those which have frequently been given of the aboriginals of the New World; there are two or three particulars, however, worthy of citation.

They appeared, he said, to believe in no religious creed, to have no place of worship, and to make no prayers nor sacrifices; but, he adds, from the voluptuousness of their lives, they might be considered epicureans.* Their habitations were built in the shape of bells; of the trunks of trees, thatched with palm-leaves, and were proof against wind and weather. They appeared to be in common, and some of them were of such magnitude as to contain six hundred persons: in one place there were eight principal houses capable of sheltering nearly ten thousand inhabitants. Every seven or eight years, the natives were obliged to change their residence, from the maladies engendered by the heat of the climate in their crowded habitations.

Their riches consisted in beads and ornaments made from the bones of fishes; in small white and green stones strung like rosaries, with which they adorned their persons, and in the beautiful plumes of various colors for which the tropical birds are noted.

The Spaniards smiled at their simplicity in attaching

* Viages de Vespucci. Navarrete, tom. iii. p. 211.

an extraordinary value to such worthless trifles; while the savages, in all probability, were equally surprised at beholding the strangers so eager after gold, and pearls, and precious stones, which to themselves were objects of indifference.

Their manner of treating the dead was similar to that observed among the natives of some of the islands. Having deposited the corpse in a cavern or sepulchre, they placed a jar of water and a few eatables at its head, and then abandoned it without moan or lamentation. In some parts of the coast, when a person was considered near his end, his nearest relatives bore him to the woods, and laid him in a hammock, suspended to the trees. They then danced round him until evening, when, having left within his reach sufficient meat and drink to sustain him for four days, they repaired to their habitations. If he recovered and returned home, he was received with much ceremony and rejoicing; if he died of his malady or of famine, nothing more was thought of him.

Their mode of treating a fever, is also worthy of mention. In the height of the malady they plunged the patient in a bath of the coldest water, after which they obliged him to make many evolutions round a great fire, until he was in a violent heat, when they put him to bed, that he might sleep: a treatment, by which Amerigo Vespucci declares he saw many cured.

CHAPTER III.

COASTING OF TERRA FIRMA.—MILITARY EXPEDITION OF OJEDA.

After touching at various parts of Trinidad and the Gulf of Paria, Ojeda passed through the strait of Boca del Drago, or Dragon's Mouth, which Columbus had found so formidable, and then steered his course along the coast of Terra Firma, landing occasionally, until he arrived at Curiana, or the Gulf of Pearls. Hence he stood to the opposite island of Margarita, previously discovered by Columbus and since renowned for its pearl fishery. This, as well as several adjacent islands, he visited and explored; after which he returned to the mainland, and touched at Cumana and Maracapana, where he found the rivers infested with alligators, resembling the crocodiles of the Nile.

Finding a convenient harbor at Maracapana, he unloaded and careened his vessels there, and built a small brigantine. The natives came to him in great numbers, bringing abundance of venison, fish, and cassava bread, and aiding the seamen in their labors. Their hospitality was not certainly disinterested, for they sought to gain the protection of the Spaniards, whom they reverenced as superhuman beings. When they thought they had sufficiently secured their favor, they represented to Ojeda that their coast was subject to invasion from a distant

island, the inhabitants of which were cannibals, and carried their people into captivity to be devoured at their unnatural banquets. They besought Ojeda, therefore, to avenge them upon these ferocious enemies.

The request was gratifying to the fighting propensities of Ojeda, and to his love of adventure, and was readily granted. Taking seven of the natives on board of his vessels, as guides, he set sail in quest of the cannibals. After sailing for seven days he came to a chain of islands, some peopled, others uninhabited, supposed to have been the Caribbee islands. One of these was pointed out by his guides as the habitation of their foes. On running near the shore he beheld it thronged with savages, decorated with coronets of gaudy plumes, their bodies painted with a variety of colors. They were armed with bows and arrows, with darts, lances, and bucklers, and seemed prepared to defend their island from invasion.

The show of war was calculated to rouse the martial spirit of Ojeda. He brought his ships to anchor, ordered out his boats, and provided each with a paterero or small cannon. Besides the oarsmen, each boat contained a number of soldiers, who were told to crouch out of sight in the bottom. The boats then pulled in steadily for the shore. As they approached the Indians let fly a cloud of arrows, but without much effect. Seeing the boats continue to advance, the savages threw themselves into the sea, and brandished their lances to prevent their

landing. Upon this, the soldiers sprang up and discharged the patereros. At the sound and smoke the savages abandoned the water in affright, while Ojeda and his men leaped on shore and pursued them. The Carib warriors rallied on the banks, and fought for a long time with a courage peculiar to their race, but were at length driven to the woods at the edge of the sword, leaving many killed and wounded on the field of battle.

On the following day the savages were seen on the shore in still greater numbers, armed and painted, and decorated with war plumes, and sounding defiance with their conchs and drums. Ojeda again landed with fifty-seven men, whom he separated into four companies, and ordered to charge the enemy from different directions. The Caribs fought for a time hand to hand, displaying great dexterity in covering themselves with their bucklers, but were at length entirely routed, and driven with great slaughter to the forests. The Spaniards had but one man killed and twenty-one wounded in these combats—such superior advantage did their armor give them over the naked savages. Having plundered and set fire to their houses, they returned triumphantly to their ships, with a number of Carib captives, and made sail for the main-land. Ojeda bestowed a part of the spoil upon the seven Indians who had accompanied him as guides, and sent them exulting to their homes, to relate to their countrymen the signal vengeance wreaked upon

their foes. He then anchored in a bay where he remained for twenty days, until his men had recovered from their wounds.*

CHAPTER IV.

DISCOVERY OF THE GULF OF VENEZUELA.—TRANSACTIONS THERE.—OJEDA EXPLORES THE GULF.—PENETRATES TO MARACAIBO.

His crew being refreshed and the wounded sufficiently recovered, Ojeda made sail, and touched at the island of Curazao, which, according to the accounts of Vespucci, was inhabited by a race of giants, "every woman appearing a Penthesilea, and every man an Antæus.† As Vespucci was a scholar, and as he supposed himself exploring the regions of the extreme East, the ancient realm of fable, it is probable his imagination deceived him, and construed the formidable accounts given by the Indians of their cannibal neighbors of the islands, into something according with his recollections of classic fable. Certain it is, that the reports of subsequent voyagers proved the inhabitants of the island to be of the ordinary size.

* There is some discrepance in the early accounts of this battle, as to the time and place of its occurrence. The author has collated the narratives of Vespucci, Las Casas, Herrera, and Peter Martyr, and the evidence given in the lawsuit of Diego Columbus, and has endeavored as much as possible to reconcile them.

† Vespucci.—Letter to Lorenzo de Pier Francisco de Medicis.

Proceeding along the coast, he arrived at a vast deep gulf, resembling a tranquil lake; entering which, he beheld on the eastern side a village, the construction of which struck him with surprise. It consisted of twenty large houses, shaped like bells, and built on piles driven into the bottom of the lake, which, in this part, was limpid and of but little depth. Each house was provided with a draw-bridge, and with canoes by which the communication was carried on. From these resemblances to the Italian City, Ojeda gave to the bay the name of the Gulf of Venice; and it is called at the present day Venezuela, or little Venice; the Indian name was Coquibacoa.

When the inhabitants beheld the ships standing into the bay, looking like wonderful and unknown apparitions of the deep, they fled with terror to their houses, and raised the draw-bridges. The Spaniards remained for a time gazing with admiration at this amphibious village, when a squadron of canoes entered the harbor from the sea. On beholding the ships, they paused in mute amazement, and on the Spaniards attempting to approach them, paddled swiftly to shore, and plunged into the forest. They soon returned with sixteen young girls, whom they conveyed in their canoes to the ships, distributing four on board of each, either as peace-offerings or as tokens of amity and confidence. The best of understanding now seemed to be established; and the inhabitants of the village came swarming about the ships in

their canoes, and others swimming in great numbers from the shores.

The friendship of the savages, however, was all delusive. On a sudden, several old women at the doors of the houses uttered loud shrieks, tearing their hair in fury. It appeared to be a signal for hostility. The sixteen nymphs plunged into the sea and made for shore; the Indians in the canoes caught up their bows and discharged a flight of arrows, and even those who were swimming brandished darts and lances, which they had hitherto concealed beneath the water.

Ojeda was for a moment surprised at seeing war thus starting up on every side, and the very sea bristling with weapons. Manning his boats, he charged amongst the thickest of the enemy, shattered and sunk several of their canoes, killed twenty Indians and wounded many more, and spread such a panic among them, that most of the survivors flung themselves into the sea and swam to shore. Three of them were taken prisoners, and two of the fugitive girls, and were conveyed on board of the ships, where the men were put in irons. One of them, however, and the two girls, succeeded in dexterously escaping the same night.

Ojeda had but five men wounded in the affray; all of whom recovered. He visited the houses, but found them abandoned and destitute of booty. Notwithstanding the unprovoked hostility of the inhabitants, he spared the

buildings, that he might not cause useless irritation along the coast.

Continuing to explore this gulf, Ojeda penetrated to a port or harbor, to which he gave the name of St. Bartholomew, but which is supposed to be the same at present known by the original Indian name of Maracaibo. Here, in compliance with the entreaties of the natives, he sent a detachment of twenty-seven Spaniards on a visit to the interior. For nine days they were conducted from town to town, and feasted and almost idolized by the Indians, who regarded them as angelic beings, performing their national dances and games, and chanting their traditional ballads for their entertainment.

The natives of this part were distinguished for the symmetry of their forms; the females in particular appeared to the Spaniards to surpass all they had yet beheld in the New World for grace and beauty. Neither did the men display in the least degree that jealousy which prevailed in the other parts of the coast; but, on the contrary, permitted the most frank and intimate intercourse with their wives and daughters.

By the time the Spaniards set out on their return to the ships, the whole country was aroused, pouring forth its population, male and female, to do them honor. Some bore them in litters or hammocks, that they might not be fatigued with the journey, and happy was the Indian who had the honor of bearing a Spaniard on his shoulders across the river. Others loaded themselves with the

presents that had been bestowed on their guests, consisting of rich plumes, weapons of various kinds, and tropical birds and animals. In this way they returned in triumphant procession to the ships, the woods and shores resounding with their songs and shouts.

Many of the Indians crowded into the boats which took the detachment to the ships; others put off in canoes, or swam from shore, so that in a little while the vessels were thronged with upwards of a thousand wondering natives. While gazing and marveling at the strange objects round them, Ojeda ordered the cannon to be discharged, at the sound of which, says Vespucci, the Indians "plunged into the water like so many frogs from a bank." Perceiving, however, that it was done in harmless mirth, they returned on board, and passed the rest of the day in great festivity. The Spaniards brought away with them several of the beautiful and hospitable females from this place, one of whom, named by them Isabel, was much prized by Ojeda, and accompanied him in a subsequent voyage.*

* Navarrete, tom. iii. p. 8. Idem, pp. 107, 108.

It is worthy of particular mention that Ojeda, in his report of his voyage to the sovereigns, informed them of his having met with English voyagers in the vicinity of Coquibacoa, and that the Spanish government attached such importance to his information as to take measures to prevent any intrusion into those parts by the English. It is singular that no record should exist of this early and extensive expedition of English navigators. If it was undertaken in the service of the crown some documents might be found concerning it among the archives of the reign of Henry VII. The English had already discovered the continent of

CHAPTER V.

PROSECUTION OF THE VOYAGE.—RETURN TO SPAIN.

LEAVING the friendly port of Coquibacoa, Ojeda continued along the western shores of the Gulf of Venezuela, and standing out to sea, and doubling Cape Maracaibo, he pursued his coasting voyage from port to port, and promontory to promontory, of this unknown continent, until he reached that long-stretching headland called Cape de la Vela. There the state of his vessels, and perhaps the disappointment of his hopes at not meeting with abundant sources of immediate wealth induced him to abandon all further voyaging along the coast, and changing his course, he stood across the Caribbean Sea for Hispaniola. The tenor of his commission forbade his visiting that island; but Ojeda was not a man to stand upon trifles when his interest or inclination prompted the contrary. He trusted to excuse the infraction of his orders by the alleged necessity of touching at the island to calk

North America. This had been done in 1497, by John Cabot, a Venetian, accompanied by his son Sebastian, who was born in Bristol. They sailed under a license of Henry VII., who was to have a fifth of the profits of the voyage. On the 24th of June they discovered Newfoundland, and afterwards coasted the continent quite to Florida, bringing back to England a valuable cargo and several of the natives. This was the first discovery of the main-land of America. The success of this expedition may have prompted the one which Ojeda encountered in the neighborhood of Coquibacoa.

and refit his vessels, and to procure provisions. His true object, however, is supposed to have been to cut dye-wood, which abounds in the western part of Hispaniola.

He accordingly anchored at Yaquimo, in September, and landed with a large party of his men. Columbus at that time held command of the island, and hearing of this unlicensed intrusion, despatched Francisco Roldan, the quondam rebel, to call Ojeda to account. The contest of stratagem and management which took place between these two adroit and daring adventurers, has been already detailed in the History of Columbus. Roldan was eventually successful, and Ojeda, being obliged to leave Hispaniola, resumed his rambling voyage, visiting various islands, from whence he carried off numbers of the natives. He at length arrived at Cadiz in June, 1500, with his ships crowded with captives, whom he sold as slaves. So meagre, however, was the result of this expedition, that we are told, when all the expenses were deducted, but five hundred ducats remained to be divided between fifty-five adventurers. What made this result the more mortifying was, that a petty armament, which had sailed some time after that of Ojeda, had returned two months before him, rich with the spoils of the New World. A brief account of this latter expedition is necessary to connect this series of minor discoveries, which will be found to lead to enterprises and transactions of more stirring interest and importance.

PEDRO ALONZO NIÑO* AND CHRISTOVAL GUERRA.

[1499.]

THE permission granted by Bishop Fonseca to Alonzo de Ojeda to undertake a private expedition to the New World, roused the emulation of others of the followers of Columbus. Among these was Pedro Alonzo Niño, a hardy seaman, native of Moguer, in the vicinity of Palos, who had sailed with Columbus, as a pilot, in his first voyage, and also in his cruisings along the coasts of Cuba and Paria.† He soon obtained from the bishop a similar license to that given to Ojeda, and like the latter, sought for some moneyed confederate among the rich merchants of Seville. One of these, named Luis Guerra, offered to fit out a caravel for the expedition; but on condition that his brother, Christoval Guerra, should have the command. The poverty of Niño compelled him to assent to the stipulations of the man of wealth, and he sailed as subaltern in his own

* Pronounced Ninyo. The Ñ in Spanish is always pronounced as if followed by the letter *y*.

† Testimony of Bastides in the lawsuit of Diego Columbus.

enterprise; but his nautical skill and knowledge soon gained him the ascendancy; he became virtually the captain, and ultimately enjoyed the whole credit of the voyage.

The bark of these two adventurers was but of fifty tons burthen, and the crew thirty-three souls, all told. With this slender armament they undertook to traverse unknown and dangerous seas, and to explore the barbarous shores of that vast continent recently discovered by Columbus; such was the daring spirit of the Spanish voyagers of those days.

It was about the beginning of June, 1499, and but a few days after the departure of Ojeda, that they put to sea. They sailed from the little port of Palos, the cradle of American discovery, whose brave and skillful mariners long continued foremost in all enterprises to the New World. Being guided by the chart of Columbus, they followed his route, and reached the southern continent, a little beyond Paria, about fifteen days after the same coast had been visited by Ojeda.

They then proceeded to the Gulf of Paria, where they landed to cut dye-wood, and were amicably entertained by the natives. Shortly afterwards, sallying from the gulf by the Boca del Drago, they encountered eighteen canoes of Caribs, the pirate rovers of these seas, and the terror of the bordering lands. This savage armada, instead of being daunted, as usual, by the sight of a European ship, with swelling sails, resembling some winged

monster of the deep, considered it only as an object of plunder or hostility, and assailed it with showers of arrows. The sudden burst of artillery, however, from the sides of the caravel, and the havoc made by the seeming thunder, struck them with dismay, and they fled in all directions. The Spaniards succeeded in capturing one of the canoes, with one of the warriors who had manned it. In the bottom of the canoe lay an Indian prisoner, bound hand and foot. On being liberated he informed the Spaniards, by signs, that these Caribs had been on a marauding expedition along the neighboring coasts, shutting themselves up at night in a stockade which they carried with them, and issuing forth by day to plunder the villages and make captives. He had been one of seven prisoners; his companions had been devoured before his eyes at the cannibal banquets of these savages, and he had been awaiting the same miserable fate. Honest Niño and his confederates were so indignant at this recital, that, receiving it as established fact, they performed what they considered an act of equitable justice, by abandoning the Carib to the discretion of his late captive. The latter fell upon the defenseless warrior with fist, and foot, and cudgel; nor did his rage subside even after the breath had been mauled out of his victim, but, tearing the grim head from the body, he placed it on a pole as a trophy of his vengeance.

Niño and his fellow-adventurers now steered for the island of Margarita, where they obtained a considerable

quantity of pearls by barter. They afterwards skirted the opposite coast of Cumana, trading cautiously and shrewdly, from port to port; sometimes remaining on board of their little bark, and obliging the savages to come off to them, when the latter appeared too numerous; at other times venturing on shore, and even into the interior. They were invariably treated with amity by the natives, who were perfectly naked, excepting that they were adorned with necklaces and bracelets of pearls. These they sometimes gave freely to the Spaniards, at other times they exchanged them for glass beads and other trinkets, and smiled at the folly of the strangers in making such silly bargains.*

The Spaniards were struck with the grandeur and density of the forests along this coast; for in these regions of heat and moisture vegetation appears in its utmost magnificence. They heard also the cries and roarings of wild and unknown animals in the woodlands, which, however, appeared not to be very dangerous, as the Indians went about the forests armed solely with bows and arrows. From meeting with deer and rabbits, they were convinced that that was a part of Terra Firma, not having found any animals of the kind on the island.†

Niño and Guerra were so well pleased with the hospitality of the natives of Cumana, and with the profitable

* Las Casas, Hist. Ind., lib. i. cap. 171.
† Navarrete, tom. iii. p. 14.

traffic for pearls, by which they obtained many of great size and beauty, that they remained upwards of three months on the coast.

They then proceeded westward to a country called Cauchieto, trading, as usual, for pearls, and for the inferior kind of gold called guanin. At length they arrived at a number of houses and gardens situated on a river, and protected by a kind of fortress, the whole forming, to the eyes of the Spaniards, one of the most delicious abodes imaginable. They were about to land and enjoy the pleasures of this paradise, when they beheld upwards of a thousand Indians, armed with bows and arrows, and war clubs, preparing to give them a warm reception; having been probably incensed by the recent visit of Ojeda. As Niño and Guerra had not the fighting propensities of Ojeda, and were in quest of profit rather than renown, having moreover, in all probability, the fear of the rich merchant of Seville before their eyes, they prudently abstained from landing, and abandoning this hostile coast, returned forthwith to Cumana, to resume their trade for pearls. They soon amassed a great number, many of which were equal in size and beauty to the most celebrated of the East, though they had been injured in boring from a want of proper implements.

Satisfied with their success, they now set sail for Spain, and piloted their little bark safely to Bayonne in Galicia, where they anchored about the middle of April,

1500, nearly two months before the arrival of Ojeda and his associates, La Cosa and Vespucci.*

The most successful voyagers to the New World were doomed to trouble from their very success. The ample amount of pearls paid to the treasury, as the royal portion of the profits of the expedition, drew suspicion instead of favor upon the two adventurers. They were accused of having concealed a great part of the pearls collected by them, thus defrauding their companions and the crown. Pedro Alonzo Niño was actually thrown into prison on this accusation, but nothing being proved against him, he was eventually set free, and enjoyed the enviable reputation of having performed the richest voyage that had yet been made to the New World.†

* Peter Martyr. Other historians give a different date for their arrival Herrera says Feb. 6.

† Navarrete, Colec., tom. iii. p. 11. Herrera, decad. i. lib. iv. cap. 5.

VICENTE YAÑEZ PINZON.

AMONG the maritime adventurers of renown who were roused to action by the licenses granted for private expeditions of discovery, we find conspicuous the name of Vicente Yañez Pinzon, of Palos, one of the three brave brothers who aided Columbus in his first voyage, and risked life and fortune with him in his doubtful and perilous enterprise.

Of Martin Alonzo Pinzon, the eldest and most important of these three brothers, particular mention has been made in the History of Columbus, and of the unfortunate error in conduct which severed him from the admiral, brought on him the displeasure of the sovereigns, and probably contributed to his premature and melancholy death.

Whatever cloud this may have thrown over his family, it was but temporary. The death of Martin Alonzo, as usual, atoned for his faults, and his good deeds lived after him. The merits and services of himself and his brothers were acknowledged, and the survivors of the family were restored to royal confidence. A feeling of jealous hostility prevented them from taking a part in

the subsequent voyages of Columbus, but the moment the door was thrown open for individual enterprise, they pressed forward for permission to engage in it at their own risk and expense—and it was readily granted. In fact, their supposed hostility to Columbus was one of the surest recommendations to the favor of the Bishop Fonseca, by whom the license was issued for their expedition.

Vicente Yañez Pinzon was the leader of this new enterprise, and he was accompanied by two nephews, Arias Perez and Diego Fernandez, sons of his late brother, Martin Alonzo Pinzon. Several of his sailors had sailed with Columbus in his recent voyage to Paria, as had also his three principal pilots, Juan Quintero, Juan de Umbria, and Juan de Jerez. Thus these minor voyages seemed all to emanate from the great expeditions of Columbus, and to aim at realizing the ideas and speculations contained in the papers transmitted by him to Spain.

The armament consisted of four caravels, and was fitted out at the port of Palos. The funds of Vicente Yañez were completely exhausted before he had fitted out his little squadron; he was obliged, therefore, to purchase on credit the sea-stores and articles of traffic necessary for the enterprise. The merchants of Palos seem to have known how to profit by the careless nature of sailors and the sanguine spirit of discoverers. In their bargains they charged honest Pinzon eighty and a hun-

dred per cent. above the market value of their merchandise, and in the hurry and urgency of the moment he was obliged to submit to the imposition.*

The squadron put to sea in the beginning of December, 1499, and after passing the Canary and Cape de Verde Islands, stood to the south-west. Having sailed about seven hundred leagues, they crossed the equator and lost sight of the north star. They had scarcely passed the equinoctial line when they encountered a terrible tempest, which had wellnigh swallowed up their slender barks. The storm passed away, and the firmament was again serene; but the mariners remained tossing about in confusion, dismayed by the turbulence of the waves and the strange aspect of the heavens. They looked in vain to the south for some polar star by which to shape their course, and fancied that some swelling prominence of the globe concealed it from their view. They knew nothing as yet of the firmament of that hemisphere, nor of that beautiful constellation, the southern cross, but expected to find a guiding star at the opposite pole, similar to the cynosure of the north.

Pinzon, however, who was of an intrepid spirit, pursued his course resolutely to the west, and after sailing about two hundred and forty leagues, and being in the eighth degree of southern latitude, he beheld land afar

* Navarrete, vol. iii. See Doc. No. 7, where Vente Yañez Pinzon petitions for redress.

off on the 28th of January, to which he gave the name of *Santa Maria de la Consolacion*, from the sight of it having consoled him in the midst of doubts and perplexities. It is now called Cape St. Augustine, and forms the most prominent part of the immense empire of Brazil.

The sea was turbid and discolored as in rivers, and on sounding they had sixteen fathoms water. Pinzon landed, accompanied by a notary and witnesses, and took formal possession of the territory for the Castilian crown; no one appeared to dispute his pretensions, but he observed on the beach the print of footsteps, of gigantic size.

At night there were fires lighted upon a neighboring part of the coast, which induced Pinzon on the following morning to send forty men well armed to the spot. A band of Indians, of about equal number, sallied forth to encounter them, armed with bows and arrows, and seemingly of extraordinary stature. A still greater number were seen in the distance, hastening to the support of their companions. The Indians arrayed themselves for combat, and the two parties remained for a short time eyeing each other with mutual curiosity and distrust. The Spaniards now displayed looking-glasses, beads, and other trinkets, and jingled strings of hawks'-bells, in general so captivating to an Indian ear; but the haughty savages treated all their overtures with contempt, regarding these offerings carelessly for a short time, and then stalking off with stoic gravity. They were ferocious of

feature, and apparently warlike in disposition, and are supposed to have been a wandering race of unusual size, who roamed about in the night, and were of the most fierce, untractable nature. By nightfall there was not an Indian to be seen in the neighborhood.

Discouraged by the inhospitable character of the coast, Pinzon made sail and stood to the north-west, until he came to the mouth of a river too shallow to receive his ships. Here he sent his boats on shore with a number of men well armed. They landed on the river banks, and beheld a multitude of naked Indians on a neighboring hill. A single Spaniard, armed simply with sword and buckler, was sent to invite them to friendly intercourse. He approached them with signs of amity, and threw to them a hawk's-bell. They replied to him with similar signs, and threw to him a small gilded wand. The soldier stooped to pick it up, when suddenly a troop of savages rushed down to seize him; he threw himself immediately upon the defensive, with sword and target, and though but a small man, and far from robust, handled his weapons with such dexterity and fierceness that he kept the savages at bay, making a clear circle around him, and wounding several who attempted to break it. His unlooked-for prowess surprised and confounded his assailants, and gave time for his comrades to come to his assistance. The Indians then made a general assault, with such a galling discharge of darts and arrows, that almost immediately eight or ten Spaniards were

slain, and many more wounded. The latter were compelled to retreat to their boats, disputing every inch of ground. The Indians pursued them even into the water, surrounding the boats and seizing hold of the oars. The Spaniards made a desperate defense, thrusting many through with their lances, and cutting down and ripping up others with their swords, but such was the ferocity of the survivors, that they persisted in their attack until they overpowered the crew of one of the boats, and bore it off in triumph. With this they retired from the combat, and the Spaniards returned defeated and disheartened to their ships, having met with the roughest reception that the Europeans had yet experienced in the New World.

Pinzon now stood forty leagues to the north-west, until he arrived in the neighborhood of the equinoctial line. Here he found the water of the sea so fresh that he was enabled to replenish his casks with it. Astonished at so singular a phenomenon, he stood in for the land, and arrived among a number of fresh and verdant islands, inhabited by a gentle and hospitable race of people, gayly painted, who came off to the ships with the most frank and fearless confidence. Pinzon soon found that these islands lay in the mouth of an immense river, more than thirty leagues in breadth, the water of which entered upward of forty leagues into the sea before losing its sweetness. It was, in fact, the renowned Marañon, since known as the Orellana and the Amazon. While

lying in the mouth of this river, there was a sudden swelling of the stream, which, being opposed by the current of the sea, and straitened by the narrow channels of the islands, rose more than five fathoms, with mountain waves, and a tremendous noise, threatening the destruction of the ships. Pinzon extricated his little squadron with great difficulty, and finding there was but little gold, nor anything else of value to be found among the simple natives, he requited their hospitality, in the mode too common among the early discoverers, by carrying off thirty-six of them captive.

Having regained the sight of the polar star, Pinzon pursued his course along the coast, passing the mouths of the Oronoko, and entering the Gulf of Paria, where he landed and cut brazil-wood. Sallying forth by the Boca del Drago, he reached the island of Hispaniola, about the 23d of June, whence he sailed for the Bahamas. Here, in the month of July, while at anchor, there came such a tremendous hurricane that two of the caravels were swallowed up with all their crews in the sight of their terrified companions ; a third parted her cables and was driven out to sea, while the fourth was so furiously beaten by the tempest that the crew threw themselves into the boats and made for shore. Here they found a few naked Indians, who offered them no molestation; but, fearing that they might spread the tidings of a handful of shipwrecked Spaniards being upon the coast, and thus bring the savages of the neighboring islands upon

them, a council of war was held, whether it would not be a wise precaution to put these Indians to death. Fortunately for the latter, the vessel which had been driven from her anchors returned, and put an end to the alarm, and to the council of war. The other caravel also rode out the storm uninjured, and the sea subsiding, the Spaniards returned on board, and made the best of their way to the island of Hispaniola. Having repaired the damages sustained in the gale, they again made sail for Spain, and came to anchor in the river before Palos, about the end of September.

Thus ended one of the most checkered and disastrous voyages yet made to the New World. Yañez Pinzon had lost two of his ships, and many of his men; what made the loss of the latter more grievous was, that they had been enlisted from among his neighbors, his friends, and relatives. In fact, the expeditions to the New World must have realized the terrors and apprehensions of the people of Palos by filling that little community with widows and orphans. When the rich merchants, who had sold goods to Pinzon at a hundred per cent. advance, beheld him return in this sorry condition, with two shattered barks, and a handful of poor, tattered, weather-beaten seamen, they began to tremble for their money. No sooner, therefore, had he and his nephews departed to Granada, to give an account of their discoveries to the sovereigns, than the merchants seized upon their caravels and cargoes, and began to sell them, to repay

themselves. Honest Pinzon immediately addressed a petition to the government, stating the imposition practiced upon him, and the danger he was in of imprisonment and utter ruin, should his creditors be allowed to sacrifice his goods at a public sale. He petitioned that they might be compelled to return the property thus seized, and that he might be enabled to sell three hundred and fifty quintals of brazil-wood, which he had brought back with him, and which would be sufficient to satisfy the demands of his creditors. The sovereigns granted his prayer. They issued an order to the civil authorities of Palos to interfere in the matter, with all possible promptness and brevity, allowing no vexatious delay, and administering justice so impartially that neither of the parties should have cause to complain.

Pinzon escaped from the fangs of his creditors, but, of course, must have suffered in purse from the expenses of the law; which, in Spain, is apt to bury even a successful client under an overwhelming mountain of documents and writings. We infer this in respect to Pinzon from a royal order issued in the following year, allowing him to export a quantity of grain, in consideration of the heavy losses he had sustained in his voyage of discovery. He did but share the usual lot of the Spanish discoverers, whose golden anticipations too frequently ended in penury; but he is distinguished from among the crowd of them by being the first European who crossed the equi-

noctial line, on the western ocean, and by discovering the great kingdom of Brazil.*

* On the 5th of September, 1501, a royal permission was given to Vicente Yañez Pinzon to colonize and govern the lands he had discovered, beginning a little north of the river Amazon, and extending to Cape St. Augustine. The object of the government in this permission was to establish an outpost and a resolute commander on this southern frontier, to check any intrusion the Portuguese might make in consequence of the accidental discovery of a part of the coast of Brazil by Pedro Alvarez Cabral, in 1500. The subsequent arrangement of a partition line between the two countries prevented the necessity of this precaution, and it does not appear that Vicente Yañez Pinzon made any second voyage to those parts.

In 1506 he undertook an expedition in company with Juan Diaz de Solis, a native of Lebrija, the object of which was to endeavor to find the strait or passage supposed by Columbus to lead from the Atlantic to a Southern Ocean. It was necessarily without success, as was also another voyage made by them, for the same purpose, in 1508. As no such passage exists, no blame could attach to those able navigators for being foiled in the object of their search.

In consequence of the distinguished merits and services of the Pinzon family, they were raised by the Emperor Charles V. to the dignity of a Hidalguía, or nobility, without any express title, and a coat of arms was granted them, on which were emblazoned three caravels, with a hand at the stern pointing to an island covered with savages. This coat of arms is still maintained by the family, who have added to it the motto granted to Columbus, merely substituting the name of Pinzon for that of the admiral,

A Castile y a Leon,
Nuevo Mundo dio Pinzon.

DIEGO DE LEPE AND RODRIGO DE BASTIDES.

[1500.]

NOTWITHSTANDING the hardships and disasters that had beset the voyagers to the New World, and the penury in which their golden anticipations had too frequently terminated, adventurers continued to press forward, excited by fresh reports of newly-discovered regions, each in its turn represented as the real land of promise. Scarcely had Vicente Yañez Pinzon departed on the voyage recently narrated, when his townsman Diego de Lepe likewise set sail with two vessels from the busy little port of Palos, on a like expedition. No particulars of importance are known of this voyage, excepting that Lepe doubled Cape St. Augustine, and beheld the southern continent stretching far to the south-west. On returning to Spain, he drew a chart of the coast for the Bishop Fonseca, and enjoyed the reputation, for upwards of ten years afterwards, of having extended his discoveries further south than any other voyager.

Another contemporary adventurer to the New World,

was Rodrigo de Bastides, a wealthy notary of Triana, the suburb of Seville, inhabited by the maritime part of its population. Being sanctioned by the sovereigns, to whom he engaged to yield a fourth of his profits, he fitted out two caravels in October, 1500, to go in quest of gold and pearls.

Prudently distrusting his own judgment in nautical matters, this adventurous notary associated with him the veteran pilot Juan de la Cosa, the same hardy Biscayan who had sailed with Columbus and Ojeda. A general outline of their voyage has already been given in the life of Columbus; it extended the discoveries of the coast of Terra Firma from Cape de la Vela, where Ojeda had left off, quite to the port of Nombre de Dios.

Bastides distinguished himself from the mass of discoverers, by his kind treatment of the natives, and Juan de la Cosa, by his sound discretion and his able seamanship. Their voyage had been extremely successful, and they had collected, by barter, a great amount of gold and pearls, when their prosperous career was checked by an unlooked-for evil. Their vessels, to their surprise, became leaky in every part, and they discovered, to their dismay, that the bottoms were pierced in innumerable places by the broma, or worm, which abounds in the waters of the torrid zone, but of which they, as yet, had scarcely any knowledge. It was with great difficulty they could keep afloat until they reached a small islet on the coast of Hispaniola. Here they repaired their ships as

well as they were able, and again put to sea to return to Cadiz. A succession of gales drove them back to port; the ravages of the worms continued, the leaks broke out afresh; they landed the most portable and precious part of their wealthy cargoes, and the vessels foundered with the remainder. Bastides lost, moreover, the arms and ammunition saved from the wreck, being obliged to destroy them lest they should fall into the hands of the Indians.

Distributing his men into three bands, two of them headed by La Cosa and himself, they set off for San Domingo by three several routes, as the country was not able to furnish provisions for so large a body. Each band was provided with a coffer stored with trinkets and other articles of Indian traffic, with which to buy provisions on the road.

Francisco de Bobadilla, the wrong-headed oppressor and superseder of Columbus, was at that time governor of San Domingo. The report reached him that a crew of adventurers had landed on the island, and were marching through the country in three bands, each provided with a coffer of gold, and carrying on illicit trade with the natives. The moment Bastides made his appearance, therefore, he was seized and thrown into prison, and an investigation commenced. In his defense he maintained that his only traffic with the natives was for the purpose of procuring provisions for his followers, or guides for his journey. It was determined, however, to send him

to Spain for trial, with the written testimony and the other documents of his examination.

He was accordingly conveyed in the same fleet in which Bobadilla embarked for Spain, and which experienced such an awful shipwreck in the sight of Columbus. The ship of Rodrigo Bastides was one of the few which outlived the tempest: it arrived safe at Cadiz in September, 1502. Bastides was ultimately acquitted of the charges advanced against him. So lucrative had been his voyage, that, notwithstanding the losses sustained by the foundering of his vessels, he was enabled to pay a large sum to the crown as a fourth of his profits, and to retain a great amount for himself. In reward of his services and discoveries the sovereigns granted him an annual revenue for life, to arise from the proceeds of the province of Uraba, which he had discovered. An equal pension was likewise assigned to the hardy Juan de la Cosa, to result from the same territory, of which he was appointed alguazil mayor.* Such was the economical generosity of King Ferdinand, who rewarded the past toils of his adventurous discoverers out of the expected produce of their future labors.

* Navarrete, Colec., tom. iii.

SECOND VOYAGE OF ALONZO DE OJEDA.

[1502.]

THE first voyage of Alonzo de Ojeda to the coast of Paria, and its meagre termination in June, 1500, has been related. He gained nothing in wealth by that expedition, but he added to his celebrity as a bold and skillful adventurer. His youthful fire, his sanguine and swelling spirit, and the wonderful stories told of his activity and prowess, made him extremely popular, so that his patron the Bishop Fonseca found it an easy matter to secure for him the royal favor. In consideration of his past services and of others expected from him, a grant was made to him of six leagues of land on the southern part of Hispaniola, and the government of the province of Coquibacoa which he had discovered. He was, furthermore, authorized to fit out any number of ships, not exceeding ten, at his own expense, and to prosecute the discovery of the coast of Terra Firma. He was not to touch or traffic on the pearl coast of Paria, extending as far as a bay in the vicinity of the island of

Margarita. Beyond this he had a right to trade in all kinds of merchandise, whether of pearls, jewels, metals, or precious stones; paying one fifth of the profits to the crown, and abstaining from making slaves of the Indians without a special license from the sovereigns. He was to colonize Coquibacoa, and, as a recompense, was to enjoy one half of the proceeds of his territory, provided the half did not exceed 300,000 maravedies: all beyond that amount was to go to the crown.

A principal reason, however, for granting this government and those privileges to Ojeda, was that, in his previous voyage, he had met with English adventurers on a voyage of discovery in the neighborhood of Coquibacoa, at which the jealousy of the sovereigns had taken the alarm. They were anxious, therefore, to establish a resolute fighting commander like Ojeda upon this outpost, and they instructed him to set up the arms of Castile and Leon in every place he visited, as a signal of discovery and possession, and to put a stop to the intrusions of the English.*

With this commission in his pocket, and the government of an Indian territory in the prospective, Ojeda soon found associates to aid him in fitting out an armament. These were Juan de Vergara, a servant of a rich canon of the cathedral of Seville, and Garcia de Campos, commonly called Ocampo. They made a contract of

* Navarrete, tom. iii. Document x.

partnership to last two years, according to which the expenses and profits of the expedition, and of the government of Coquibacoa, were to be shared equally between them. The purses of the confederates were not ample enough to afford ten ships, but they fitted out four. 1st, The Santa Maria de la Antigua, commanded by Garcia del Campo; 2d, The Santa Maria de la Granada, commanded by Juan de Vergara; 3d, The caravel Magdalena, commanded by Pedro de Ojeda, nephew to Alonzo; and 4th, The caravel Santa Ana, commanded by Hernando de Guevara. The whole was under the command of Alonzo de Ojeda. The expedition set sail in 1502, touched at the Canaries, according to custom, to take in provisions, and then proceeded westward for the shores of the New World.

After traversing the Gulf of Paria, and before reaching the island of Margarita, the caravel Santa Ana, commanded by Hernando de Guevara, was separated from them, and for several days the ships were mutually seeking each other in these silent and trackless seas. After they were all reunited they found their provisions growing scanty, they landed therefore at a part of the coast called Cumana by the natives, but to which, from its beauty and fertility, Ojeda gave the name of Valfermosa. While foraging here for their immediate supplies, the idea occurred to Ojeda that he should want furniture and utensils of all kinds for his proposed colony, and that it would be better to pillage them from a country where

he was a mere transient visitor, than to wrest them from his neighbors in the territory where he was to set up his government. His companions were struck with the policy, if not the justice of this idea, and they all set to work to carry it into execution. Dispersing themselves, therefore, in ambush in various directions, they at a concerted signal rushed forth from their concealment, and set upon the natives. Ojeda had issued orders to do as little injury and damage as possible, and on no account to destroy the habitations of the Indians. His followers, however, in their great zeal, transcended his orders. Seven or eight Indians were killed and many wounded in the skirmish which took place, and a number of their cabins were wrapped in flames. A great quantity of hammocks, of cotton, and of utensils of various kinds, fell into the hands of the conquerors; they also captured several female Indians, some of whom were ransomed with the kind of gold called guanin; some were retained by Vergara for himself and his friend Ocampo, others were distributed among the crews, the rest, probably the old and ugly, were set at liberty. As to Ojeda, he reserved nothing for himself of the spoil excepting a single hammock.

The ransom paid by the poor Indians for some of their effects and some of their women, yielded the Spaniards a trifling quantity of gold, but they found the place destitute of provisions, and Ojeda was obliged to despatch Vergara in a caravel to the island of Jamaica to forage

for supplies, with instructions to rejoin him at Maracaibo or Cape de la Vela.

Ojeda at length arrived at Coquibacoa, at the port destined for his seat of government. He found the country, however, so poor and sterile, that he proceeded along the coast to a bay, which he named Santa Cruz, but which is supposed to be the same at present called Bahia Honda, where he found a Spaniard who had been left in the province of Citarma by Bastides in his late voyage, about thirteen months before, and had remained ever since among the Indians, so that he had acquired their language.

Ojeda determined to form a settlement at this place; but the natives seemed disposed to defend their territory, for the moment the party landed to procure water, they were assailed by a galling shower of arrows, and driven back to the ships. Upon this Ojeda landed with all his force, and struck such terror into the Indians, that they came forward with signs of amity, and brought a considerable quantity of gold as a peace-offering, which was graciously accepted.

Ojeda, with the concurrence of his associates, now set to work to establish a settlement, cutting down trees, and commencing a fortress. They had scarce begun, when they were attacked by a neighboring cacique, but Ojeda sallied forth upon him with such intrepidity and effect as not merely to defeat, but to drive him from the neighborhood. He then proceeded quietly to finish his

fortress, which was defended by bombards, and contained the magazine of provisions, and the treasure amassed in the expedition. The provisions were dealt out twice a day, under the inspection of proper officers; the treasure, gained by barter, by ransom, or by plunder, was deposited in a strong box secured by two locks, one key being kept by the royal supervisor, the other by Ocampo.

In the meantime provisions became scarce. The Indians never appeared in the neighborhood of the fortress, except to harass it with repeated though ineffectual assaults. Vergara did not appear with the expected supplies from Jamaica, and a caravel was despatched in search of him. The people, worn out with labor and privations of various kinds, and disgusted with the situation of the settlement, which was in a poor and unhealthy country, grew discontented and factious. They began to fear that they should lose the means of departing, as their vessels were in danger of being destroyed by the broma or worms. Ojeda led them forth repeatedly upon foraging parties about the adjacent country, and collected some provisions and booty in the Indian villages. The provisions he deposited in the magazine, part of the spoils he divided among his followers, and the gold he locked up in the strong box, the keys of which he took possession of to the great displeasure of the supervisor and his associate Ocampo. The murmurs of the people grew loud as their sufferings increased. They insinuated

that Ojeda had no authority over this part of the coast, having passed the boundaries of his government, and formed his settlement in the country discovered by Bastides. By the time Vergara arrived from Jamaica, the factions of this petty colony had risen to an alarming height. Ocampo had a personal enmity to the governor, arising probably from some feud about the strong box; being a particular friend of Vergara, he held a private conference with him, and laid a plan to entrap the doughty Ojeda. In pursuance of this, the latter was invited on board of the caravel of Vergara, to see the provisions he had brought from Jamaica; but no sooner was he on board than they charged him with having transgressed the limits of his government, with having provoked the hostility of the Indians, and heedlessly sacrificed the lives of his followers, and above all, with having taken possession of the strong box, in contempt of the authority of the royal supervisor, and with the intention of appropriating to himself all the gains of the enterprise; they informed him, therefore, of their intention to convey him a prisoner to Hispaniola, to answer to the governor for his offenses. Ojeda, finding himself thus entrapped, proposed to Vergara and Ocampo that they should return to Spain with such of the crews as chose to accompany them, leaving him with the remainder to prosecute his enterprise. The two recreant partners at first consented, for they were disgusted with the enterprise, which offered little profit and severe hardships.

They agreed to leave Ojeda the smallest of the caravels, with a third of the provisions and of their gains, and to build a row-boat for him. They actually began to labor upon the boat. Before ten days had elapsed, however, they repented of their arrangement; the ship-carpenters were ill, there were no calkers, and, moreover, they recollected that as Ojeda, according to their representations, was a defaulter to the crown, they would be liable as his sureties, should they return to Spain without him. They concluded, therefore, that the wisest plan was to give him nothing, but to carry him off a prisoner.

When Ojeda learned the determination of his wary partners, he attempted to make his escape, and get off to San Domingo; but he was seized, thrown in irons, and conveyed on board of the caravel. The two partners then set sail from Santa Cruz bearing off the whole community, its captive governor, and the litigated strong box.

They put to sea about the beginning of September, and arrived at the western part of the island of Hispaniola. While at anchor, within a stone's throw of the land, Ojeda, confident in his strength and skill as a swimmer, let himself quietly slide down the side of the ship into the water during the night, and attempted to swim for the shore. His arms were free, but his feet were shackled, and the weight of his irons threatened to sink him. He was obliged to shout for help; a boat was sent from the vessel to his relief, and the unfortunate gover-

nor was brought back half drowned to his unrelenting partners.*

The latter now landed, and delivered their prisoner into the hands of Gallego, the commander of the place, to be put at the disposal of the governor of the island. In the meantime, the strong box, which appears to have been at the bottom of all these feuds, remained in the possession of Vergara and Ocampo, who, Ojeda says, took from it whatever they thought proper, without regard to the royal dues, or the consent of the royal supervisor. They were all together, prisoner and accusers, in the city of San Domingo, about the end of September, 1502, when the chief judge of the island, after hearing both parties, gave a verdict against Ojeda, that stripped him of all his effects, and brought him into debt to the crown for the royal proportion of the profits of the voyage. Ojeda appealed to the sovereign, and, after some time, was honorably acquitted, by the royal council, from all the charges; and a mandate was issued in 1503, ordering a restitution of his property. It appears, however, that the costs of justice, or rather of the law, consumed his share of the treasure of the strong box, and that a royal order was necessary to liberate him from the hands of the governor; so that like too many other litigants, he finally emerged from the labyrinths of the law a triumphant client, but a ruined man.

* Hist. Gen. de Viages. Herrera, Hist. Ind.

THIRD VOYAGE OF ALONZO DE OJEDA.

CHAPTER I.

OJEDA APPLIES FOR A COMMAND.—HAS A RIVAL CANDIDATE IN DIEGO DE NICUESA.—HIS SUCCESS.

FOR several years after his ruinous, though successful lawsuit, we lose all traces of Alonzo de Ojeda, excepting that we are told he made another voyage to the vicinity of Coquibacoa, in 1505. No record remains of this expedition, which seems to have been equally unprofitable with the preceding, for we find him in 1508, in the island of Hispaniola, as poor in purse, though as proud in spirit, as ever. In fact, however fortune might have favored him, he had a heedless, squandering disposition that would always have kept him poor.

About this time the cupidity of King Ferdinand was greatly excited by the accounts given by Columbus of the gold mines of Veragua, in which the admiral fancied he had discovered the Aurea Chersonesus of the ancients, whence King Solomon procured the gold used in build-

ing the temple of Jerusalem. Subsequent voyagers had corroborated the opinion of Columbus as to the general riches of the coast of Terra Firma; King Ferdinand resolved, therefore, to found regular colonies along that coast, and to place the whole under some capable commander. A project of the kind had been conceived by Columbus, when he discovered that region in the course of his last voyage, and the reader may remember the disasters experienced by his brother Don Bartholomew and himself, in endeavoring to establish a colony on the hostile shores of Veragua. The admiral being dead, the person who should naturally have presented himself to the mind of the sovereign for this particular service, was Don Bartholomew; but the wary and selfish monarch knew the Adelantado to be as lofty in his terms as his late brother, and preferred to accomplish his purposes by cheaper agents. He was unwilling, also, to increase the consequence of a family, whose vast but just claims were already a cause of repining to his sordid and jealous spirit. He looked round, therefore, among the crowd of adventurers who had sprung up in the school of Columbus, for some individual ready to serve him on more accommodating terms. Among those, considered by their friends as most fitted for this purpose, was Alonzo de Ojeda, for his roving voyages and daring exploits had made him famous among the voyagers; and it was thought that an application on his part would be attended with success, as he possessed a stanch friend at

court in the Bishop Fonseca. Unfortunately he was too far distant to urge his suit to the bishop, and what was worse, he was destitute of money. At this juncture there happened to be at Hispaniola the veteran navigator and pilot, Juan de la Cosa, who was a kind of Nestor in all nautical affairs.* The hardy Biscayan had sailed with Ojeda, and had conceived a great opinion of the courage and talents of the youthful adventurer. He had contrived, also, to fill his purse in the course of his cruising, and now, in the generous spirit of a sailor, offered to aid Ojeda with it in the prosecution of his wishes.

His offer was gladly accepted; it was agreed that Juan de la Cosa should depart for Spain, to promote the appointment of Ojeda to the command of Terra Firma, and, in case of success, should fit out, with his own funds, the necessary armament.

La Cosa departed on his embassy; he called on the Bishop Fonseca, who, as had been expected, entered warmly into the views of his favorite Ojeda, and recommended him to the ambitious and bigot king, as a man

* Peter Martyr gives the following weighty testimony to the knowledge and skill of this excellent seaman:—"Of the Spaniards, as many as thought themselves to have any knowledge of what pertained to measure the land and sea, drew cardes (charts) on parchment as concerning these navigations. Of all others they most esteem them which Juan de la Cosa, the companion of Ojeda, and another pilot, called Andres Morales, had set forth, and this, as well for the great experience which both had, (*to whom these tracks were as well known as the chambers of their own house,*) as also that they were thought to be cunninger in that part of cosmography which teacheth the description and measuring of the sea." —P. Martyr, decad. ii. cap. 10.

well fitted to promote his empire in the wilderness, and to dispense the blessings of Christianity among the savages.

The recommendation of the bishop was usually effectual in the affairs of the New World, and the opinion of the veteran de la Cosa had great weight even with the sovereign; but a rival candidate to Ojeda had presented himself, and one who had the advantages of higher connections and greater pecuniary means. This was Diego de Nicuesa, an accomplished courtier of noble birth, who had filled the post of grand carver to Don Enrique Enriquez, uncle of the king. Nature, education, and habit combined to form Nicuesa a complete rival of Ojeda. Like him, he was small of stature, but remarkable for symmetry and compactness of form, and for bodily strength and activity; like him he was master at all kinds of weapons, and skilled, not merely in feats of agility, but in those graceful and chivalrous exercises, which the Spanish cavaliers of those days inherited from the Moors; being noted for his vigor and address in the jousts or tilting matches after the Moresco fashion. Ojeda himself could not surpass him in feats of horsemanship, and particular mention is made of a favorite mare, which he could make caper and caracole in strict cadence to the sound of a viol; besides all this, he was versed in the legendary ballads or romances of his country, and was renowned as a capital performer on the guitar! Such were the qualifications of this candidate for a command in the wilder-

ness, as enumerated by the reverend Bishop Las Casas. It is probable, however, that he had given evidence of qualities more adapted to the desired post; having already been out to Hispaniola in the military train of the late Governor Ovando.

Where merits were so singularly balanced as those of Ojeda and Nicuesa, it might have been difficult to decide; King Ferdinand avoided the dilemma by favoring both; not indeed by furnishing them with ships and money, but by granting patents and dignities, which cost nothing, and might bring rich returns. He divided that part of the continent which lies along the Isthmus of Darien into two provinces, the boundary line running through the Gulf of Uraba. The eastern part, extending to Cape de la Vela, was called New Andalusia, and the government of it given to Ojeda. The other to the west, including Veragua, and reaching to Cape Gracias à Dios, was assigned to Nicuesa. The island of Jamaica was given to the two governors in common, as a place whence to draw supplies of provisions. Each of the governors was to erect two fortresses in his district, and to enjoy for ten years the profits of all the mines he should discover, paying to the crown one tenth part the first year, one ninth the second, one eighth the third, one seventh the fourth, and one fifth in each of the remaining years.

Juan de la Cosa, who had been indefatigable in promoting the suit of Ojeda, was appointed his lieutenant in the government, with the post of alguazil mayor of the

province. He immediately freighted a ship and two brigantines, in which he embarked with about two hundred men. It was a slender armament, but the purse of the honest voyager was not very deep, and that of Ojeda was empty. Nicuesa, having ampler means, armed four large vessels and two brigantines, furnished them with abundant munitions and supplies, both for the voyage and the projected colony, enlisted a much greater force, and set sail in gay and vaunting style for the golden shores of Veragua, the Aurea Chersonesus of his imagination.

CHAPTER II.

FEUD BETWEEN THE RIVAL GOVERNORS OJEDA AND NICUESA.—A CHALLENGE.

[1509.]

THE two rival armaments arrived at San Domingo about the same time. Nicuesa had experienced what was doubtless considered a pleasant little turn of fortune by the way. Touching at Santa Cruz, one of the Caribbee Islands, he had succeeded in capturing a hundred of the natives, whom he had borne off in his ships to be sold as slaves at Hispaniola. This was deemed justifiable in those days, even by the most scrupulous divines, from the belief that the Caribs were all anthropophagi, or man-eaters; fortunately the opinion of mankind, in

this more enlightened age, makes but little difference in atrocity between the cannibal and the kidnapper.

Alonzo de Ojeda welcomed with joy the arrival of his nautical friend and future lieutenant in the government, the worthy Juan de la Cosa; still he could not but feel some mortification at the inferiority of his armament to that of his rival Nicuesa, whose stately ships rode proudly at anchor in the harbor of San Domingo. He felt, too, that his means were inadequate to the establishment of his intended colony. Ojeda, however, was not long at a loss for pecuniary assistance. Like many free-spirited men, who are careless and squandering of their own purses, he had a facility in commanding the purses of his neighbors. Among the motley population of San Domingo there was a lawyer of some ability, the Bachelor Martin Fernandez de Enciso, who had made two thousand castillanos by his pleading;* for it would appear that the spirit of litigation was one of the first fruits of civilized life transplanted to the New World, and flourished surprisingly among the Spanish colonists.

Alonzo de Ojeda became acquainted with the Bachelor, and finding him to be of a restless and speculative character, soon succeeded in inspiring him with a contempt for the dull but secure and profitable routine of his office in San Domingo, and imbuing him with his own passion

* Equivalent to 10,050 dollars of the present day.

for adventure. Above all, he dazzled him with the offer to make him alcalde mayor, or chief judge of the provincial government he was about to establish in the wilderness.

In an evil hour the aspiring Bachelor yielded to the temptation, and agreed to invest all his money in the enterprise. It was arranged that Ojeda should depart with the armament which had arrived from Spain, while the Bachelor should remain at Hispaniola to beat up for recruits and provide supplies; with these he was to embark in a ship purchased by himself, and proceed to join his high-mettled friend at the seat of his intended colony. Two rival governors, so well matched as Ojeda and Nicuesa, and both possessed of swelling spirits, pent up in small but active bodies, could not remain long in a little place like San Domingo without some collision. The island of Jamaica, which had been assigned to them in common, furnished the first ground of contention; the province of Darien furnished another, each pretending to include it within the limits of his jurisdiction. Their disputes on these points ran so high that the whole place resounded with them. In talking, however, Nicuesa had the advantage; having been brought up in the court, he was more polished and ceremonious, had greater self-command, and probably perplexed his rival governor in argument. Ojeda was no great casuist, but he was an excellent swordsman, and always ready to fight his way through any question of right or dignity

which he could not clearly argue with the tongue ; so he proposed to settle the dispute by single combat. Nicuesa, though equally brave, was more a man of the world, and saw the folly of such arbitrament. Secretly smiling at the heat of his antagonist, he proposed as a preliminary to the duel, and to furnish something worth fighting for, that each should deposit five thousand castillanos, to be the prize of the victor. This, as he foresaw, was a temporary check upon the fiery valor of his rival, who did not possess a pistole in his treasury ; but probably was too proud to confess it.

It is not likely, however, that the impetuous spirit of Ojeda would long have remained in check, had not the discreet Juan de la Cosa interposed to calm it. It is interesting to notice the great ascendancy possessed by this veteran navigator over his fiery associate. Juan de la Cosa was a man whose strong natural good sense had been quickened by long and hard experience; whose courage was above all question, but tempered by time and trial. He seems to have been personally attached to Ojeda, as veterans who have outlived the rash impulse of youthful valor, are apt to love the fiery quality in their younger associates. So long as he accompanied Ojeda in his enterprises, he stood by him as a Mentor in council, and a devoted partisan in danger.

In the present instance, the interference of this veteran of the seas had the most salutary effect; he prevented the impending duel of the rival governors, and persuaded

them to agree that the river Darien should be the boundary line between their respective jurisdictions.

The dispute relative to Jamaica was settled by the admiral, Don Diego Columbus, himself. He had already felt aggrieved by the distribution of these governments by the king without his consent or even knowledge, being contrary to the privileges inherited from his father, the discoverer. It was in vain to contend, however, when the matter was beyond his reach, and involved in technical disputes. But as to the island of Jamaica, it in a manner lay at his own door, and he could not brook its being made a matter of gift to these brawling governors. Without waiting the slow and uncertain course of making remonstrances to the king, he took the affair, as a matter of plain right, into his own hands, and offered a brave officer, Juan de Esquibel, the same who had subjugated the province of Higuey, to take possession of that island, with seventy men, and to hold it subject to his command.

Ojeda did not hear of this arrangement until he was on the point of embarking to make sail. In the heat of the moment he loudly defied the power of the admiral, and swore that if he ever found Juan de Esquibel on the island of Jamaica, he would strike off his head. The populace present heard this menace, and had too thorough an idea of the fiery and daring character of Ojeda to doubt that he would carry it into effect. Notwithstanding his bravado, however, Juan de Esquibel pro-

ceeded according to his orders to take possession of the island of Jamaica.

The squadron of Nicuesa lingered for some time after the sailing of his rival. His courteous and engaging manners, aided by the rumor of great riches in the province of Veragua, where he intended to found his colony, had drawn numerous volunteers to his standard, insomuch that he had to purchase another ship to convey them.

Nicuesa was more of the courtier and the cavalier, than the man of business, and had no skill in managing his pecuniary affairs. He had expended his funds with a lavish hand, and involved himself in debts which he had not the immediate means of paying. Many of his creditors knew that his expedition was regarded with an evil eye by the admiral, Don Diego Columbus; to gain favor with the latter, therefore, they threw all kinds of impediments in the way of Nicuesa. Never was an unfortunate gentleman more harassed and distracted by duns and demands, one plucking at his skirts as soon as another was satisfied. He succeeded, however, in getting all his forces embarked. He had seven hundred men, well chosen and armed, together with six horses. He chose Lope de Olano to be his captain-general, a seemingly impolitic appointment, as this Olano had been concerned with the notorious Roldan in his rebellion against Columbus.

The squadron sailed out of the harbor and put to sea,

excepting one ship, which, with anchor atrip and sails unfurled, waited to receive Nicuesa, who was detained on shore until the last moment by the perplexities artfully multiplied around him.

Just as he was on the point of stepping into his boat he was arrested by the harpies of the law, and carried before the alcalde mayor, to answer a demand for five hundred ducats, which he was ordered to pay on the spot, or prepare to go to prison.

This was a thunder-stroke to the unfortunate cavalier. In vain he represented his utter incapacity to furnish such a sum at the moment; in vain he represented the ruin that would accrue to himself, and the vast injury to the public service, should he be prevented from joining his expedition. The alcalde mayor was inflexible, and Nicuesa was reduced to despair. At this critical moment relief came from a most unexpected quarter. The heart of a public notary was melted by his distress! He stepped forward in court, and declared that rather than see so gallant a gentleman reduced to extremity, he himself would pay down the money. Nicuesa gazed at him with astonishment, and could scarce believe his senses; but when he saw him actually pay off the debt, and found himself suddenly released from this dreadful embarrassment, he embraced his deliverer with tears of gratitude, and hastened with all speed to embark, lest some other legal spell should be laid upon his person.

CHAPTER III.

EXPLOITS AND DISASTERS OF OJEDA ON THE COAST OF CARTHAGENA.—FATE OF THE VETERAN JUAN DE LA COSA.

[1509.]

It was on the 10th of November, 1509, that Alonzo de Ojeda set sail from San Domingo with two ships, two brigantines, and three hundred men. He took with him also twelve brood mares. Among the remarkable adventurers who embarked with him was Francisco Pizarro, afterwards renowned as the conqueror of Peru.* Hernando Cortez had likewise intended to sail in the expedition, but was prevented by an inflammation in one of his knees.

The voyage was speedy and prosperous, and they ar-

* Francisco Pizarro was a native of Truxillo in Estremadura. He was the illegitimate fruit of an amour between Gonsalvo Pizarro, a veteran captain of infantry, and a damsel in low life. His childhood was passed in grovelling occupations incident to the humble condition of his mother, and he is said to have been a swineherd. When he had sufficiently increased in years and stature, he enlisted as a soldier. His first campaigns may have been against the Moors in the war of Granada. He certainly served in Italy under the banner of the Great Captain, Gonsalvo of Cordova. His roving spirit then induced him to join the bands of adventurers to the New World. He was of ferocious courage, and, when engaged in any enterprise, possessed an obstinate perseverance neither to be deterred by danger, weakened by fatigue and hardship, nor checked by repeated disappointment. After having conquered the great kingdom of Peru, he was assassinated, at an advanced age, in 1541, defending himself bravely to the last.

rived late in the autumn in the harbor of Carthagena. The veteran Juan de la Cosa was well acquainted with this place, having sailed as pilot with Rodrigo de Bastides, at the time he discovered it in 1501. He warned Alonzo de Ojeda to be upon his guard, as the natives were a brave and warlike race, of Carib origin, far different from the soft and gentle inhabitants of the islands. They wielded great swords of palm-wood, defended themselves with osier targets, and dipped their arrows in a subtle poison. The women, as well as the men, mingled in battle, being expert in drawing the bow and throwing a species of lance called the azagay. The warning was well timed, for the Indians of these parts had been irritated by the misconduct of previous adventurers, and flew to arms on the first appearance of the ships.

Juan de la Cosa now feared for the safety of the enterprise in which he had person, fortune, and official dignity at stake. He earnestly advised Ojeda to abandon this dangerous neighborhood, and to commence a settlement in the Gulf of Uraba, where the people were less ferocious, and did not use poisoned weapons. Ojeda was too proud of spirit to alter his plans through fear of a naked foe. It is thought, too, that he had no objection to a skirmish, being desirous of a pretext to make slaves, to be sent to Hispaniola in discharge of the debts he had left unpaid.* He landed, therefore, with a considerable

* Las Casas, Hist. Ind., lib. ii. cap. 57, MS.

part of his force, and a number of friars, who had been sent out to convert the Indians. His faithful lieutenant, being unable to keep him out of danger, stood by to second him.

Ojeda advanced towards the savages, and ordered the friars to read aloud a certain formula, recently digested by profound jurists and divines in Spain. It began in stately form, "I, Alonzo de Ojeda, servant of the most high and mighty sovereigns of Castile and Leon, conquerors of barbarous nations, their messenger and captain, do notify unto you and make you know, in the best way I can, that God our Lord, one and eternal, created the heaven and the earth, and one man and one woman, from whom you and we and all the people of the earth proceeded and are descendants, as well as all those who shall come hereafter." The formula then went on to declare the fundamental principles of the Catholic Faith; the supreme power given to St. Peter over the world and all the human race, and exercised by his representative the Pope; the donation made by a late Pope of all this part of the world and all its inhabitants to the Catholic sovereigns of Castile; and the ready obedience already paid by many of its lands, and islands, and people, to the agents and representatives of those sovereigns. It called upon those savages present, therefore, to do the same; to acknowledge the truth of the Christian doctrines, the supremacy of the Pope, and the sovereignty of the Catholic King; but in case of refusal, de-

nounced upon them all the horrors of war, the desolation of their dwellings, the seizure of their property, and the slavery of their wives and children. Such was the extraordinary document, which, from this time forward, was read by the Spanish discoverers to the wondering savages of any newly-found country, as a prelude to sanctify the violence about to be inflicted on them.*

When the friars had read this pious manifesto, Ojeda made signs of amity to the natives, and held up glittering presents. They had already suffered, however, from the cruelties of white men, and were not to be won by kindness. On the contrary, they brandished their weapons, sounded their conchs, and prepared to make battle.

Juan de la Cosa saw the rising choler of Ojeda, and knew his fiery impatience. He again entreated him to abandon these hostile shores, and reminded him of the venomous weapons of the enemy. It was all in vain: Ojeda confided blindly in the protection of the Virgin. Putting up, as usual, a short prayer to his patroness, he drew his weapon, braced his buckler, and charged furiously upon the savages. Juan de la Cosa followed as heartily as if the battle had been of his own seeking. The Indians were soon routed, a number killed, and several taken prisoners; on their persons were found plates of gold, but of an inferior quality. Flushed by this triumph, Ojeda took several of the prisoners as guides, and

* The reader will find the complete form of this curious manifesto in the Appendix.

pursued the flying enemy four leagues into the interior. He was followed, as usual, by his faithful lieutenant, the veteran La Cosa, continually remonstrating against this useless temerity, but hardily seconding him in the most hare-brained perils. Having penetrated far into the forest, they came to a stronghold of the enemy, where a numerous force was ready to receive them, armed with clubs, lances, arrows, and bucklers. Ojeda led his men to the charge with the old Castilian war cry, "Santiago!" The savages soon took to flight. Eight of their bravest warriors threw themselves into a cabin, and plied their bows and arrows so vigorously, that the Spaniards were kept at bay. Ojeda cried shame upon his followers to be daunted by eight naked men. Stung by this reproach, an old Castilian soldier rushed through a shower of arrows and forced the door of the cabin, but received a shaft though the heart, and fell dead on the threshold. Ojeda, furious at the sight, ordered fire to be set to the combustible edifice; in a moment it was in a blaze, and the eight warriors perished in the flames.

Seventy Indians were made captive and sent to the ships, and Ojeda, regardless of the remonstrances of Juan de la Cosa, continued his rash pursuit of the fugitives through the forest. In the dusk of the evening they arrived at a village called Yurbaco; the inhabitants of which had fled to the mountains with their wives and children, and principal effects. The Spaniards, imagining that the Indians were completely terrified and dispersed,

now roved in quest of booty among the deserted houses, which stood distant from each other, buried among the trees. While they were thus scattered, troops of savages rushed forth, with furious yells, from all parts of the forest. The Spaniards endeavored to gather together and support each other, but every little party were surrounded by a host of foes. They fought with desperate bravery, but for once their valor and their iron armor were of no avail; they were overwhelmed by numbers, and sank beneath war clubs and poisoned arrows.

Ojeda on the first alarm collected a few soldiers, and ensconced himself within a small inclosure, surrounded by palisades. Here he was closely besieged, and galled by flights of arrows. He threw himself on his knees, covered himself with his buckler, and, being small and active, managed to protect himself from the deadly shower; but all his companions were slain by his side, some of them perishing in frightful agonies. At this fearful moment the veteran La Cosa, having heard of the peril of his commander, arrived with a few followers to his assistance. Stationing himself at the gate of the palisades, the brave Biscayan kept the savages at bay until most of his men were slain, and he himself was severely wounded. Just then Ojeda sprang forth like a tiger into the midst of the enemy, dealing his blows on every side. La Cosa would have seconded him, but was crippled by his wounds. He took refuge with the remnant of his men in an Indian cabin; the straw roof of which he aided them

to throw off, lest the enemy should set it on fire. Here he defended himself until all his comrades, but one, were destroyed. The subtle poison of his wounds at length overpowered him, and he sank to the ground. Feeling death at hand, he called to his only surviving companion. "Brother," said he, "since God hath protected thee from harm, sally forth and fly, and if ever thou shouldst see Alonzo de Ojeda, tell him of my fate!"

Thus fell the hardy Juan de la Cosa, faithful and devoted to the very last; nor can we refrain from pausing to pay a passing tribute to his memory. He was acknowledged by his contemporaries to be one of the ablest of those gallant Spanish navigators who first explored the way to the New World. But it is by the honest and kindly qualities of his heart that his memory is most endeared to us; it is, above all, by that loyalty in friendship, displayed in this his last and fatal expedition. Warmed by his attachment for a more youthful and hot-headed adventurer, we see this wary veteran of the seas forgetting his usual prudence, and the lessons of his experience, and embarking heart and hand, purse and person, in the wild enterprises of his favorite. We behold him watching over him as a parent, remonstrating with him as a counsellor, but fighting by him as a partisan; following him, without hesitation, into known and needless danger, to certain death itself, and showing no other solicitude in his dying moments, but to be remembered by his friend.

The history of these Spanish discoverers abounds in noble and generous traits of character; but few have charmed us more than this instance of loyalty to the last gasp, in the death of the stanch Juan de la Cosa. The Spaniard who escaped to tell the story of his end, was the only survivor of seventy that had followed Ojeda in this rash and headstrong inroad.

CHAPTER IV.

ARRIVAL OF NICUESA.—VENGEANCE TAKEN ON THE INDIANS.

While these disastrous occurrences happened on shore, great alarm began to be felt on board of the ships. Days had elapsed since the party had adventured so rashly into the wilderness; yet nothing had been seen or heard of them, and the forest spread a mystery over their fate. Some of the Spaniards ventured a little distance into the woods, but were deterred by the distant shouts and yells of the savages, and the noise of their conchs and drums. Armed detachments then coasted the shore in boats, landing occasionally, climbing rocks and promontories, firing signal guns, and sounding trumpets. It was all in vain; they heard nothing but the echoes of their own noises, or perhaps the wild whoop of an Indian from the bosom of the forest. At length, when they were about to give up the search in despair,

they came to a great thicket of mangrove trees on the margin of the sea. These trees grow within the water, but their roots rise, and are intertwined above the surface. In this entangled and almost impervious grove, they caught a glimpse of a man in Spanish attire. They entered, and, to their astonishment, found it to be Alonzo de Ojeda. He was lying on the matted roots of the mangroves, his buckler on his shoulder, and his sword in his hand; but so wasted with hunger and fatigue that he could not speak. They bore him to the firm land; made a fire on the shore to warm him, for he was chilled with the damp and cold of his hiding-place, and when he was a little revived they gave him food and wine. In this way he gradually recovered strength to tell his doleful story.*

He had succeeded in cutting his way through the host of savages, and attaining the woody skirts of the mountains; but when he found himself alone, and that all his brave men had been cut off, he was ready to yield up in despair. Bitterly did he reproach himself for having

* The picture here given is so much like romance, that the author quotes his authority at length:—"Llegaron adonde havia, junto al agua de la marunos Manglares, que son arboles, que siempre nacen, i crecen i permanecen dientro del agua de la mar, con grandes raices, asidas, i enmarañadas unas con otras, i alli metido, i escondido hallaron à Alonso de Ojeda, con su espada en la mano, i la rodela en las espaldas, i en alla sobre trecientas, señales de flechazos. Estabo descaido de hambre, que no podia hechar de si la habla; i si no fuera tan robusto, aunque chico de cuerpo, fuera muerto."

Las Casas, lib. ii. cap. 58, MS. Herrera, Hist. Ind., decad. lib. vii. cap. 15.

disregarded the advice of the veteran La Cosa, and deeply did he deplore the loss of that loyal follower, who had fallen a victim to his devotion. He scarce knew which way to bend his course, but continued on, in the darkness of the night, and of the forest, until out of hearing of the yells of triumph uttered by the savages over the bodies of his men. When the day broke, he sought the rudest parts of the mountains, and hid himself until the night; then struggling forward among rocks, and precipices, and matted forests, he made his way to the sea-side, but was too much exhausted to reach the ships. Indeed, it was wonderful that one so small of frame should have been able to endure such great hardships; but he was of admirable strength and hardihood. His followers considered his escape from death as little less than miraculous, and he himself regarded it as another proof of the special protection of the Virgin; for, though he had, as usual, received no wound, yet it is said his buckler bore the dints of upwards of three hundred arrows.*

While the Spaniards were yet on shore, administering to the recovery of their commander, they beheld a squadron of ships standing towards the harbor of Carthagena, and soon perceived them to be the ships of Nicuesa. Ojeda was troubled in mind at the sight, recollecting his late intemperate defiance of that cavalier; and reflecting

* Las Casas, lib. ii. cap. 58, MS. Herrera, Hist. Ind., decad. i. lib. vii. cap. 15.

that, should he seek him in enmity, he was in no situation to maintain his challenge, or defend himself. He ordered his men, therefore, to return on board the ships, and leave him alone on the shore, and not to reveal the place of his retreat, while Nicuesa should remain in the harbor.

As the squadron entered the harbor, the boats sallied forth to meet it. The first inquiry of Nicuesa was concerning Ojeda. The followers of the latter replied, mournfully, that their commander had gone on a warlike expedition into the country, but days had elapsed without his return, so that they feared some misfortune had befallen him. They entreated Nicuesa, therefore, to give his word, as a cavalier, that should Ojeda really be in distress, he would not take advantage of his misfortunes to revenge himself for their late disputes.

Nicuesa, who was a gentleman of noble and generous spirit, blushed with indignation at such a request. "Seek your commander instantly," said he; "bring him to me, if he be alive; and I pledge myself not merely to forget the past, but to aid him as if he were a brother." *

When they met, Nicuesa received his late foe with open arms. "It is not," said he, "for hidalgos, like men of vulgar souls, to remember past differences when they behold one another in distress. Henceforth let all that has occurred between us be forgotten. Command me as

* Las Casas, ubi sup.

a brother. Myself and my men are at your orders, to follow you wherever you please, until the deaths of Juan de la Cosa and his comrades are revenged."

The spirits of Ojeda were once more lifted up by this gallant and generous offer. The two governors, no longer rivals, landed four hundred of their men, and several horses, and set off with all speed for the fatal village. They approached it in the night, and, dividing their forces into two parties, gave orders that not an Indian should be taken alive.

The village was buried in deep sleep, but the woods were filled with large parrots, which, being awakened, made a prodigious clamor. The Indians, however, thinking the Spaniards all destroyed, paid no attention to these noises. It was not until their houses were assailed, and wrapped in flames, that they took the alarm. They rushed forth, some with arms, some weaponless, but were received at their doors by the exasperated Spaniards, and either slain on the spot, or driven back into the fire. Women fled wildly forth with children in their arms, but at sight of the Spaniards glittering in steel, and of the horses, which they supposed ravenous monsters, ran back, shrieking with horror, into their burning habitations. Great was the carnage, for no quarter was shown to age or sex. Many perished by the fire, and many by the sword.

When they had fully glutted their vengeance, the Spaniards ranged about for booty. While thus em-

ployed, they found the body of the unfortunate Juan de la Cosa. It was tied to a tree, but swollen and discolored in a hideous manner by the poison of the arrows with which he had been slain. This dismal spectacle had such an effect upon the common men, that not one would remain in that place during the night. Having sacked the village, therefore, they left it a smoking ruin, and returned in triumph to their ships. The spoil in gold and other articles of value must have been great, for the share of Nicuesa and his men amounted to the value of seven thousand castillanos.* The two governors, now faithful confederates, parted with many expressions of friendship, and with mutual admiration of each other's prowess; and Nicuesa continued his voyage for the coast of Veragua.

CHAPTER V.

OJEDA FOUNDS THE COLONY OF SAN SEBASTIAN.—BELEAGUERED BY THE INDIANS.

OJEDA now adopted, though tardily, the advice of his unfortunate lieutenant, Juan de la Cosa, and, giving up all thoughts of colonizing this disastrous part of the coast, steered his course for the Gulf of Uraba. He sought for some time the river Darien, famed among the

* Equivalent to 37,281 dollars of the present day.

Indians as abounding in gold; but not finding it, landed in various places, seeking a favorable site for his intended colony. His people were disheartened by the disasters they had already undergone, and the appearance of surrounding objects was not calculated to reassure them. The country, though fertile, and covered with rich and beautiful vegetation, was in their eyes a land of cannibals and monsters. They began to dread the strength as well as fierceness of the savages, who could transfix a man with their arrows even when covered with armor, and whose shafts were tipped with deadly poison. They heard the howling of tigers, panthers, and, as they thought, lions in the forests, and encountered large and venomous serpents among the rocks and thickets. As they were passing along the banks of a river, one of their horses was seized by the leg by an enormous alligator, and dragged beneath the waves.*

At length Ojeda fixed upon a place for his town, on a height at the east end of the gulf. Here, landing all that could be spared from the ships, he began, with all diligence, to erect houses, giving this embryo capital of his province the name of San Sebastian, in honor of that sainted martyr, who was slain by arrows; hoping he might protect the inhabitants from the empoisoned shafts of the savages. As a further protection, he erected a large wooden fortress, and surrounded the place with a

* Herrera, Hist. Ind., decad. i. lib. vii. cap. 16.

stockade. Feeling, however, the inadequacy of his handful of men to contend with the hostile tribes around him, he despatched a ship to Hispaniola, with a letter to the Bachelor, Martin Fernandez de Enciso, his alcalde mayor, informing him of his having established his seat of government, and urging him to lose no time in joining him with all the recruits, arms, and provisions he could command. By the same ship he transmitted to San Domingo all the captives and gold he had collected.

His capital being placed in a posture of defense, Ojeda now thought of making a progress through his wild territory; and set out, accordingly, with an armed band, to pay a friendly visit to a neighboring cacique, reputed as possessing great treasures of gold. The natives, however, had by this time learnt the nature of these friendly visits, and were prepared to resist them. Scarcely had the Spaniards entered into the defiles of the surrounding forest, when they were assailed by flights of arrows from the close coverts of the thickets. Some were shot dead on the spot, others, less fortunate, expired raving with the torments of the poison; the survivors, filled with horror at the sight, and losing all presence of mind, retreated in confusion to the fortress.

It was some time before Ojeda could again persuade his men to take the field, so great was their dread of the poisoned weapons of the Indians. At length their provisions began to fail, and they were compelled to forage among the villages in search, not of gold, but of food.

In one of their expeditions they were surprised by an ambuscade of savages, in a gorge of the mountains, and attacked with such fury and effect, that they were completely routed, and pursued with yells and howlings to the very gates of San Sebastian. Many died, in excruciating agony, of their wounds, and others recovered with extreme difficulty. Those who were well, no longer dared to venture forth in search of food; for the whole forest teemed with lurking foes. They devoured such herbs and roots as they could find, without regard to their quality. The humors of their bodies became corrupted, and various diseases, combined with the ravages of famine, daily thinned their numbers. The sentinel who feebly mounted guard at night, was often found dead at his post in the morning. Some stretched themselves on the ground, and expired of mere famine and debility; nor was death any longer regarded as an evil, but rather as a welcome relief from a life of horror and despair.

CHAPTER VI.

ALONZO DE OJEDA SUPPOSED BY THE SAVAGES TO HAVE A CHARMED LIFE.—THEIR EXPERIMENT TO TRY THE FACT.

In the meantime the Indians continued to harass the garrison, lying in wait to surprise the foraging parties, cutting off all stragglers, and sometimes approaching the

walls in open defiance. On such occasions Ojeda sallied forth at the head of his men, and from his great agility was the first to overtake the retreating foe. He slew more of their warriors with his single arm than all his followers together. Though often exposed to showers of arrows, none had ever wounded him, and the Indians began to think he had a charmed life. Perhaps they had heard from fugitive prisoners, the idea entertained by himself and his followers, of his being under supernatural protection. Determined to ascertain the fact, they placed four of their most dexterous archers in ambush, with orders to single him out. A number of them advanced towards the fort, sounding their conchs and drums, and uttering yells of defiance. As they expected, the impetuous Ojeda sallied forth immediately at the head of his men. The Indians fled towards the ambuscade, drawing him in heedless pursuit. The archers waited until he was full in front, and then launched their deadly shafts. Three struck his buckler, and glanced harmlessly off, but the fourth pierced his thigh. Satisfied that he was wounded beyond the possibility of cure, the savages retreated with shouts of triumph.

Ojeda was borne back to the fortress in great anguish of body and despondency of spirit. For the first time in his life he had lost blood in battle. The charm in which he had hitherto confided was broken; or rather, the Holy Virgin appeared to have withdrawn her protection. He had the horrible death of his followers before

his eyes, who had perished of their wounds in raving frenzy.

One of the symptoms of the poison was to shoot a thrilling chill through the wounded part; from this circumstance, perhaps, a remedy suggested itself to the imagination of Ojeda, which few but himself could have had the courage to undergo. He caused two plates of iron to be made red hot, and ordered a surgeon to apply them to each orifice of the wound. The surgeon shuddered and refused, saying he would not be the murderer of his general.* Upon this Ojeda made a solemn vow that he would hang him unless he obeyed. To avoid the gallows, the surgeon applied the glowing plates. Ojeda refused to be tied down, or that any one should hold him during this frightful operation. He endured it without shrinking, or uttering a murmur, although it so inflamed his whole system, that they had to wrap him in sheets steeped in vinegar, to allay the burning heat which raged throughout his body; and we are assured that a barrel of vinegar was exhausted for the purpose. The desperate remedy succeeded: the cold poison, says Bishop Las Casas, was consumed by the vivid fire.† How far the venerable historian is correct in his postulate, surgeons may decide; but many incredulous persons will be apt to account for the cure by surmising that the arrow was not envenomed.

* Charlevoix, ut sup. p. 293.

† Las Casas, Hist. Ind., lib. ii. cap. 59, MS.

CHAPTER VII.

ARRIVAL OF A STRANGE SHIP AT SAN SEBASTIAN.

Alonzo de Ojeda, though pronounced out of danger, was still disabled by his wound, and his helpless situation completed the despair of his companions; for while he was in health and vigor, his buoyant and mercurial spirit, his active, restless, and enterprising habits, imparted animation, if not confidence, to every one around him. The only hope of relief was from the sea, and that was nearly extinct, when one day, to the unspeakable joy of the Spaniards, a sail appeared on the horizon. It made for the port, and dropped anchor at the foot of the height of San Sebastian, and there was no longer a doubt that it was the promised succor from San Domingo.

The ship came indeed from the island of Hispaniola, but it had not been fitted out by the Bachelor Enciso. The commander's name was Bernardino de Talavera. This man was one of the loose, heedless adventurers who abounded in San Domingo. His carelessness and extravagance had involved him in debt, and he was threatened with a prison. In the height of his difficulties the ship arrived which Ojeda had sent to San Domingo, freighted with slaves and gold, an earnest of the riches to be found at San Sebastian. Bernardo de Talavera immediately conceived the project of giving his

creditors the slip, and escaping to this new settlement. He understood that Ojeda was in need of recruits, and felt assured that, from his own reckless conduct in money matters he would sympathize with any one harassed by debt. He drew into his schemes a number of desperate debtors like himself, nor was he scrupulous about filling his ranks with recruits whose legal embarrassments arose from more criminal causes. Never did a more vagabond crew engage in a project of colonization.

How to provide themselves with a vessel was now the question. They had neither money nor credit; but they had cunning and courage, and were troubled by no scruples of conscience; thus qualified, a knave will often succeed better for a time than an honest man; it is in the long run that he fails, as will be illustrated in the case of Talavera and his hopeful associates. While casting about for means to escape to San Sebastian, they heard of a vessel belonging to certain Genoese, which was at Cape Tiburon, at the western extremity of the island, taking in a cargo of bacon and cassava bread for San Domingo. Nothing could have happened more opportunely: here was a ship, amply stored with provisions, and ready to their hand; they had nothing to do but seize it and embark.

The gang, accordingly, seventy in number, made their way separately and secretly to Cape Tiburon, where, assembling at an appointed time and place, they boarded the vessel, overpowered the crew, weighed anchor and

set sail. They were heedless, hap-hazard mariners, and knew little of the management of a vessel; the historian Charlevoix thinks, therefore, that it was a special providence which guided them to San Sebastian. Whether or not the good father is right in his opinion, it is certain that the arrival of the ship rescued the garrison from the very brink of destruction.*

Talavera and his gang, though they had come lightly by their prize, were not disposed to part with it as frankly, but demanded to be paid down in gold for the provisions furnished to the starving colonists. Ojeda agreed to their terms, and taking the supplies into his possession, dealt them out sparingly to his companions. Several of his hungry followers were dissatisfied with their portions, and even accused Ojeda of unfairness in reserving an undue share for himself. Perhaps there may have been some ground for this charge, arising, not from any selfishness in the character of Ojeda, but from one of those superstitious fancies with which his mind was tinged; for we are told that, for many years, he had been haunted by a presentiment that he should eventually die of hunger.†

This lurking horror of the mind may have made him depart from his usual free and lavish spirit, in doling out these providential supplies, and may have induced him to set by an extra portion for himself, as a precaution

* Hist. S. Domingo, lib. iv.

† Herrera, decad. i. lib. viii. cap. 3.

against his anticipated fate; certain it is, that great clamors rose among his people, some of whom threatened to return in the pirate vessel to Hispaniola. He succeeded, however, in pacifying them for the present, by representing the necessity of husbanding their supplies, and by assuring them that the Bachelor Enciso could not fail soon to arrive, when there would be provisions in abundance.

CHAPTER VIII.

FACTIONS IN THE COLONY.—A CONVENTION MADE.

Days and days elapsed, but no relief arrived at San Sebastian. The Spaniards kept a ceaseless watch upon the sea, but the promised ship failed to appear. With all the husbandry of Ojeda the stock of provisions was nearly consumed; famine again prevailed, and several of the garrison perished through their various sufferings and their lack of sufficient nourishment. The survivors now became factious in their misery, and a plot was formed among them to seize upon one of the vessels in the harbor, and make sail for Hispaniola.

Ojeda discovered their intentions, and was reduced to great perplexity. He saw that to remain here without relief from abroad was certain destruction, yet he clung to his desperate enterprise. It was his only chance for

fortune or command; for should this settlement be broken up, he might try in vain, with his exhausted means and broken credit, to obtain another post or set on foot another expedition. Ruin in fact would overwhelm him, should he return without success.

He exerted himself, therefore, to the utmost to pacify his men; representing the folly of abandoning a place where they had established a foothold, and where they only needed a reinforcement to enable them to control the surrounding country, and to make themselves masters of its riches. Finding they still demurred, he offered, now that he was sufficiently recovered from his wound, to go himself to San Domingo in quest of reinforcements and supplies.

This offer had the desired effect. Such confidence had the people in the energy, ability, and influence of Ojeda, that they felt assured of relief should he seek it in person. They made a kind of convention with him, therefore, in which it was agreed that they should remain quietly at Sebastian for the space of fifty days. At the end of this time, in case no tidings had been received of Ojeda, they were to be at liberty to abandon the settlement, and return in the brigantines to Hispaniola. In the meantime Francisco Pizarro was to command the colony as lieutenant of Ojeda, until the arrival of his alcalde mayor, the Bachelor Enciso. This convention being made, Ojeda embarked in the ship of Bernardino de Talavera. That cutpurse of the ocean and his loose-

handed crew were effectually cured of their ambition to colonize. Disappointed in the hope of finding abundant wealth at San Sebastian, and dismayed at the perils and horrors of the surrounding wilderness, they preferred returning to Hispaniola, even at the risk of chains and dungeons. Doubtless they thought that the influence of Ojeda would be sufficient to obtain their pardon, especially as their timely succor had been the salvation of the colony.

CHAPTER IX.

DISASTROUS VOYAGE OF OJEDA IN THE PIRATE SHIP.

Ojeda had scarce put to sea in the ship of these freebooters, when a quarrel arose between him and Talavera. Accustomed to take the lead among his companions, still feeling himself governor, and naturally of a domineering spirit, Ojeda, on coming on board, had assumed the command as a matter of course. Talavera, who claimed dominion over the ship, by the right no doubt of trover and conversion, or, in other words, of downright piracy, resisted this usurpation.

Ojeda, as usual, would speedily have settled the question by the sword, but he had the whole vagabond crew against him, who overpowered him with numbers and threw him in irons. Still his swelling spirit was unsubdued. He reviled Talavera and his gang as recreants,

traitors, pirates, and offered to fight the whole of them successively, provided they would give him a clear deck, and come on two at a time. Notwithstanding his diminutive size, they had too high an idea of his prowess, and had heard too much of his exploits, to accept his challenge; so they kept him raging in his chains, while they pursued their voyage.

They had not proceeded far, however, when a violent storm arose. Talavera and his crew knew little of navigation, and were totally ignorant of those seas. The raging of the elements, the baffling winds and currents, and the danger of unknown rocks and shoals, filled them with confusion and alarm. They knew not whither they were driving before the storm, or where to seek for shelter. In this hour of peril they called to mind that Ojeda was a sailor as well as a soldier, and that he had repeatedly navigated these seas. Making a truce, therefore, for the common safety, they took off his irons, on condition that he would pilot the vessel during the remainder of the voyage.

Ojeda acquitted himself with his accustomed spirit and intrepidity; but the vessel had already been swept so far to the westward, that all his skill was ineffectual in endeavoring to work up to Hispaniola against storms and adverse currents. Borne away by the Gulf Stream, and tempest-tost for many days, until the shattered vessel was almost in a foundering condition, he saw no alternative but to run it ashore on the southern coast of Cuba.

Here then the crew of freebooters landed from their prize in more desperate plight than when they first took possession of it. They were on a wild and unfrequented coast; their vessel lay a wreck upon the sands, and their only chance was to travel on foot to the eastern extremity of the island, and seek some means of crossing to Hispaniola, where, after all their toils, they might perhaps only arrive to be thrown into a dungeon. Such, however, is the yearning of civilized men after the haunts of cultivated society, that they set out, at every risk, upon their long and painful journey.

CHAPTER X.

TOILSOME MARCH OF OJEDA AND HIS COMPANIONS THROUGH THE MORASSES OF CUBA.

NOTWITHSTANDING the recent services of Ojeda, the crew of Talavera still regarded him with hostility; but, if they had felt the value of his skill and courage at sea, they were no less sensible of their importance on shore, and he soon acquired that ascendancy over them which belongs to a master-spirit in time of trouble.

Cuba was as yet uncolonized. It was a place of refuge to the unhappy natives of Hayti, who fled hither from the whips and chains of their European taskmasters.

The forests abounded with these wretched fugitives, who often opposed themselves to the shipwrecked party, supposing them to be sent by their late masters to drag them back to captivity.

Ojeda easily repulsed these attacks; but found that these fugitives had likewise inspired the villagers with hostility to all European strangers. Seeing that his companions were too feeble and disheartened to fight their way through the populous parts of the island, or to climb the rugged mountains of the interior, he avoided all towns and villages, and led them through the close forests and broad green savannas which extended between the mountains and the sea.

He had only made a choice of evils. The forests gradually retired from the coast. The savannas, where the Spaniards at first had to contend merely with long rank grass and creeping vines, soon ended in salt marshes, where the oozy bottom yielded no firm foothold, and the mud and water reached to their knees. Still they pressed forward, continually hoping in a little while to arrive at a firmer soil, and flattering themselves they beheld fresh meadow-land before them, but continually deceived. The farther they proceeded, the deeper grew the mire, until, after they had been eight days on this dismal journey, they found themselves in the centre of a vast morass, where the water reached to their girdles. Though thus almost drowned, they were tormented with incessant thirst, for all the water around them was as

briny as the ocean. They suffered too the cravings of extreme hunger, having but a scanty supply of cassava bread and cheese, and a few potatoes and other roots, which they devoured raw. When they wished to sleep, they had to climb among the twisted roots of mangrove trees, which grew in clusters in the water. Still the dreary marsh widened and deepened. In many places they had to cross rivers and inlets; where some, who could not swim, were drowned, and others were smothered in the mire.

Their situation became wild and desperate. Their cassava bread was spoiled by the water, and their stock of roots nearly exhausted. The interminable morass still extended before them, while, to return, after the distance they had come, was hopeless. Ojeda alone kept up a resolute spirit, and cheered and urged them forward. He had the little Flemish painting of the Madonna, which had been given him by the Bishop Fonseca, carefully stowed among the provisions in his knapsack. Whenever he stopped to repose among the roots of the mangrove trees, he took out this picture, placed it among the branches, and kneeling, prayed devoutly to the Virgin for protection. This he did repeatedly in the course of the day, and prevailed upon his companions to follow his example. Nay, more, at a moment of great despondency, he made a solemn vow to his patroness that if she conducted him alive through this peril, he would erect a chapel in the first Indian village he should arrive at;

and leave her picture there, to remain an object of adoration to the Gentiles.*

This frightful morass extended for the distance of thirty leagues, and was so deep and difficult, so entangled by roots and creeping vines, so cut up by creeks and rivers, and so beset by quagmires, that they were thirty days in traversing it. Out of the number of seventy men that set out from the ship, but thirty-five remained. "Certain it is," observes the venerable Las Casas, "the sufferings of the Spaniards in the New World, in search of wealth, have been more cruel and severe than ever nation in the world endured; but those experienced by Ojeda and his men have surpassed all others."

They were at length so overcome by hunger and fatigue, that some lay down and yielded up the ghost, and others, seating themselves among the mangrove trees, waited in despair for death to put an end to their miseries. Ojeda, with a few of the lightest, and most vigorous, continued to struggle forward, and, to their unutterable joy, at length arrived to where the land was firm and dry. They soon descried a foot path, and, following it, arrived at an Indian village, commanded by a cacique called Cueybàs. No sooner did they reach the village than they sank to the earth exhausted.

The Indians gathered round and gazed at them with wonder; but when they learnt their story, they exhibited

* Las Casas, Hist. Ind., lib. ii. cap. 60, MS.

a humanity that would have done honor to the most professing Christians. They bore them to their dwellings. set meat and drink before them, and vied with each other in discharging the offices of the kindest humanity. Finding that a number of their companions were still in the morass, the cacique sent a large party of Indians with provisions for their relief; with orders to bring on their shoulders such as were too feeble to walk. "The Indians," says the Bishop Las Casas, "did more than they were ordered; for so they always do, when they are not exasperated by ill treatment. The Spaniards were brought to the village, succored, cherished, consoled, and almost worshipped as if they had been angels."

CHAPTER XI.

OJEDA PERFORMS HIS VOW TO THE VIRGIN.

Being recovered from his sufferings, Alonzo de Ojeda prepared to perform his vow concerning the picture of the Virgin, though sorely must it have grieved him to part with a relic to which he attributed his deliverance from so many perils. He built a little hermitage or oratory in the village, and furnished it with an altar, above which he placed the picture. He then summoned the benevolent cacique, and explained to him, as well as his limited knowledge of the language, or the aid of interpreters

would permit, the main points of the Catholic faith, and especially the history of the Virgin, whom he represented as the mother of the deity that reigned in the skies, and the great advocate for mortal man.

The worthy cacique listened to him with mute attention, and though he might not clearly comprehend the doctrine, yet he conceived a profound veneration for the picture. The sentiment was shared by his subjects. They kept the little oratory always swept clean, and decorated it with cotton hangings, labored by their own hands, and with various votive offerings. They composed couplets or areytos in honor of the Virgin, which they sang to the accompaniment of rude musical instruments, dancing to the sound under the groves, which surrounded the hermitage.

A further anecdote concerning this relic may not be unacceptable. The venerable Las Casas, who records these facts, informs us that he arrived at the village of Cueybàs some time after the departure of Ojeda. He found the oratory preserved with the most religious care, as a sacred place, and the picture of the Virgin regarded with fond adoration. The poor Indians crowded to attend mass, which he performed at the altar; they listened attentively to his paternal instructions, and at his request brought their children to be baptized. The good Las Casas having heard much of this famous relic of Ojeda, was desirous of obtaining possession of it, and offered to give the cacique, in exchange, an image of the

Virgin which he had brought with him. The chieftain made an evasive answer, and seemed much troubled in mind. The next morning he did not make his appearance.

Las Casas went to the oratory to perform mass, but found the altar stripped of its precious relic. On inquiring, he learnt that in the night the cacique had fled to the woods, bearing off with him his beloved picture of the Virgin. It was in vain that Las Casas sent messengers after him, assuring him that he should not be deprived of the relic, but on the contrary, that the image should likewise be presented to him. The cacique refused to venture from the fastnesses of the forest, nor did he return to his village and replace the picture in the oratory until after the departure of the Spaniards.*

CHAPTER XII.

ARRIVAL OF OJEDA AT JAMAICA.—HIS RECEPTION BY JUAN DE ESQUIBEL.

When the Spaniards were completely restored to health and strength, they resumed their journey. The cacique sent a large body of his subjects to carry their provisions and knapsacks, and to guide them across a desert tract of country to the province of Macaca, where

* Las Casas, Hist. Ind., cap. 61, MS. Herrera, Hist. Ind. decad. i. lib. ix. cap. 15.

Christopher Columbus had been hospitably entertained on his voyage along the coast. They experienced equal kindness from its cacique and his people, for such seems almost invariably the case with the natives of these islands, before they had held much intercourse with Europeans.

The province of Macaca was situated at Cape de la Cruz, the nearest point to the island of Jamaica. Here Ojeda learnt that there were Spaniards settled on that island, being in fact the party commanded by the very Juan de Esquibel, whose head he had threatened to strike off, when departing in swelling style from San Domingo. It seemed to be the fortune of Ojeda to have his bravadoes visited on his head in times of trouble and humiliation. He found himself compelled to apply for succor to the very man he had so vaingloriously menaced. This was no time, however, to stand on points of pride; he procured a canoe and Indians from the cacique of Macaca, and one Pedro de Ordas undertook the perilous voyage of twenty leagues in the frail bark, and arrived safe at Jamaica.

No sooner did Esquibel receive the message of Ojeda, than forgetting past menaces, he instantly despatched a caravel to bring to him the unfortunate discoverer and his companions. He received him with the utmost kindness, lodged him in his own house, and treated him in all things with the most delicate attention. He was a gentleman who had seen prosperous days, but had fallen

into adversity and been buffeted about the world, and had learnt how to respect the feelings of a proud spirit in distress. Ojeda had the warm, touchy heart to feel such conduct; he remained several days with Esquibel in frank communion, and when he sailed for San Domingo, they parted the best of friends.

And here we cannot but remark the singular difference in character and conduct of these Spanish adventurers when dealing with each other, or with the unhappy natives. Nothing could be more chivalrous, urbane, and charitable; nothing more pregnant with noble sacrifices of passion and interest, with magnanimous instances of forgiveness of injuries and noble contests of generosity, than the transactions of the discoverers with each other; but the moment they turned to treat with the Indians, even with brave and high-minded caciques, they were vindictive, blood-thirsty, and implacable. The very Juan de Esquibel, who could requite the recent hostility of Ojeda with such humanity and friendship, was the same, who, under the government of Ovando, laid desolate the province of Higuey in Hispaniola, and inflicted atrocious cruelties upon its inhabitants.

When Alonzo de Ojeda set sail for San Domingo, Bernardino de Talavera and his rabble adherents remained at Jamaica. They feared to be brought to account for their piratical exploit in stealing the Genoese vessel, and that, in consequence of their recent violence to Ojeda, they would find in him an accuser rather than an advo-

cate. The latter, however, in the opinion of Las Casas, who knew him well, was not a man to make accusations. With all his faults he did not harbor malice. He was quick and fiery, it is true, and his sword was too apt to leap from its scabbard on the least provocation; but after the first flash all was over, and, if he cooled upon an injury, he never sought for vengeance.

CHAPTER XIII.

ARRIVAL OF ALONZO DE OJEDA AT SAN DOMINGO.—CONCLUSION OF HIS STORY.

On arriving at San Domingo, the first inquiry of Alonzo de Ojeda was after the Bachelor Enciso. He was told that he had departed long before, with abundant supplies for the colony, and that nothing had been heard of him since his departure. Ojeda waited for a time in hopes of hearing, by some return ship, of the safe arrival of the Bachelor at San Sebastian. No tidings, however, arrived, and he began to fear that he had been lost in those storms which had beset himself on his return voyage.

Anxious for the relief of his settlement, and fearing that, by delay, his whole scheme of colonization would be defeated, he now endeavored to set on foot another armament, and to enlist a new set of adventurers. His efforts, however, were all ineffectual. The disasters of his colony

were known, and his own circumstances were considered desperate. He was doomed to experience the fate that too often attends sanguine and brilliant projectors. The world is dazzled by them for a time, and hails them as heroes while successful; but misfortune dissipates the charm, and they become stigmatized with the appellation of adventurers. When Ojeda figured in San Domingo as the conqueror of Caonabo, as the commander of a squadron, as the governor of a province, his prowess and exploits were the theme of every tongue. When he set sail, in vaunting style, for his seat of government, setting the viceroy at defiance, and threatening the life of Esquibel, every one thought that fortune was at his beck, and he was about to accomplish wonders. A few months had elapsed, and he walked the streets of San Domingo a needy man, shipwrecked in hope and fortune. His former friends, dreading some new demand upon their purses, looked coldly on him; his schemes, once so extolled, were now pronounced wild and chimerical, and he was subjected to all kinds of slights and humiliations in the very place which had been the scene of his greatest vainglory.

While Ojeda was thus lingering at San Domingo, the admiral, Don Diego Columbus, sent a party of soldiers to Jamaica to arrest Talavera and his pirate crew. They were brought in chains to San Domingo, thrown into dungeons, and tried for the robbery of the Genoese vessel. Their crime was too notorious to admit of doubt,

and being convicted, Talavera and several of his principal accomplices were hanged. Such was the end of their frightful journey by sea and land. Never had vagabonds travelled farther nor toiled harder to arrive at a gallows!

In the course of the trial Ojeda had naturally been summoned as a witness, and his testimony must have tended greatly to the conviction of the culprits. This drew upon him the vengeance of the surviving comrades of Talavera, who still lurked about San Domingo. As he was returning home one night at a late hour, he was waylaid and set upon by a number of these miscreants. He displayed his usual spirit. Setting his back against a wall, and drawing his sword, he defended himself admirably against the whole gang; nor was he content with beating them off, but pursued them for some distance through the streets: and having thus put them to utter rout, returned tranquil and unharmed to his lodgings.

This is the last achievement recorded of the gallant but reckless Ojeda; for here his bustling career terminated, and he sank into the obscurity which gathers round a ruined man. His health was broken by various hardships, and by the lurking effects of the wound received at San Sebastian, which had been but imperfectly cured. Poverty and neglect, and the corroding sickness of the heart, contributed, no less than the maladies of the body, to quench that sanguine and fiery temper, which had hitherto been the secret of his success, and to render him the mere wreck of his former self; for there is no

ruin so hopeless and complete, as that of a towering spirit humiliated and broken down. He appears to have lingered some time at San Domingo. Gomara, in his history of the Indies, affirms that he turned monk, and entered in the convent of San Francisco, where he died. Such a change would not have been surprising in a man, who, in his wildest career, mingled the bigot with the soldier; nor was it unusual with military adventurers in those days, after passing their youth in the bustle and licentiousness of the camp, to end their days in the quiet and mortification of the cloister. Las Casas, however, who was at San Domingo at the time, makes no mention of the fact, as he certainly would have done, had it taken place. He confirms, however, all that has been said of the striking reverse in his character and circumstances; and he adds an affecting picture of his last moments, which may serve as a wholesome comment on his life. He died so poor that he did not leave money enough to provide for his interment; and so broken in spirit, that, with his last breath, he entreated his body might be buried in the monastery of San Francisco, just at the portal, in humble expiation of his past pride, "*that every one who entered might tread upon his grave.*" *

Such was the fate of Alonzo de Ojeda,—and who does not forget his errors and his faults at the threshold of his humble and untimely grave! He was one of the most

* Las Casas, ubi sup.

fearless and aspiring of the band of "Ocean chivalry" that followed the footsteps of Columbus. His story presents a lively picture of the daring enterprises, the extravagant exploits, the thousand accidents, by flood and field, which checkered the life of a Spanish cavalier in that roving and romantic age.

"Never," says Charlevoix, "was a man more suited for a coup-de-main, or to achieve and suffer great things under the direction of another; none had a heart more lofty, nor ambition more aspiring; none ever took less heed of fortune, nor showed greater firmness of soul, nor found more resources in his own courage; but none was less calculated to be commander-in-chief of a great enterprise. Good management and good fortune forever failed him." *

* Charlevoix, Hist. San Domingo.

THE VOYAGE OF DIEGO DE NICUESA.

CHAPTER I.

NICUESA SAILS TO THE WESTWARD.—HIS SHIPWRECK AND SUBSEQUENT DISASTERS.

WE have now to recount the fortunes experienced by the gallant and generous Diego de Nicuesa, after his parting from Alonzo de Ojeda at Carthagena. On resuming his voyage, he embarked in a caravel, that he might be able to coast the land and reconnoitre; he ordered that the two brigantines, one of which was commanded by his Lieutenant Lope de Olano, should keep near to him, while the large vessels, which drew more water, should stand farther out to sea. The squadron arrived upon the coast of Veragua, in stormy weather; and, as Nicuesa could not find any safe harbor, and was apprehensive of rocks and shoals, he stood out to sea at the approach of night, supposing that Lope de Olano would follow him with the brigantines according to his orders. The night was boisterous, the caravel was much tossed and driven about, and when

the morning dawned, not one of the squadron was in sight.

Nicuesa feared some accident had befallen the brigantines; he stood for the land, and coasted along it in search of them until he came to a large river, into which he entered and came to anchor. He had not been here long when the stream suddenly subsided, having merely been swollen by the rains. Before he had time to extricate himself, the caravel grounded, and at length fell over on one side. The current rushing like a torrent, strained the feeble bark to such a degree that her seams yawned, and she appeared ready to go to pieces. In this moment of peril a hardy seaman threw himself into the water, to carry the end of a rope on shore as a means of saving the crew. He was swept away by the furious current, and perished in the sight of his companions. Undismayed by his fate, another brave seaman plunged into the waves and succeeded in reaching the shore. He then fastened one end of a rope firmly to a tree, and the other being secured on board of the caravel, Nicuesa and his crew passed one by one along it, and reached the shore in safety.

Scarcely had they landed when the caravel went to pieces, and with it perished their provisions, clothing, and all other necessaries. Nothing remained to them but the boat of the caravel, which was accidentally cast on shore. Here then they were, in helpless plight, on a remote and savage coast, without food, without arms,

and almost naked. What had become of the rest of the squadron they knew not. Some feared that the brigantines had been wrecked; others called to mind that Lope de Olano had been one of the loose, lawless men confederated with Francisco Roldan in his rebellion against Columbus, and, judging him from the school in which he had served, hinted their apprehensions that he had deserted with the brigantines. Nicuesa partook of their suspicions; and was anxious and sad at heart. He concealed his uneasiness, however, and endeavored to cheer up his companions, proposing that they should proceed westward on foot in search of Veragua, the seat of his intended government; observing that, if the ships had survived the tempest, they would probably repair to that place. They accordingly set off along the sea-shore, for the thickness of the forest prevented their traversing the interior. Four of the hardiest sailors put to sea in the boat, and kept abreast of them, to help them across the bays and rivers.

Their sufferings were extreme. Most of them were destitute of shoes, and many almost naked. They had to clamber over sharp and rugged rocks, and to struggle through dense forests beset with thorns and brambles. Often they had to wade across rank fens and morasses, and drowned lands, or to traverse deep and rapid streams.

Their food consisted of herbs and roots, and shell-fish gathered along the shore. Had they even met with In-

dians, they would have dreaded, in their unarmed state, to apply to them for provisions, lest they should take revenge for the outrages committed along this coast by other Europeans.

To render their sufferings more intolerable, they were in doubt whether, in the storms which preceded their shipwreck, they had not been driven past Veragua, in which case each step would take them so much the farther from their desired haven.

Still they labored feebly forward, encouraged by the words and the example of Nicuesa, who cheerfully partook of the toils and hardships of the meanest of his men.

They had slept one night at the foot of impending rocks, and were about to resume their weary march in the morning, when they were espied by some Indians from a neighboring height. Among the followers of Nicuesa was a favorite page, whose tattered finery and white hat caught the quick eyes of the savages. One of them immediately singled him out, and taking deadly aim, let fly an arrow that laid him expiring at the feet of his master. While the generous cavalier mourned over his slaughtered page, consternation prevailed among his companions, each fearing for his own life. The Indians, however, did not follow up this casual act of hostility, but suffered the Spaniards to pursue their painful journey unmolested.

Arriving one day at the point of a great bay that ran far inland, they were conveyed, a few at a time, in the

boat, to what appeared to be the opposite point. Being all landed, and resuming their march, they found to their surprise that they were on an island, separated from the mainland by a great arm of the sea. The sailors who managed the boat were too weary to take them to the opposite shore; they remained, therefore, all night upon the island.

In the morning they prepared to depart, but, to their consternation, the boat with the four mariners had disappeared. They ran anxiously from point to point, uttering shouts and cries, in hopes the boat might be in some inlet; they clambered the rocks, and strained their eyes over the sea. It was all in vain. No boat was to be seen: no voice responded to their call; it was too evident the four mariners had either perished or had deserted them.

CHAPTER II.

NICUESA AND HIS MEN ON A DESOLATE ISLAND.

THE situation of Nicuesa and his men was dreary and desperate in the extreme. They were on a desolate island, bordering upon a swampy coast, in a remote and lonely sea, where commerce never spread a sail. Their companions in the other ships, if still alive and true to them, had doubtless given them up for lost; and many

years might elapse before the casual bark of a discoverer might venture along these shores. Long before that time their fate would be sealed; and their bones, bleaching on the sands, would alone tell their story.

In this hopeless state many abandoned themselves to frantic grief, wandering about the island, wringing their hands and uttering groans and lamentations; others called upon God for succor, and many sat down in silent and sullen despair.

The cravings of hunger and thirst at length roused them to exertion. They found no food but a few shellfish scattered along the shore, and coarse herbs and roots, some of them of an unwholesome quality. The island had neither springs nor streams of fresh water, and they were fain to slake their thirst at the brackish pools of the marshes.

Nicuesa endeavored to animate his men with new hopes. He employed them in constructing a raft of driftwood and branches of trees, for the purpose of crossing the arm of the sea that separated them from the mainland. It was a difficult task, for they were destitute of tools; and when the raft was finished, they had no oars with which to manage it. Some of the most expert swimmers undertook to propel it, but they were too much enfeebled by their sufferings. On their first essay, the currents which swept that coast bore the raft out to sea, and they swam back with difficulty to the island. Having no other chance of escape, and no other means of ex-

ercising and keeping up the spirits of his followers, Nicuesa repeatedly ordered new rafts to be constructed; but the result was always the same, and the men at length either grew too feeble to work, or renounced the attempt in despair.

Thus, day after day, and week after week elapsed, without any mitigation of suffering or any prospect of relief. Every day some one or other sank under his miseries, a victim, not so much to hunger and thirst, as to grief and despondency. His death was envied by his wretched survivors, many of whom were reduced to such debility, that they had to crawl on hands and knees in search of the herbs and shell-fish which formed their scanty food.

CHAPTER III.

ARRIVAL OF A BOAT.—CONDUCT OF LOPE DE OLANO.

When the unfortunate Spaniards, without hope or succor, began to consider death as a desirable end to their miseries, they were roused to new life one day by beholding a sail gleaming on the horizon. Their exultation was checked, however, by the reflection how many chances there were against its approaching this wild and desolate island. Watching it with anxious eyes, they put up prayers to God to conduct it to their relief; and at

length to their great joy, they perceived that it was steering directly for the island. On a nearer approach it proved to be one of the brigantines which had been commanded by Lope de Olano. It came to anchor: a boat put off, and among the crew were the four sailors who had disappeared so mysteriously from the island.

These men accounted in a satisfactory manner for their desertion. They had been persuaded that the ships were in some harbor to the eastward, and that they were daily leaving them farther behind. Disheartened at the constant, and, in their opinion, fruitless toil which fell to their share in the struggle westward, they resolved to take their own counsel, without risking the opposition of Nicuesa. In the dead of the night, therefore, when their companions on the island were asleep, they silently cast off their boat, and retraced their course along the coast. After several days' toil they found the brigantines under the command of Lope de Olano, in the river of Belen, the scene of the disasters of Columbus in his fourth voyage.

The conduct of Lope de Olano was regarded with suspicion by his contemporaries and is still subject to doubt. He is supposed to have deserted Nicuesa designedly, intending to usurp the command of the expedition. Men, however, were prone to judge harshly of him from his having been concerned in the treason and rebellion of Francisco Roldan. On the stormy night when Nicuesa stood out to sea to avoid the dangers of the shore, Olano took shelter under the lee of an island.

Seeing nothing of the caravel of his commander in the morning, he made no effort to seek for it, but proceeded with the brigantines to the river of Chagres, where he found the ships at anchor. They had landed all their cargo, being almost in a sinking condition from the ravages of the worms. Olano persuaded the crews that Nicuesa had perished in the late storm, and, being his lieutenant, he assumed the command. Whether he had been perfidious or not in his motives, his command was but a succession of disasters. He sailed from Chagres for the river of Belen, where the ships were found so damaged that they had to be broken to pieces. Most of the people constructed wretched cabins on the shore, where, during a sudden storm, they were almost washed away by the swelling of the river, or swallowed up in the shifting sands. Several of his men were drowned in an expedition in quest of gold, and he himself merely escaped by superior swimming. Their provisions were exhausted, they suffered from hunger and from various maladies, and many perished in extreme misery. All were clamorous to abandon the coast, and Olano set about constructing a caravel, out of the wreck of the ships, for the purpose, as he said, of returning to Hispaniola, though many suspected it was still his intention to persist in the enterprise. Such was the state in which the four seamen had found Olano and his party; most of them living in miserable cabins, and destitute of the necessaries of life.

The tidings that Nicuesa was still alive, put an end to the sway of Olano. Whether he had acted with truth or perfidy, he now manifested a zeal to relieve his commander, and immediately despatched a brigantine in quest of him, which, guided by the four seamen, arrived at the island in the way that has been mentioned.

CHAPTER IV.

NICUESA REJOINS HIS CREWS.

When the crew of the brigantine and the companions of Nicuesa met, they embraced each other with tears, for the hearts even of the rough mariners were subdued by the sorrows they had undergone; and men are rendered kind to each other by a community of suffering. The brigantine had brought a quantity of palm-nuts, and of such other articles of food as they had been able to procure along the coast. These the famished Spaniards devoured with such voracity that Nicuesa was obliged to interfere, lest they should injure themselves. Nor was the supply of fresh water less grateful to their parched and fevered palates.

When sufficiently revived, they all abandoned the desolate island, and set sail for the river Belen, exulting as joyfully as if their troubles were at an end, and they were bound to a haven of delight, instead of merely

changing the scene of suffering, and encountering a new variety of horrors.

In the meantime Lope de Olano had been diligently preparing for the approaching interview with his commander, by persuading his fellow-officers to intercede in his behalf, and to place his late conduct in the most favorable light. He had need of their intercessions. Nicuesa arrived, burning with indignation. He ordered him to be instantly seized and punished as a traitor; attributing to his desertion the ruin of the enterprise, and the sufferings and death of so many of his brave followers. The fellow-captains of Olano spoke in his favor; but Nicuesa turned indignantly upon them: "You do well," cried he, "to supplicate mercy for him; you, who, yourselves, have need of pardon! You have participated in his crime; why, else, have you suffered so long a time to elapse without compelling him to send one of the vessels in search of me?"

The captains vindicated themselves by assurances of their belief in his having foundered at sea. They reiterated their supplications for mercy to Olano; drawing the most affecting pictures of their past and present sufferings, and urging the impolicy of increasing the horrors of their situation by acts of severity. Nicuesa at length was prevailed upon to spare his victim; resolving to send him, by the first opportunity, a prisoner to Spain. It appeared, in truth, no time to add to the daily blows of fate that were thinning the number of his followers.

Of the gallant armament of seven hundred resolute and effective men that had sailed with them from San Domingo, four hundred had already perished by various miseries; and of the survivors, many could scarcely be said to live.

CHAPTER V.

SUFFERINGS OF NICUESA AND HIS MEN ON THE COAST OF THE ISTHMUS.

THE first care of Nicuesa, on resuming the general command, was to take measures for the relief of his people, who were perishing with famine and disease. All those who were in health, or who had strength sufficient to bear the least fatigue, were sent on foraging parties, among the fields and villages of the natives. It was a service of extreme peril; for the Indians of this part of the coast were fierce and warlike, and were the same who had proved so formidable to Columbus and his brother, when they attempted to found a settlement in this neighborhood.

Many of the Spaniards were slain in these expeditions. Even if they succeeded in collecting provisions, the toil of bringing them to the harbor was worse to men in their enfeebled condition, than the task of fighting for them; for they were obliged to transport them on their backs, and, thus heavily laden, to scramble over rugged rocks,

through almost impervious forests, and across dismal swamps.

Harassed by these perils and fatigues, they broke forth into murmurs against their commander, accusing him, not merely of indifference to their sufferings, but of wantonly imposing severe and unnecessary tasks upon them out of revenge for their having neglected him.

The genial temper of Nicuesa had, in fact, been soured by disappointment; and a series of harassing cares and evils had rendered him irritable and impatient; but he was a cavalier of a generous and honorable nature, and does not appear to have enforced any services that were not indispensable to the common safety. In fact, the famine had increased to such a degree, that, we are told, thirty Spaniards having on one occasion found the dead body of an Indian in a state of decay, they were driven by hunger to make a meal of it, and were so infected by the horrible repast, that not one of them survived.*

Disheartened by these miseries, Nicuesa determined to abandon a place which seemed destined to be the grave of Spaniards. Embarking the greater part of his men in the two brigantines, and the caravel which had been built by Olano, he set sail eastward in search of some more favorable situation for his settlement. A number of the men remained behind, to await the ripening of some maize and vegetables which they had sown. These

* Herrera, Hist. Ind., decad. i. and viii. cap. 2.

he left under the command of Alonzo Nuñez, whom he nominated his alcalde mayor.

When Nicuesa had coasted about four leagues to the east, a Genoese sailor, who had been with Columbus in his last voyage, informed him that there was a fine harbor somewhere in that neighborhood, which had pleased the old admiral so highly, that he had given it the name of Puerto Bello. He added, that they might know the harbor by an anchor, half buried in the sand, which Columbus had left there; near to which was a fountain of remarkably cool and sweet water, springing up at the foot of a large tree. Nicuesa ordered search to be made along the coast, and at length they found the anchor, the fountain, and the tree. It was the same harbor which bears the name of Porto Bello at the present day. A number of the crew were sent on shore in search of provisions, but were assailed by the Indians; and, being too weak to wield their weapons with their usual prowess, were driven back to the vessel with the loss of several slain or wounded.

Dejected at these continual misfortunes, Nicuesa continued his voyage seven leagues farther, until he came to the harbor to which Columbus had given the name of Puerto de Bastimientos; or, Port of Provisions. It presented an advantageous situation for a fortress, and was surrounded by a fruitful country. Nicuesa resolved to make it his abiding place. "Here," said he, "let us stop, *en el nombre de Dios!*" (in the name of God). His

followers, with the superstitious feeling under which men in adversity are prone to interpret everything into omens, persuaded themselves that there was favorable augury in his words, and called the harbor "Nombre de Dios," which name it afterwards retained.

Nicuesa now landed, and drawing his sword, took solemn possession in the name of the Catholic sovereigns. He immediately began to erect a fortress, to protect his people against the attacks of the savages. As this was a case of exigency, he exacted the labor of every one capable of exertion. The Spaniards, thus equally distressed by famine and toil, forgot their favorable omen, cursed the place as fated to be their grave, and called down imprecations on the head of their commander, who compelled them to labor when ready to sink with hunger and debility. Those murmured no less who were sent in quest of food, which was only to be gained by fatigue and bloodshed ; for whatever they collected they had to transport from great distances, and they were frequently waylaid and assaulted by the Indians.

When he could spare men for the purpose, Nicuesa despatched the caravel for those whom he had left at the river Belen. Many of them had perished, and the survivors had been reduced to such famine at times, as to eat all kinds of reptiles, until a part of an alligator was a banquet to them. On mustering all his forces when thus united, Nicuesa found that but one hundred emaciated and dejected wretches remained.

He despatched the caravel to Hispaniola, to bring a quantity of bacon which he had ordered to have prepared there, but it never returned. He ordered Gonzalo de Badajos, at the head of twenty men, to scour the country for provisions; but the Indians had ceased to cultivate: they could do with little food, and could subsist on the roots and wild fruits of the forest. The Spaniards, therefore, found deserted villages and barren fields, but lurking enemies at every defile. So deplorably were they reduced by their sufferings, that at length there were not left a sufficient number in health and strength to mount guard at night; and the fortress remained without sentinels. Such was the desperate situation of this once gay and gallant cavalier, and of his brilliant armament, which but a few months before, had sailed from San Domingo, flushed with the consciousness of power, and the assurance that they had the means of compelling the favors of fortune.

It is necessary to leave them for a while, and turn our attention to other events, which will ultimately be found to bear upon their destinies.

CHAPTER VI.

EXPEDITION OF THE BACHELOR ENCISO IN SEARCH OF THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT OF OJEDA.

[1510.]

In calling to mind the narrative of the last expedition of Alonzo de Ojeda, the reader will doubtless remember the Bachelor Martin Fernandez de Enciso, who was inspired by that adventurous cavalier with an ill-starred passion for colonizing, and freighted a vessel at San Domingo with reinforcements and supplies for the settlement at San Sebastian.

When the Bachelor was on the eve of sailing, a number of the loose hangers-on of the colony and men encumbered with debt, concerted to join his ship from the coast and the outports. Their creditors, however, getting notice of their intention, kept a close watch upon every one that went on board while in the harbor, and obtained an armed vessel from the admiral Don Diego Columbus, to escort the enterprising Bachelor clear of the island. One man, however, contrived to elude these precautions, and, as he afterwards rose to great importance, it is proper to notice him particularly. His name was Vasco Nuñez de Balboa. He was a native of Xeres de los Caballeros, and of a noble though impoverished family. He had been brought up in the service of Don Pedro Puerto Carrero,

Lord of Moguer, and he afterwards enlisted among the adventurers who accompanied Rodrigo de Bastides in his voyage of discovery. Peter Martyr, in his Latin decades, speaks of him by the appellation of "egregius digladiator," which has been interpreted by some as a skillful swordsman, by others as an adroit fencing-master. He intimates, also, that he was a mere soldier of fortune, of loose, prodigal habits; and the circumstances under which he is first introduced to us justify this character. He had fixed himself for a time in Hispaniola, and undertaken to cultivate a farm at the town of Salvatierra, on the sea-coast, but in a little time had completely involved himself in debt. The expedition of Enciso presented him with an opportunity of escaping from his embarrassments, and of indulging his adventurous habits. To elude the vigilance of his creditors and of the armed escort, he concealed himself in a cask, which was conveyed from his farm on the sea-coast on board of the vessel, as if containing provisions for the voyage. When the vessel was fairly out at sea, and abandoned by the escort, Vasco Nuñez emerged like an apparition from his cask, to the great surprise of Enciso, who had been totally ignorant of the stratagem. The Bachelor was indignant at being thus outwitted, even though he gained a recruit by the deception; and, in the first ebullition of his wrath, gave the fugitive debtor a very rough reception, threatening to put him on shore on the first uninhabited island they should encounter. Vasco Nuñez, however, succeeded in

pacifying him, "for God," says the venerable Las Casas, "reserved him for greater things." It is probable the Bachelor beheld in him a man well fitted for his expedition, for Vasco Nuñez was in the prime and vigor of his days, tall and muscular, seasoned to hardships, and of intrepid spirit.

Arriving at the mainland, they touched at the fatal harbor of Carthagena, the scene of the sanguinary conflicts of Ojeda and Nicuesa with the natives, and of the death of the brave Juan de la Cosa. Enciso was ignorant of those events, having had no tidings from those adventurers since their departure from San Domingo; without any hesitation, therefore, he landed a number of his men to repair his boat, which was damaged, and to procure water. While the men were working upon the boat, a multitude of Indians gathered at a distance, well armed and with menacing aspect, sounding their shells and brandishing their weapons. The experience they had of the tremendous powers of the strangers, however, rendered them cautious of attacking, and for three days they hovered in this manner about the Spaniards, the latter being obliged to keep continually on the alert. At length two of the Spaniards ventured one day from the main body, to fill a water-cask from the adjacent river. Scarcely had they reached the margin of the stream, when eleven savages sprang from the thickets and surrounded them, bending their bows and pointing their arrows. In this way they stood for a moment or two in

fearful suspense, the Indians refraining from discharging their shafts, but keeping them constantly pointed at their breasts. One of the Spaniards attempted to escape to his comrades who were repairing the boat, but the other called him back, and, understanding something of the Indian tongue, addressed a few amicable words to the savages. The latter, astonished at being spoken to in their own language, now relaxed a little from their fierceness, and demanded of the strangers who they were, who were their leaders, and what they sought upon their shores. The Spaniards replied that they were harmless people, who came from other lands, and merely touched there through necessity, and he wondered that they should meet them with such hostility; he at the same time warned them to beware, as there would come many of his countrymen well armed, and would wreak terrible vengeance upon them for any mischief they might do. While they were thus parleying, the Bachelor Enciso, hearing that two of his men were surrounded by the savages, sallied instantly from his ship, and hastened with an armed force to their rescue. As he approached, however, the Spaniard who had held the parley made him a signal that the natives were pacific. In fact, the latter had supposed that this was a new invasion of Ojeda and Nicuesa, and had thus arrayed themselves, if not to take vengeance for past outrages, at least to defend their houses from a second desolation. When they were convinced, however, that these were a totally different band

of strangers, and without hostile intentions, their animosity was at an end; they threw by their weapons, and came forward with the most confiding frankness. During the whole time that the Spaniards remained there, they treated them with the greatest friendship, supplying them with bread made from maize, with salted fish, and with the fermented and spirituous beverages common along that coast. Such was the magnanimous conduct of men who were considered among the most ferocious and warlike of these savage nations; and who, but recently, had beheld their shores invaded, their villages ravaged and burnt, and their friends and relations butchered, without regard to age or sex, by the countrymen of these very strangers. When we recall the bloody and indiscriminate vengeance wreaked upon this people by Ojeda and his followers, for their justifiable resistance of invasion, and compare it with their placable and considerate spirit when an opportunity for revenge presented itself, we confess we feel a momentary doubt whether the arbitrary appellation of savage is always applied to the right party.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BACHELOR HEARS UNWELCOME TIDINGS OF HIS DESTINED JURISDICTION.

Not long after the arrival of Enciso at this eventful harbor, he was surprised by the circumstance of a brig-

antine entering, and coming to anchor. To encounter a European sail in these almost unknown seas, was always a singular and striking occurrence ; but the astonishment of the Bachelor was mingled with alarm when, on boarding the brigantine, he found it manned by a number of the men who had embarked with Ojeda. His first idea was, that they had mutinied against their commander, and deserted with the vessel. The feelings of the magistrate were aroused within him by the suspicion, and he determined to take his first step as alcalde mayor, by seizing them, and inflicting on them the severity of the law. He altered his tone, however, on conversing with their resolute commander. This was no other than Francisco Pizarro, whom Ojeda had left as his locum tenens at San Sebastian, and who showed the Bachelor his letter patent signed by that unfortunate governor. In fact, the little brigantine contained the sad remnant of the once vaunted colony. After the departure of Ojeda in the pirate ship, his followers, whom he had left behind under the command of Pizarro, continued in the fortress until the stipulated term of fifty days had expired. Receiving no succor, and hearing no tidings of Ojeda, they then determined to embark and sail for Hispaniola ; but here an unthought of difficulty presented itself: they were seventy in number, and the two brigantines which had been left with them were incapable of taking so many. They came to the forlorn agreement, therefore, to remain until famine, sickness, and the poisoned arrows of the Indians

should reduce their number to the capacity of the brigantines. A brief space of time was sufficient for the purpose. They then prepared for the voyage. Four mares which had been kept alive, as terrors to the Indians, were killed, and salted for sea-stores. Then taking whatever other articles of provisions remained, they embarked and made sail. One brigantine was commanded by Pizarro, the other by one Valenzuela.

They had not proceeded far when, in a storm, a sea struck the crazy vessel of Valenzuela with such violence, as to cause it to founder with all its crew. The other brigantine was so near, that the mariners witnessed the struggles of their drowning companions, and heard their cries. Some of the sailors, with the common disposition to the marvelous, declared that they beheld a great whale, or some other monster of the deep, strike the vessel with its tail, and either stave in its sides or shatter the rudder, so as to cause the shipwreck.* The surviving brigantine then made the best of its way to the harbor of Carthagena, to seek provisions.

Such was the disastrous account rendered to the Bachelor by Pizarro, of his destined jurisdiction. Enciso, however, was of a confident mind and sanguine temperament, and trusted to restore all things to order and prosperity on his arrival.

* Herrera, Hist. Ind., decad. i. lib. vii. cap. 10.

CHAPTER VIII.

CRUSADE OF THE BACHELOR ENCISO AGAINST THE SEPULCHRES OF ZENU.

THE Bachelor Enciso, as has been shown, was a man of the sword as well as of the robe; having doubtless imbibed a passion for military exploit from his intimacy with the discoverers.

Accordingly, while at Carthagena, he was visited by an impulse of the kind, and undertook an enterprise that would have been worthy of his friend Ojeda. He had been told by the Indians, that about twenty-five leagues to the west lay a province called Zenu, the mountains of which abounded with the finest gold. This was washed down by torrents during the rainy season, in such quantities, that the natives stretched nets across the rivers to catch the largest particles; some of which were said to be as large as eggs.

The idea of taking gold in nets captivated the imagination of the Bachelor, and his cupidity was still more excited by further accounts of this wealthy province. He was told that Zenu was the general place of sepulture of the Indian tribes throughout the country, whither they brought their dead, and buried them, according to their custom, decorated with their most precious ornaments.

It appeared to him a matter of course, therefore, that there must be an immense accumulation of riches in the

Indian tombs, from the golden ornaments that had been buried with the dead through a long series of generations. Fired with the thought, he determined to make a foray into this province, and to sack the sepulchres! Neither did he feel any compunctions at the idea of plundering the dead, considering the deceased as pagans and infidels, who had forfeited even the sanctuary of the grave, by having been buried according to the rites and ceremonies of their idolatrous religion.

Enciso, accordingly, made sail from Carthagena, and landed with his forces on the coast of Zenu. Here he was promptly opposed by two caciques, at the head of a large band of warriors. The Bachelor, though he had thus put on the soldier, retained sufficient of the spirit of his former calling, not to enter into quarrel without taking care to have the law on his side; he proceeded regularly, therefore, according to the legal form recently enjoined by the crown. He caused to be read and interpreted to the caciques the same formula used by Ojeda, expounding the nature of Deity, the supremacy of the Pope, and the right of the Catholic sovereigns, to all these lands, by virtue of a grant from his Holiness. The caciques listened to the whole very attentively and without interruption, according to the laws of Indian courtesy. They then replied, that, as to the assertion that there was but one God, the sovereign of heaven and earth, it seemed to them good, and that such must be the case; but as to the doctrine that the Pope was re-

gent of the world in place of God, and that he had made a grant of their country to the Spanish King, they observed that the Pope must have been drunk to give away what was not his, and the King must have been somewhat mad to ask at his hands what belonged to others. They added, that they were lords of those lands, and needed no other sovereign, and if this king should come to take possession, they would cut off his head, and put it on a pole; that being their mode of dealing with their enemies. As an illustration of this custom, they pointed out to Enciso the very uncomfortable spectacle of a row of grisly heads impaled in the neighborhood.

Nothing daunted either by the reply or the illustration, the Bachelor menaced them with war and slavery, as the consequences of their refusal to believe and submit. They replied by threatening to put his head upon a pole, as a representative of his sovereign. The Bachelor, having furnished them with the law, now proceeded to the commentary. He attacked the Indians, routed them, and took one of the caciques prisoner; but in the skirmish two of his men were slightly wounded with poisoned arrows, and died raving with torment.*

* The above anecdote is related by the Bachelor Enciso himself, in a Geographical Work entitled *Suma de Geographia*, which he published in Seville, in 1519. As the reply of the poor savages contains something of natural logic, we give a part of it as reported by the Bachelor. "Respondieron me : que en lo que dezia que no avia sino un Dios, y que este governaba el cielo y la tierra, y que era señor de todo, que les parecia y que asi debia ser : pero que en lo que dezia que el papa era señor de todo

It does not appear, however, that his crusade against the sepulchres was attended with any lucrative advantage. Perhaps the experience he had received of the hostility of the natives, and of the fatal effects of their poisoned arrows, prevented his penetrating into the land with his scanty force. Certain it is, the reputed wealth of Zenu, and the tale of its fishery for gold with nets, remained unascertained and uncontradicted, and were the cause of subsequent and disastrous enterprises. The Bachelor contented himself with his victory, and returning to his ships, prepared to continue his voyage for the seat of government, established by Ojeda in the Gulf of Uraba.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BACHELOR ARRIVES AT SAN SEBASTIAN.—HIS DISASTERS THERE, AND SUBSEQUENT EXPLOITS AT DARIEN.

It was not without extreme difficulty, and the peremptory exercise of his authority as alcalde mayor, that Enciso prevailed upon the crew of Pizarro to return with him to the fated shores of San Sebastian. He at length arrived in sight of the long-wished-for seat of his anticipated power and authority; but here he was doomed like

el universo en lugar de Dios, y que el avia fecho merced de aquella tierra al rey de Castilla ; dixeron que el papa debiera estar boracho quando lo hizo, pues daba lo que ne era suyo, y que el rey que pedia y tomava tal merced debia ser algun loco pues pedia lo que era de otros," &c.

his principal, Ojeda, to meet with nothing but misfortune. On entering the harbor, his vessel struck on a rock on the eastern point. The rapid currents and tumultuous waves rent it to pieces; the crew escaped with great difficulty to the brigantine of Pizarro; a little flour, cheese and biscuit, and a small part of the arms were saved, but the horses, mares, swine, and other colonial supplies were swept away, and the unfortunate Bachelor beheld the proceeds of several years of prosperous litigation swallowed up in an instant.

His dream of place and dignity seemed equally on the point of vanishing; for, on landing, he found the fortress and its adjacent houses mere heaps of ruins, having been destroyed with fire by the Indians.

For a few days the Spaniards maintained themselves with palm nuts, and with the flesh of a kind of wild swine, of which they met with several herds. These supplies failing, the Bachelor sallied forth with a hundred men to forage the country. They were waylaid by three Indians, who discharged all the arrows in their quivers with incredible rapidity, wounded several Spaniards, and then fled with a swiftness that defied pursuit. The Spaniards returned to the harbor in dismay. All their dread of the lurking savages and their poisoned weapons revived, and they insisted upon abandoning a place marked out for disaster.

The Bachelor Enciso was himself disheartened at the situation of this boasted capital of San Sebastian; but

whither could he go where the same misfortunes might not attend him? In this moment of doubt and despondency, Vasco Nuñez, the same absconding debtor who had been smuggled on board in the cask, stepped forward to give counsel. He informed the Bachelor, that several years previous he had sailed along that coast with Rodrigo de Bastides. They had explored the whole Gulf of Uraba; and he well remembered an Indian village situated on the western side, on the banks of a river which the natives called Darien. The country around was fertile and abundant, and was said to possess mines of gold; and the natives, though a warlike race, never made use of poisoned weapons. He offered to guide the Bachelor to this place, where they might get a supply of provisions, and even found their colony.

The Spaniards hailed the words of Vasco Nuñez, as if revealing a land of promise. The Bachelor adopted his advice, and, guided by him, set sail for the village, determined to eject the inhabitants, and take possession of it as the seat of government. Arrived at the river, he landed, put his men in martial array, and marched along the banks. The place was governed by a brave cacique named Zemaco. He sent off the women and children to a place of safety, and, posting himself with five hundred of his warriors on a height, prepared to give the intruders a warm reception. The Bachelor was a discoverer at all points, pious, daring, and rapacious. On beholding this martial array, he recommended himself

and his followers to God, making a vow in their name to "Our Lady of Antigua," whose image is adored with great devotion in Seville, that the first church and town which they built should be dedicated to her, and that they would make a pilgrimage to Seville to offer the spoils of the heathen at her shrine. Having thus endeavored to propitiate the favor of Heaven, and to retain the Holy Virgin in his cause, he next proceeded to secure the fidelity of his followers. Doubting that they might have some lurking dread of poisoned arrows, he exacted from them all an oath that they would not turn their backs upon the foe, whatever might happen. Never did warrior enter into battle with more preliminary forms and covenants than the Bachelor Enciso. All these points being arranged, he assumed the soldier, and attacked the enemy with such valor, that, though they made at first a show of fierce resistance, they were soon put to flight, and many of them slain. The Bachelor entered the village in triumph, took possession of it by unquestionable right of conquest, and plundered all the hamlets and houses of the surrounding country; collecting great quantities of food and cotton, with bracelets, anklets, plates, and other ornaments of gold, to the value of ten thousand castellanos.* His heart was wonderfully elated by his victory and his booty; his followers, also, after so many hardships and disasters, gave them-

* Equivalent to a present sum of 53,259 dollars.

selves up to joy at this turn of good fortune, and it was unanimously agreed that the seat of government should be established in this village, to which, in fulfillment of his vow, Enciso gave the name of Santa Maria de la Antigua del Darien.

CHAPTER X.

THE BACHELOR ENCISO UNDERTAKES THE COMMAND.—HIS DOWNFALL.

The Bachelor Enciso now entered upon the exercise of his civil functions as alcalde mayor, and lieutenant of the absent governor, Ojeda. His first edict was stern and peremptory; he forbade all trafficking with the natives for gold, on private account, under pain of death. This was in conformity to royal command; but it was little palatable to men who had engaged in the enterprise in the hopes of enjoying free trade, lawless liberty, and golden gains. They murmured among themselves, and insinuated that Enciso intended to reserve all the profit to himself.

Vasco Nuñez was the first to take advantage of the general discontent. He had risen to consequence among his fellow-adventurers, from having guided them to this place, and from his own intrinsic qualities; being hardy, bold, and intelligent, and possessing the random spirit and open-handed generosity common to a soldier of fortune, and calculated to dazzle and delight the multitude.

He bore no good will to the Bachelor, recollecting his threat of landing him on an uninhabited island, when he escaped in a cask from San Domingo. He sought, therefore, to make a party against him, and to unseat him from his command. He attacked him in his own way, with legal weapons, questioning the legitimacy of his pretensions. The boundary line, he observed, which separated the jurisdictions of Ojeda and Nicuesa, ran through the centre of the Gulf of Uraba. The village of Darien lay on the western side, which had been allotted to Nicuesa. Enciso, therefore, as alcalde mayor and lieutenant of Ojeda, could have no jurisdiction here, and his assumed authority was a sheer usurpation.

The Spaniards, already incensed at the fiscal regulations of Encisco, were easily convinced; so with one accord they refused allegiance to him; and the unfortunate Bachelor found the chair of authority to which he had so fondly and anxiously aspired, suddenly wrested from under him, before he had well time to take his seat.

CHAPTER XI.

PERPLEXITIES AT THE COLONY.—ARRIVAL OF COLMENARES.

To depose the Bachelor had been an easy matter, for most men are ready to assist in pulling down; but to

choose a successor was a task of far more difficulty. The people at first agreed to elect mere civil magistrates, and accordingly appointed Vasco Nuñez and one Zenudio as alcaldes, together with a cavalier of some merit of the name of Valdivia, as regidor. They soon, however, became dissatisfied with this arrangement, and it was generally considered advisable to vest the authority in one person. Who this person should be was now the question. Some proposed Nicuesa, as they were within his province; others were strenuous for Vasco Nuñez. A violent dispute ensued, which was carried on with such heat and obstinacy, that many, anxious for a quiet life, declared it would be better to reinstate Enciso until the pleasure of the king should be known.

In the height of these factious altercations, the Spaniards were aroused one day by the thundering of cannon from the opposite side of the gulf, and beheld columns of smoke rising from the hills. Astonished at signals of civilized man on these wild shores, they replied in the same manner, and in a short time two ships were seen standing across the gulf. They proved to be an armament commanded by one Rodrigo de Colmenares, and were in search of Nicuesa with supplies. They had met with the usual luck of adventurers on this disastrous coast, storms at sea and savage foes on shore, and many of their number had fallen by poisoned arrows. Colmenares had touched at San Sebastian, to learn tidings of Nicuesa; but, finding the fortress in ruins, had made sig-

nals, in hopes of being heard by the Spaniards, should they be yet lingering in the neighborhood.

The arrival of Colmenares caused a temporary suspension of the feuds of the colonists. He distributed provisions among them, and gained their hearts. Then, representing the legitimate right of Nicuesa to the command of all that part of the coast as a governor appointed by the king, he persuaded the greater part of the people to acknowledge his authority. It was generally agreed, therefore, that he should cruise along the coast in search of Nicuesa, and that Diego de Albitez, and an active member of the law, called the Bachelor Corral, should accompany him as ambassadors, to invite that cavalier to come and assume the government of Darien.

CHAPTER XII.

COLMENARES GOES IN QUEST OF NICUESA.

Rodrigo de Colmenares proceeded along the coast to the westward, looking into every bay and harbor, but for a long time without success. At length one day he discovered a brigantine at a small island in the sea. It was part of the armament of Nicuesa, and had been sent out by him to forage for provisions. By this vessel he was piloted to the port of Nombre de Dios, the nominal capital of the unfortunate governor, but which was so sur-

rounded and overshadowed by forests, that he might have passed by without noticing it.

The arrival of Colmenares was welcomed with transports and tears of joy. It was scarcely possible for him to recognize the once buoyant and brilliant Nicuesa in the squalid and dejected man before him. He was living in the most abject misery. Of all his once gallant and powerful band of followers, but sixty men remained, and those so feeble, yellow, emaciated, and woe-begone, that it was piteous to behold them.*

Colmenares distributed food among them, and told them that he had come to convey them to a plenteous country, and one rich in gold. When Nicuesa heard of the settlement of Darien, and that the inhabitants had sent for him to come and govern them, he was as a man suddenly revived from death. All the spirit and munificence of the cavalier again awakened in him. He gave a kind of banquet that very day to Colmenares and the ambassadors, from the provisions brought in the ship. He

* The harbor of Nombre de Dios continued for a long time to present traces of the sufferings of the Spaniards. We are told by Herrera, that several years after the time here mentioned, a band of eighty Spanish soldiers, commanded by Gonzalo de Badajos, arrived in the harbor with an intention of penetrating into the interior. They found there the ruined fort of Nicuesa, together with skulls and bones, and crosses erected on heaps of stones, dismal mementos of his followers who had perished of hunger; the sight of which struck such horror and dismay into the hearts of the soldiers, that they would have abandoned their enterprise, had not their intrepid captain immediately sent away the ships, and thus deprived them of the means of retreating. Herrera, decad. xi. lib. i.

presided at his table with his former hilarity, and displayed a feat of his ancient office as royal carver, by holding up a fowl in the air, and dissecting it with wonderful adroitness.

Well would it have been for Nicuesa, had the sudden buoyancy of his feelings carried him no further; but adversity had not taught him prudence. In conversing with the envoys about the colony of Darien, he already assumed the tone of governor, and began to disclose the kind of policy with which he intended to rule. When he heard that great quantities of gold had been collected and retained by private individuals, his ire was kindled. He vowed to make them refund it, and even talked of punishing them for trespassing upon the privileges and monopolies of the crown. This was the very error that had unseated the Bachelor Enciso from his government, and it was a strong measure for one to threaten, who, as yet, was governor but in expectation. The menace was not lost upon the watchful ambassadors Diego de Albitez and the Bachelor Corral. They were put still more on the alert by a conversation held that very evening with Lope de Olano, who was still detained a prisoner for his desertion, but who found means to commune with the envoys, and to prejudice them against his unsuspecting commander. "Take warning," said he, "by my treatment. I sent relief to Nicuesa, and rescued him from death when starving on a desert island. Behold my recompense. He repays me with imprisonment

and chains. Such is the gratitude the people of Darien may look for at his hands!"

The subtle Bachelor Corral and his fellow envoy laid these matters to heart, and took their measures accordingly. They hurried to depart before Nicuesa, and setting all sail on their caravel, hastened back to Darien. The moment they arrived they summoned a meeting of the principal inhabitants. "A blessed change we have made," said they, "in summoning this Diego de Nicuesa to the command! We have called in the stork to take the rule, who will not rest satisfied until he has devoured us." They then related, with the usual exaggeration, the unguarded threats which had fallen from Nicuesa, and instanced his treatment of Olano as a proof of a tyrannous and ungrateful disposition.

The words of the subtle Bachelor Corral and his associate produced a violent agitation among the people, especially among those who had amassed treasures, which would have to be refunded. Nicuesa, too, by a transaction which almost destroys sympathy in his favor, gave time for their passions to ferment. On his way to Darien, he stopped for several days among a group of small islands, for the purpose of capturing Indians to be sold as slaves. While committing these outrages against humanity, he sent forward Juan de Cayzedo in a boat, to announce his coming. His messenger had a private pique against him, and played him false. He assured the people of Darien, that all they had been told by

their envoys concerning the tyranny and ingratitude of Nicuesa, was true;—that he treated his followers with wanton severity; that he took from them all they won in battle, saying that the spoils were his rightful property; and that it was his intention to treat the people of Darien in the same manner. "What folly is it in you," added he, "being your own masters, and in such free condition, to send for a tyrant to rule over you!"

The people of Darien were convinced by this concurring testimony, and confounded by the overwhelming evil they had thus invoked upon their heads. They had deposed Enciso for his severity, and they had thrown themselves into the power of one who threatened to be ten times more severe! Vasco Nuñez de Balboa observed their perplexity and consternation. He drew one by one apart, and conversed with them in private. "You are cast down in heart," said he, "and so you might well be, were the evil beyond all cure. But do not despair; there is an effectual relief, and you hold it in your hands. If you have committed an error in inviting Nicuesa to Darien, it is easily remedied by not receiving him when he comes!" The obviousness and simplicity of the remedy struck every mind, and it was unanimously adopted.

CHAPTER XIII.

CATASTROPHE OF THE UNFORTUNATE NICUESA.

While this hostile plot was maturing at Darien, the unsuspecting Nicuesa pursued his voyage leisurely and serenely, and arrived in safety at the mouth of the river. On approaching the shore he beheld a multitude, headed by Vasco Nuñez, waiting, as he supposed, to receive him with all due honor. He was about to land, when the public procurator, or attorney, called to him with a loud voice, warning him not to disembark, but to return with all speed to his government at Nombre de Dios.

Nicuesa remained for a moment as if thunderstruck by so unlooked-for a salutation. When he recovered his self-possession, he reminded them that he had come at their own request: he entreated, therefore, that he might be allowed to land and have an explanation, after which he would be ready to act as they should think proper. His entreaties only provoked insolent replies, and threats of violence, should he venture to put foot on shore. Night coming on, he was obliged to stand out to sea, but returned the next morning, hoping to find this capricious people in a different mood.

There did, indeed, appear to be a favorable change, for he was now invited to land. It was a mere stratagem, to get him in their power, for no sooner did he set foot

on shore, than the multitude rushed forward to seize him. Among his many bodily endowments, Nicuesa was noted for swiftness of foot. He now trusted to it for safety, and, throwing off the dignity of governor, fled for his life along the shore, pursued by the rabble. He soon distanced his pursuers, and took refuge in the woods.

Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, who was himself a man of birth, seeing this high-bred cavalier reduced to such extremity, and at the mercy of a violent rabble, repented of what he had done. He had not anticipated such popular fury, and endeavored, though too late, to allay the tempest he had raised. He succeeded in preventing the people from pursuing Nicuesa into the forest, and then endeavored to mollify the vindictive rage of his fellow-alcalde, Zamudio, whose hostility was quickened by the dread of losing his office, should the new governor be received; and who was supported in his boisterous conduct by the natural love of the multitude for what are called "strong measures." Nicuesa now held a parley with the populace, through the mediation of Vasco Nuñez. He begged that, if they would not acknowledge him as governor, they would at least admit him as a companion. This they refused, saying, that if they admitted him in one capacity, he would end by attaining to the other. He then implored that, if he could be admitted on no other terms, they would treat him as a prisoner, and put him in irons, for he would rather die among

them than return to Nombre de Dios, to perish of famine, or by the arrows of the Indians.

It was in vain that Vasco Nuñez exerted his eloquence to obtain some grace for this unhappy cavalier. His voice was drowned by the vociferations of the multitude. Among these was a noisy, swaggering fellow named Francisco Benitez, a great talker and jester, who took a vulgar triumph in the distresses of a cavalier, and answered every plea in his behalf with scoffs and jeers. He was an adherent of the alcalde Zamudio, and under his patronage felt emboldened to bluster. His voice was ever uppermost in the general clamor, until, to the expostulations of Vasco Nuñez, he replied by merely bawling, with great vociferation, "No, no, no!—we will receive no such a fellow among us as Nicuesa!" The patience of Vasco Nuñez was exhausted; he availed himself of his authority as alcalde, and suddenly, before his fellow-magistrate could interfere, ordered the brawling ruffian to be rewarded with a hundred lashes, which were taled out roundly to him upon the shoulders.*

Seeing that the fury of the populace was not to be pacified, he sent word to Nicuesa to retire to his brigantine, and not to venture on shore until advised by him to do so. The counsel was fruitless. Nicuesa, above deceit himself, suspected it not in others. He retired to his brigantine, it is true, but suffered himself to be in-

* Las Casas, Hist. Ind., lib. ii. cap. 68.

veigled on shore by a deputation professing to come on the part of the public, with offers to reinstate him as governor. He was scarcely landed when he was set upon by an armed band, headed by the base-minded Zamudio, who seized him, and compelled him, by menaces of death, to swear that he would immediately depart, and make no delay in any place until he had presented himself before the king and council in Castile.

In vain Nicuesa reminded them that he was governor of that territory, and representative of the king, and that they were guilty of treason in thus opposing him; in vain he appealed to their humanity, or protested before God against their cruelty and persecution. The people were in that state of tumult when they are apt to add cruelty to injustice. Not content with expelling the discarded governor from their shores, they allotted him the worst vessel in the harbor; an old crazy brigantine, totally unfit to encounter the perils and labors of the sea.

Seventeen followers embarked with him; some being of his household and attached to his person; the rest were volunteers, who accompanied him out of respect and sympathy. The frail bark set sail on the first of March, 1511, and steered across the Caribbean Sea for the island of Hispaniola, but was never seen or heard of more!

Various attempts have been made to penetrate the mystery that covers the fate of the brigantine and its

crew. A rumor prevailed some years afterwards, that several Spaniards, wandering along the shore of Cuba, found the following inscription carved on a tree :—

Aqui feneciò el desdichado Nicuesa.*

Hence it was inferred that he and his followers had landed there, and been massacred by the Indians. Las Casas, however, discredits the story. He accompanied the first Spaniards who took possession of Cuba, and heard nothing of the fact, as he most probably would have done had it really occurred. He imagines, rather, that the crazy bark was swallowed up by the storms and currents of the Caribbean Sea, or that the crew perished with hunger and thirst, having been but scantily supplied with provisions. The good old bishop adds, with the superstitious feeling prevalent in that age, that a short time before Nicuesa sailed from Spain on his expedition, an astrologer warned him not to depart on the day he had appointed, or under a certain sign; the cavalier replied, however, that he had less confidence in the stars than in God who made them. "I recollect, moreover," adds Las Casas, "that about this time a comet was seen over this island of Hispaniola, which, if I do not forget, was in the shape of a sword; and it was said that a monk warned several of those about to embark with Nicuesa, to avoid that captain, for the heavens foretold he was

* Here perished the unfortunate Nicuesa.

destined to be lost. The same, however," he concludes, "might be said of Alonzo de Ojeda, who sailed at the same time, yet returned to San Domingo, and died in his bed." *

* Las Casas, ut. sup. cap. 68.

VASCO NUÑEZ DE BALBOA.

DISCOVERER OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

CHAPTER I.

FACTIONS OF DARIEN.—VASCO NUÑEZ ELEVATED TO THE COMMAND.

WE have traced the disastrous fortunes of Alonzo de Ojeda and Diego de Nicuesa; we have now to record the story of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, an adventurer equally daring, far more renowned, and not less unfortunate, who in a manner rose upon their ruins.

When the bark disappeared from view which bore the ill-starred Nicuesa from the shores of Darien, the community relapsed into factions, as to who should have the rule. The Bachelor Enciso insisted upon his claims as paramount, but met with a powerful opponent in Vasco Nuñez, who had become a great favorite with the people, from his frank and fearless character, and his winning affability. In fact, he was peculiarly calculated to manage the fiery and factious, yet generous and susceptible, nature of his countrymen; for the Spaniards, though

proud and resentful, and impatient of indignity or restraint, are easily dazzled by valor, and won by courtesy and kindness. Vasco Nuñez had the external requisites also to captivate the multitude. He was now about thirty-five years of age; tall, well-formed, and vigorous, with reddish hair, and an open, prepossessing countenance. His office of alcalde, while it clothed him with influence and importance, tempered those irregular and dissolute habits he might have indulged while a mere soldier of fortune; and his superior talent soon gave him a complete ascendancy over his official colleague Zamudio. He was thus enabled to set on foot a vigorous opposition to Enciso. Still he proceeded according to the forms of law, and summoned the Bachelor to trial, on the charge of usurping the powers of alcalde mayor, on the mere appointment of Alonzo de Ojeda, whose jurisdiction did not extend to this province.

Enciso was an able lawyer, and pleaded his cause skillfully; but his claims were, in fact, fallacious, and, had they not been so, he had to deal with men who cared little for law; who had been irritated by his legal exactions, and who were disposed to be governed by a man of the sword rather than of the robe. He was readily found guilty, therefore, and thrown into prison, and all his property was confiscated. This was a violent verdict, and rashly executed; but justice seemed to grow fierce and wild when transplanted to the wilderness of the New World. Still there is no place where wrong can be com-

mitted with impunity; the oppression of the Bachelor Enciso, though exercised under the forms of law, and in a region remote from the pale of civilized life, redounded to the eventful injury of Vasco Nuñez, and contributed to blast the fruits of that ambition it was intended to promote.

The fortunes of the enterprising Bachelor had indeed run strangely counter to the prospects with which he had embarked at San Domingo; he had become a culprit at the bar instead of a judge upon the bench; and now was left to ruminate in a prison, on the failure of his late attempt at general command. His friends, however, interceded warmly in his behalf, and at length obtained his release from confinement, and permission for him to return to Spain. Vasco Nuñez foresaw that the lawyer would be apt to plead his cause more effectually at the court of Castile, than he had done before the partial and prejudiced tribunal of Darien. He prevailed upon his fellow-alcalde Zamudio, therefore, who was implicated with him in the late transactions, to return to Spain in the same vessel with the Bachelor, so as to be on the spot to answer his charges, and to give a favorable report of the case. He was also instructed to set forth the services of Vasco Nuñez, both in guiding the colonists to this place, and in managing the affairs of the settlement; and to dwell with emphasis on the symptoms of great riches in the surrounding country.

The Bachelor and the alcalde embarked in a small

caravel; and, as it was to touch at Hispaniola, Vasco Nuñez sent his confidential friend, the regidor Valdivia, to that island, to obtain provisions and recruits. He secretly put into his hands a round sum of gold, as a present to Miguel de Pasamonte, the royal treasurer of Hispaniola, whom he knew to have great credit with the king, and to be invested with extensive powers, craving at the same time his protection in the New World and his influence at court.

Having taken these shrewd precautions, Vasco Nuñez saw the caravel depart without dismay, though bearing to Spain his most dangerous enemy; he consoled himself, moreover, with the reflection that it likewise bore off his fellow-alcalde Zamudio, and thus left him in sole command of the colony.

CHAPTER II.

EXPEDITION TO COYBA. — VASCO NUÑEZ RECEIVES THE DAUGHTER OF A CACIQUE AS HOSTAGE.

Vasco Nuñez now exerted himself to prove his capacity for the government to which he had aspired; and as he knew that no proof was more convincing to King Ferdinand than ample remittances, and that gold covered all sins in the New World, his first object was to discover those parts of the country which most abounded in the pre-

cious metals. Hearing exaggerated reports of the riches of a province about thirty leagues distant, called Coyba, he sent Francisco Pizarro with six men to explore it.

The cacique Zemaco, the native lord of Darien, who cherished a bitter hostility against the European intruders, and hovered with his warriors about the settlement, received notice of this detachment from his spies, and planted himself in ambush to waylay and destroy it. The Spaniards had scarcely proceeded three leagues along the course of the river, when a host of savages burst upon them from the surrounding thickets, uttering frightful yells, and discharging showers of stones and arrows. Pizarro and his men, though sorely bruised and wounded, rushed into the thickest of the foe, slew many, wounded more, and put the rest to flight; but fearing another assault, made a precipitate retreat, leaving one of their companions, Francisco Hernan, disabled on the field. They arrived at the settlement crippled and bleeding; but when Vasco Nuñez heard the particulars of the action, his anger was roused against Pizarro, and he ordered him, though wounded, to return immediately and recover the disabled man. "Let it not be said, for shame," said he, "that Spaniards fled before savages, and left a comrade in their hands!" Pizarro felt the rebuke, returned to the scene of combat, and brought off Francisco Hernan in safety.

Nothing having been heard of Nicuesa since his departure, Vasco Nuñez despatched two brigantines for

those followers of that unfortunate adventurer who had remained at Nombre de Dios. They were overjoyed at being rescued from their forlorn situation, and conveyed to a settlement where there was some prospect of comfortable subsistence. The brigantines, in coasting the shores of the Isthmus, picked up two Spaniards, clad in painted skins, and looking as wild as the native Indians. These men, to escape some punishment, had fled from the ship of Nicuesa about a year and a half before, and taken refuge with Careta, the cacique of Coyba. The savage chieftain had treated them with hospitable kindness; their first return for which, now that they found themselves safe among their countrymen, was to advise the latter to invade the cacique in his dwelling, where they assured them they would find immense booty. Finding their suggestions listened to, one of them proceeded to Darien, to serve as a guide to any expedition that might be set on foot; the other returned to the cacique, to assist in betraying him.

Vasco Nuñez was elated by the intelligence received through these vagabonds of the wilderness. He chose a hundred and thirty well-armed and resolute men, and set off for Coyba. The cacique received the Spaniards in his mansion with the accustomed hospitality of a savage, setting before them meat and drink, and whatever his house afforded; but when Vasco Nuñez asked for a large supply of provisions for the colony, he declared that he had none to spare, his people having been pre-

vented from cultivating the soil by a war which he was waging with the neighboring cacique of Ponca. The Spanish outcast, who had remained to betray his benefactor, now took Vasco Nuñez aside, and assured him that the cacique had an abundant hoard of provisions in secret; he advised him, however, to seem to believe his words, and to make a pretended departure for Darien with his troops, but to return in the night and take the village by surprise. Vasco Nuñez adopted the advice of the traitor. He took a cordial leave of Careta, and set off for the settlement. In the dead of the night, however, when the savages were buried in deep sleep, Vasco Nuñez led his men into the midst of the village, and, before the inhabitants could rouse themselves to resistance, made captives of Careta, his wives, and children, and many of his people. He discovered also the hoard of provisions, with which he loaded two brigantines, and returned with his booty and his captives to Darien.

When the unfortunate cacique beheld his family in chains, and in the hands of strangers, his heart was wrung with despair; "What have I done," said he to Vasco Nuñez, "that thou shouldst treat me thus cruelly? None of thy people ever came into my land that were not fed, and sheltered, and treated with loving kindness. When thou camest to my dwelling, did I meet thee with a javelin in my hand? Did I not set meat and drink before thee, and welcome thee as a brother? Set me free, therefore, with my family and people, and we will

remain thy friends. We will supply thee with provisions, and reveal to thee the riches of the land. Dost thou doubt my faith? Behold my daughter, I give her to thee as a pledge of friendship. Take her for thy wife, and be assured of the fidelity of her family and her people!"

Vasco Nuñez felt the force of these words, and knew the importance of forming a strong alliance among the natives. The captive maid, also, as she stood trembling and dejected before him, found great favor in his eyes, for she was young and beautiful. He granted, therefore, the prayer of the cacique, and accepted his daughter, engaging, moreover, to aid the father against his enemies, on condition of his furnishing provisions to the colony.

Careta remained three days at Darien, during which time he was treated with the utmost kindness. Vasco Nuñez took him on board of his ships, and showed him every part of them. He displayed before him also the war-horses, with their armor and rich caparisons, and astonished him with the thunder of artillery. Lest he should be too much daunted by these warlike spectacles, he caused the musicians to perform a harmonious concert on their instruments, at which the cacique was lost in admiration. Thus having impressed him with a wonderful idea of the power and endowments of his new allies, he loaded him with presents, and permitted him to depart.*

* P. Martyr, decad. iii. cap. 6.

Careta returned joyfully to his territories, and his daughter remained with Vasco Nuñez, willingly for his sake giving up her family and native home. They were never married, but she considered herself his wife, as she really was, according to the usages of her own country; and he treated her with fondness, allowing her gradually to acquire great influence over him. To his affection for this damsel, his ultimate ruin is in some measure to be ascribed.

CHAPTER III.

VASCO NUÑEZ HEARS OF A SEA BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS.

Vasco Nuñez kept his word with the father of his Indian beauty. Taking with him eighty men, and his companion in arms, Rodrigo Enriquez de Colmenares, he repaired by sea to Coyba, the province of the cacique. Here landing, he invaded the territories of Ponca, the great adversary of Careta, and obliged him to take refuge in the mountains. He then ravaged his lands, and sacked his villages, in which he found considerable booty. Returning to Coyba, where he was joyfully entertained by Careta, he next made a friendly visit to the adjacent province of Comagre, which was under the sway of a cacique, of the same name, who had 3,000 fighting men at his command.

This province was situated at the foot of a lofty mountain in a beautiful plain, twelve leagues in extent. On the approach of Vasco Nuñez, the cacique came forth to meet him, attended by seven sons, all fine young men, the offspring of his various wives. He was followed by his principal chiefs and warriors, and by a multitude of his people. The Spaniards were conducted with great ceremony to the village, where quarters were assigned them, and they were furnished with abundance of provisions, and men and women were appointed to attend upon them.

The dwelling of the cacique surpassed any they had yet seen for magnitude, and for the skill and solidity of the architecture. It was one hundred and fifty paces in length, and eighty in breadth, founded upon great logs, surrounded with a stone wall; while the upper part was of wood-work, curiously interwoven, and wrought with such beauty as to cause surprise and admiration. It contained many commodious apartments. There were store-rooms also; one filled with bread, with venison, and other provisions; another with various spirituous beverages, which the Indians made from maize, from a species of the palm, and from roots of different kinds. There was also a great hall in a retired and secret part of the building, wherein Comagre preserved the bodies of his ancestors and relatives. These had been dried by the fire, so as to free them from corruption, and afterwards wrapped in mantles of cotton, richly wrought, and inter-

woven with pearls and jewels of gold, and with certain stones held precious by the natives. They were then hung about the hall with cords of cotton, and regarded with great reverence, if not with religious devotion.

The eldest son of the cacique was of a lofty and generous spirit, and distinguished above the rest by his superior intelligence and sagacity. Perceiving, says old Peter Martyr, that the Spaniards were a "wandering kind of men, living only by shifts and spoil," he sought to gain favor for himself and family by gratifying their avarice. He gave Vasco Nuñez and Colmenares, therefore, 4,000 ounces of gold, wrought into various ornaments, together with sixty slaves, captives taken in the wars. Vasco Nuñez ordered one fifth of the gold to be weighed out and set apart for the crown, and the rest to be shared among his followers.

The division of the gold took place in the porch of the dwelling of Comagre, in the presence of the youthful cacique who had made the gift. As the Spaniards were weighing it out, a violent quarrel arose among them as to the size and value of the pieces which fell to their respective shares. The high-minded savage was disgusted at this sordid brawl among beings whom he had regarded with such reverence. In the first impulse of his disdain he struck the scales with his fist, and scattered the glittering gold about the porch. "Why," said he, "should you quarrel for such a trifle? If this gold is indeed so precious in your eyes, that for it alone you abandon your

homes, invade the peaceful lands of others, and expose yourselves to such sufferings and perils, I will tell you of a region where you may gratify your wishes to the utmost. Behold those lofty mountains," continued he, pointing to the south; "beyond these lies a mighty sea, which may be discerned from their summit. It is navigated by people who have vessels almost as large as yours, and furnished, like them, with sails and oars. All the streams which flow down the southern side of those mountains into that sea abound in gold; and the kings who reign upon its borders eat and drink out of golden vessels. Gold, in fact, is as plentiful and common among those people of the south as iron is among you Spaniards."

Vasco Nuñez inquired eagerly as to the means of penetrating to this sea, and to the opulent regions on its shores. "The task," replied the prince, "is difficult and dangerous. You must pass through the territories of many powerful caciques, who will oppose you with hosts of warriors. Some parts of the mountains are infested by fierce and cruel cannibals, a wandering, lawless race: but, above all, you will have to encounter the great cacique Tubanamà, whose territories are at the distance of six days' journey, and more rich in gold than any other province; this cacique will be sure to come forth against you with a mighty force. To accomplish your enterprise, therefore, will require at least a thousand men armed like those who follow you."

The youthful cacique gave him further information on the subject, collected from various captives taken in battle, and from one of his own nation, who had been for a long time in captivity to Tubanamà, the powerful cacique of the golden realm. He moreover offered to prove the sincerity of his words by accompanying Vasco Nuñez, in any expedition to those parts, at the head of his father's warriors.

Such was the first intimation received by Vasco Nuñez of the Pacific Ocean and its golden realms, and it had an immediate effect upon his whole character and conduct. This hitherto wandering and desperate man had now an enterprise opened to his ambition, which, if accomplished, would elevate him to fame and fortune, and entitle him to rank among the great captains and discoverers of the earth. Henceforth the discovery of the sea beyond the mountains was the great object of his thoughts, and his whole spirit seemed roused and ennobled by the idea.

He hastened his return to Darien, to make the necessary preparations for this splendid enterprise. Before departing from the province of Comagre, he baptized that cacique by the name of Don Carlos, and performed the same ceremony upon his sons and several of his subjects;—thus singularly did avarice and religion go hand in hand in the conduct of the Spanish discoverers.

Scarcely had Vasco Nuñez returned to Darien, when the Regidor Valdivia arrived from Hispaniola, but with

no more provisions than could be brought in his small caravel. These were soon consumed, and the general scarcity continued. It was heightened by a violent tempest of thunder, lightning, and rain, which brought such torrents from the mountains that the river swelled and overflowed its banks, laying waste all the adjacent fields which had been cultivated. In this extremity, Vasco Nuñez despatched Valdivia a second time to Hispaniola for provisions. Animated also by the loftier views of his present ambition, he wrote to Don Diego Columbus, who governed at San Domingo, informing him of the intelligence he had received of a great sea and opulent realms beyond the mountains, and entreating him to use his influence with the king that one thousand men might be furnished him for the prosecution of so grand a discovery. He sent him also the amount of fifteen thousand crowns in gold, to be remitted to the king, as the royal fifths of what had already been collected under his jurisdiction. Many of his followers, likewise, forwarded sums of gold to be remitted to their creditors in Spain. In the meantime, Vasco Nuñez prayed the admiral to yield him prompt succor to enable him to keep his footing in the land, representing the difficulty he had in maintaining, with a mere handful of men, so vast a country in a state of subjection.

CHAPTER IV.

EXPEDITION OF VASCO NUÑEZ IN QUEST OF THE GOLDEN TEMPLE OF DOBAYBA.

[1512.]

WHILE Vasco Nuñez awaited the result of this mission of Valdivia, his active disposition prompted foraging excursions into the surrounding country.

Among the various rumors of golden realms in the interior of this unknown land, was one concerning a province called Dobayba, situated about forty leagues distant, on the banks of a great river which emptied itself, by several mouths, into a corner of the Gulf of Uraba.

This province derived its name, according to Indian tradition, from a mighty female of the olden time, the mother of the god who created the sun and moon and all good things. She had power over the elements, sending thunder and lightning to lay waste the lands of those who displeased her, but showering down fertility and abundance upon the possessions of her faithful worshipers. Others described her as having been an Indian princess, who once reigned among the mountains of Dobayba, and was renowned throughout the land for her supernatural power and wisdom. After her death, divine honors were paid her, and a great temple was erected for her worship. Hither the natives repaired from far

and near, on a kind of pilgrimage, bearing offerings of their most valuable effects. The caciques who ruled over distant territories also sent golden tributes, at certain times of the year, to be deposited in this temple, and slaves to be sacrificed at this shrine. At one time, it was added, this worship fell into disuse, the pilgrimages were discontinued, and the caciques neglected to send their tributes; whereupon the deity, as a punishment, inflicted a drought upon the country. The springs and fountains failed, the rivers were dried up; the inhabitants of the mountains were obliged to descend into the plains, where they digged pits and wells, but these likewise failing, a great part of the nations perished with thirst. The remainder hastened to propitiate the deity by tributes and sacrifices, and thus succeeded in averting her displeasure. In consequence of offerings of the kind, made for generations from all parts of the country, the temple was said to be filled with treasure, and its walls to be covered with golden gifts.* In addition to the tale of this temple, the Indians gave marvelous accounts of the general wealth of this province, declaring that it abounded with mines of gold, the veins of which reached from the dwelling of the cacique to the borders of his dominions.

To penetrate to this territory, and above all, to secure the treasures of the golden temple, was an enterprise suited to the adventurous spirit of the Spaniards. Vasco

* Peter Martyr, decad. iii. cap. 6. Idem, decad. vii. cap. 10.

Nuñez chose one hundred and seventy of his hardiest men for the purpose. Embarking them in two brigantines and a number of canoes, he set sail from Darien, and, after standing about nine leagues to the east, came to the mouth of the Rio Grande de San Juan, or the Great River of St. John, also called the Atrato, which is since ascertained to be one of the branches of the river Darien. Here he detached Rodrigo Enriquez de Colmenares with one third of his forces, to explore the stream, while he himself proceeded with the residue to another branch of the river, which he was told flowed from the province of Dobayba, and which he ascended, flushed with sanguine expectations.*

His old enemy Zemaco, the cacique of Darien, however, had discovered the object of his expedition, and had taken measures to disappoint it; repairing to the province of Dobayba, he had prevailed upon its cacique to retire at the approach of the Spaniards, leaving his country deserted.

* In recording this expedition, the author has followed the old Spanish narratives, written when the face of the country was but little known, and he was much perplexed to reconcile the accounts given of numerous streams with the rivers laid down on modern maps. By a clear and judicious explanation, given in the recent work of Don Manuel Josef Quintana, it appears that the different streams explored by Vasco Nuñez and Colmenares were all branches of one grand river, which, descending from the mountains of the interior, winds about in crystal streams among the plains and morasses bordering the bottom of the great Gulf of Darien, and discharges itself by various mouths into the gulf. In fact, the stream which ran by the infant city of Santa Maria de la Antigua was but one of its branches, a fact entirely unknown to Vasco Nuñez and his companions.

Vasco Nuñez found a village situated in a marshy neighborhood, on the banks of the river, and mistook it for the residence of the cacique: it was silent and abandoned. There was not an Indian to be met with, from whom he could obtain any information about the country, or who could guide him to the golden temple. He was disappointed, also, in his hopes of obtaining a supply of provisions, but he found weapons of various kinds hanging in the deserted houses, and gathered jewels and pieces of gold to the value of seven thousand castellanos. Discouraged by the savage look of the surrounding wilderness, which was perplexed by deep morasses, and having no guides to aid him in exploring it, he put all the booty he had collected into two large canoes, and made his way back to the Gulf of Uraba. Here he was assailed by a violent tempest, which nearly wrecked his two brigantines, and obliged him to throw a great part of their cargoes overboard. The two canoes containing the booty were swallowed up by the raging sea, and all their crews perished.

Thus baffled and tempest-tost, Vasco Nuñez at length succeeded in getting into what is termed the Grand River, which he ascended, and rejoined Colmenares and his detachment. They now extended their excursions up a stream which emptied itself into the Grand River, and which, from the dark hue of its waters, they called Rio Negro, or the Black River. They also explored certain other tributary streams, branching from

it, though not without occasional skirmishes with the natives.

Ascending one of these minor rivers with a part of his men, Vasco Nuñez came to the territories of a cacique named Abibeyba, who reigned over a region of marshes and shallow lakes. The habitations of the natives were built amidst the branches of immense and lofty trees. They were large enough to contain whole family connections, and were constructed partly of wood, partly of a kind of wicker-work, combining strength and pliability, and yielding uninjured to the motion of the branches when agitated by the wind. The inhabitants ascended to them with great agility, by light ladders, formed of great reeds split through the middle, for the reeds on this coast grow to the thickness of a man's body. These ladders they drew up after them at night, or in case of attack. These habitations were well stocked with provisions; but the fermented beverages, of which these people had always a supply, were buried in vessels in the earth, at the foot of the tree, lest they should be rendered turbid by the rocking of the houses. Close by, also, were the canoes with which they navigated the rivers and ponds of their marshy country, and followed their main occupation of fishing.

On the approach of the Spaniards, the Indians took refuge in their tree-built castles, and drew up the ladders. The former called upon them to descend, and to fear nothing. Upon this the cacique replied, entreating

that he might not be molested, seeing he had done them no injury. They threatened, unless he came down, to fell the trees, or to set fire to them, and burn him and his wives and children. The cacique was disposed to consent, but was prevented by the entreaties of his people. Upon this the Spaniards prepared to hew down the trees, but were assailed by showers of stones. They covered themselves, however, with their bucklers, assailed the trees vigorously with their hatchets, and soon compelled the inhabitants to capitulate. The cacique descended with his wife and two of his children. The first demand of the Spaniards was for gold. He assured them he had none ; for, having no need of it, he had never made it an object of his search. Being importuned, however, he said that if he were permitted to repair to certain mountains at a distance, he would in a few days return and bring them what they desired. They permitted him to depart, retaining his wife and children as hostages, but they saw no more of the cacique. After remaining here a few days, and regaling on the provisions which they found in abundance, they continued their foraging expeditions, often opposed by the bold and warlike natives, and suffering occasional loss, but inflicting great havoc on their opposers.

Having thus overrun a considerable extent of country, and no grand object presenting to lure him on to further enterprise, Vasco Nuñez at length returned to Darien with the spoils and captives he had taken, leaving Barto-

lome Hurtado, with thirty men, in an Indian village on the Rio Negro, or Black River, to hold the country in subjection. Thus terminated the first expedition in quest of the golden temple of Dobayba, which, for some time, continued to be a favorite object of enterprise among the adventurers of Darien.

CHAPTER V.

DISASTER ON THE BLACK RIVER.—INDIAN PLOT AGAINST DARIEN.

Bartolome Hurtado, being left to his own discretion on the banks of the Black River, occupied himself occasionally in hunting the scattered natives who straggled about the surrounding forests. Having in this way picked up twenty-four captives, he put them on board of a large canoe, like so much live stock, to be transported to Darien and sold as slaves. Twenty of his followers, who were infirm either from wounds or the diseases of the climate, embarked also in the canoe, so that only ten men remained with Hurtado.

The great canoe, thus heavily freighted, descended the Black River slowly, between banks overhung with forests. Zemaco, the indefatigable cacique of Darien, was on the watch, and waylaid the ark with four canoes filled with warriors, armed with war-clubs and lances hardened in the fire. The Spaniards, being sick, could

make but feeble resistance; some were massacred, others leaped into the river and were drowned. Two only escaped, by clinging to two trunks of trees that were floating down the river, and covering themselves with the branches. Reaching the shore in safety, they returned to Bartolome Hurtado with the tragical tidings of the death of his followers. Hurtado was so disheartened by the news, and so dismayed at his own helpless situation, in the midst of a hostile country, that he resolved to abandon the fatal shores of the Black River, and return to Darien. He was quickened in this resolution by receiving intimation of a conspiracy forming among the natives. The implacable Zemaco had drawn four other caciques into a secret plan to assemble their vassals and make a sudden attack upon Darien: Hurtado hastened with the remnant of his followers to carry tidings to the settlement of this conspiracy. Many of the inhabitants were alarmed at his intelligence; others treated it as a false rumor of the Indians, and no preparations were made against what might be a mere imaginary danger.

Fortunately for the Spaniards, among the female captives owned by Vasco Nuñez was an Indian damsel, named Fulvia; to whom, in consequence of her beauty, he had shown great favor, and who had become strongly attached to him. She had a brother among the warriors of Zemaco, who often visited her in secret. In one of his visits he informed her that on a certain night the

settlement would be attacked, and every Spaniard destroyed. He charged her, therefore, to hide herself that night in a certain place, until he should come to her aid, lest she should be slain in the confusion of the massacre.

When her brother was gone, a violent struggle took place in the bosom of the Indian girl, between her feeling for her family and her people, and her affection for Vasco Nuñez. The latter at length prevailed, and she revealed all that had been told to her. The Spaniard prevailed on her to send for her brother, under pretense of aiding her to escape. Having him in his power, he extorted from him all that he knew of the designs of the enemy. His confession showed what imminent danger had been lurking round Vasco Nuñez in his most unsuspecting moments. The prisoner informed him that he had been one of forty Indians sent some time before by the cacique Zemaco to Vasco Nuñez, in seeming friendship, to be employed by him in cultivating the fields adjacent to the settlement. They had secret orders, however, to take an opportunity when the Spaniard should come forth to inspect their work, to set upon him in an unguarded moment, and destroy him. Fortunately, Vasco Nuñez always visited the fields mounted on his warhorse, and armed with lance and target, and the Indians were so awed by his martial appearance, and by the terrible animal he bestrode, that they dared not attack him.

Foiled in this and other attempts of the kind, Zemaco resorted to the conspiracy with which the settlement was now menaced. Five caciques had joined in the confederacy: they had prepared a hundred canoes; amassed provisions for an army; and concerted to assemble five thousand picked warriors at a certain time and place; with these they were to make an attack on the settlement by land and water, in the middle of the night, and to slaughter every Spaniard.

Having learnt where the confederate chiefs were to be found, and where they had deposited their provisions, Vasco Nuñez chose seventy of his best men, well armed, and made a circuit by land, while Colmenares, with sixty men, sallied forth secretly in four canoes, guided by the Indian prisoner. In this way they surprised the general of the Indian army and several of the principal confederates, and got possession of all their provisions, though they failed to capture the formidable Zemaco. The Indian general was shot to death with arrows, and the leaders of the conspiracy were hanged in presence of their captive followers. The defeat of this deep-laid plan, and the punishment of its devisers, spread terror throughout the neighboring provinces, and prevented any further hostilities. Vasco Nuñez, however, caused a strong fortress of wood to be immediately erected, to guard against any future assaults of the savages.

CHAPTER VI.

FURTHER FACTIONS IN THE COLONY.—ARROGANCE OF ALONZO PEREZ AND THE BACHELOR CORRAL.

A CONSIDERABLE time had now elapsed since the departure of Valdivia for Hispaniola, yet no tidings had been received from him. Many began to fear that some disaster had befallen him; while others insinuated that it was possible both he and Zamudio might have neglected the objects of their mission, and, having appropriated to their own use the gold with which they had been intrusted, abandoned the colony to its fate.

Vasco Nuñez himself was harassed by these surmises; and by the dread lest the Bachelor Enciso should succeed in prejudicing the mind of his sovereign against him. Impatient of this state of anxious suspense, he determined to repair to Spain, to communicate in person all that he had heard concerning the Southern Sea, and to ask for the troops necessary for its discovery.

Every one, however, both friend and foe, exclaimed against such a measure, representing his presence as indispensable to the safety of the colony, from his great talents as a commander, and the fear entertained of him by the Indians.

After much debate and contention, it was at length agreed that Juan de Cayzedo and Rodrigo Enriquez de

Colmenares should go in his place, instructed to make all necessary representations to the king. Letters were written also, containing extravagant accounts of the riches of the country, partly dictated by the sanguine hopes of the writers, and partly by the fables of the natives. The rumored wealth of the province of Dobayba, and the treasures of its golden temple, were not forgotten; and an Indian was taken to Spain by the commissioners, a native of the province of Zenu, where gold was said to be gathered in nets stretched across the mountain streams. To give more weight to all these stories, every one contributed some portion of gold from his private hoard, to be presented to the king in addition to the amount arising from his fifths.

But little time had elapsed after the departure of the commissioners, when new dissensions broke out in the colony. It was hardly to be expected that a fortuitous assemblage of adventurers could remain long tranquil during a time of suffering under rulers of questionable authority. Vasco Nuñez, it is true, had risen by his courage and abilities; but he had risen from among their ranks; he was in a manner of their own creation; and they had not become sufficiently accustomed to him as a governor, to forget that he was recently but a mere soldier of fortune, and an absconding debtor.

Their factious discontent, however, was directed at first against a favorite of Vasco Nuñez, rather than against himself. He had invested Bartolome Hurtado, the com-

mander of the Black River, with considerable authority in the colony, and the latter gave great offense by his oppressive conduct. Hurtado had particularly aggrieved by his arrogance one Alonzo Perez de la Rua, a touchy cavalier, jealous of his honor, and peculiarly gifted with the sensitive punctilio of a Spaniard. Firing at some indignity, whether real or fancied, Alonzo Perez threw himself into the ranks of the disaffected, and was immediately chosen as their leader. Thus backed by faction, he clamored loudly for the punishment of Hurtado; and, finding his demands unattended to, threw out threats of deposing Vasco Nuñez. The latter, with his usual spirit and promptness, seized upon the testy Alonzo Perez, and threw him into prison, to digest his indignities and cool his passion at leisure.

The conspirators flew to arms to liberate their leader. The friends of Vasco Nuñez were equally on the alert. The two parties drew out in battle array in the public square, and a sanguinary conflict was on the point of taking place. Fortunately, there were some cool heads left in the colony. These interfered at the critical moment, representing to the angry adversaries that, if they fought among themselves, and diminished their already scanty numbers, even the conquerors must eventually fall a prey to the Indians.

Their remonstrances had effect. A parley ensued, and, after much noisy debate, a kind of compromise was made. Alonzo Perez was liberated, and the mutineers dispersed

quietly to their homes. The next day, however, they were again in arms, and seized upon Bartolome Hurtado; but after a little while were prevailed upon to set him free. Their factious views seemed turned to a higher object. They broke forth into loud murmurs against Vasco Nuñez, complaining that he had not made a fair division of the gold and slaves taken in the late expeditions, and threatening to arrest him and bring him to account. Above all, they clamored for an immediate distribution of ten thousand castellanos in gold, yet unshared.

Vasco Nuñez understood too well the riotous nature of the people under him, and his own precarious hold on their obedience, to attempt to cope with them in this moment of turbulence. He shrewdly determined, therefore, to withdraw from the sight of the multitude, and to leave them to divide the spoil among themselves, trusting to their own strife for his security. That very night he sallied forth into the country, under pretense of going on a hunting expedition.

The next morning the mutineers found themselves in possession of the field. Alonzo Perez, the pragmatical ringleader, immediately assumed the command, seconded by the Bachelor Corral. Their first measure was to seize upon the ten thousand castellanos, and to divide them among the multitude, by way of securing their own popularity. The event proved the sagacity and forethought of Vasco Nuñez. Scarcely had these hot-headed inter-

meddlers entered upon the partition of the gold, than a furious strife arose. Every one was dissatisfied with his share, considering his merits entitled to peculiar recompense. Every attempt to appease the rabble only augmented their violence, and in their rage they swore that Vasco Nuñez had always shown more judgment and discrimination in his distributions to men of merit.

The adherents of the latter now ventured to lift up their voices; "Vasco Nuñez," said they, "won the gold by his enterprise and valor, and would have shared it with the brave and the deserving; but these men have seized upon it by factious means, and would squander it upon their minions." The multitude, who, in fact, admired the soldier-like qualities of Vasco Nuñez, displayed one of the customary reverses of popular feeling. The touchy Alonzo Perez, his coadjutor the Bachelor Corral, and several other of the ringleaders, were seized, put into irons, and confined in the fortress; and Vasco Nuñez was recalled with loud acclamations to the settlement.

How long this pseudo-commander might have been able to manage the unsteady populace, it is impossible to say; but just at this juncture two ships arrived from Hispaniola, freighted with supplies, and bringing a reinforcement of one hundred and fifty men. They brought also a commission to Vasco Nuñez, signed by Miguel de Pasamonte, the royal treasurer of Hispaniola, (to whom he had sent a private present of gold), constituting him

captain-general of the colony. It is doubtful whether Pasamonte possessed the power to confer such a commission, though it is affirmed that the king had clothed him with it, as a kind of check upon the authority of the admiral Don Diego Columbus, then governor of Hispaniola, of whose extensive sway in the New World the monarch was secretly jealous. At any rate, the treasurer appears to have acted in full confidence of the ultimate approbation of his sovereign.

Vasco Nuñez was rejoiced at receiving a commission which clothed him with at least the semblance of royal sanction. Feeling more assured in his situation, and being naturally of a generous and forgiving temper, he was easily prevailed upon, in this moment of exultation, to release and pardon Alonzo Perez, the Bachelor Corral, and the other ringleaders of the late commotions; and for a time the feuds and factions of this petty community were lulled to repose.

CHAPTER VII.

VASCO NUÑEZ DETERMINES TO SEEK THE SEA BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS.

[1513.]

THE temporary triumph of Vasco Nuñez was soon overcast by tidings from Spain. His late colleague, the alcalde Zamudio, wrote him word, that the Bachelor En-

ciso had carried his complaints to the foot of the throne, and succeeded in rousing the indignation of the king, and had obtained a sentence in his favor, condemning Vasco Nuñez in costs and damages. Zamudio informed him in addition, that he would be immediately summoned to repair to Spain, and answer in person the criminal charges advanced against him, on account of the harsh treatment and probable death of the unfortunate Nicuesa.

Vasco Nuñez was at first stunned by this intelligence, which seemed at one blow to annihilate all his hopes and fortunes. He was a man, however, of prompt decision and intrepid spirit. The information received from Spain was private and informal; no order had yet arrived from the king; he was still master of his actions, and had control over the colony. One brilliant achievement might atone for all the past, and fix him in the favor of the monarch. Such an achievement was within his reach—the discovery of the southern sea. It is true, a thousand soldiers had been required for the expedition, but were he to wait for their arrival from Spain, his day of grace would be past. It was a desperate thing to undertake the task with the handful of men at his command, but the circumstances of the case were desperate. Fame, fortune, life itself depended upon the successful and the prompt execution of the enterprise. To linger was to be lost.

Vasco Nuñez looked round upon the crew of daring

and reckless adventurers that formed the colony, and chose one hundred and ninety of the most resolute, vigorous, and devoted to his person. These he armed with swords, targets, cross-bows, and arquebuses. He did not conceal from them the danger of the enterprise into which he was about to lead them; but the spirit of these Spanish adventurers was always roused by the idea of perilous and extravagant exploit. To aid his slender forces, he took with him a number of bloodhounds, which had been found to be terrific allies in Indian warfare.

The Spanish writers made particular mention of one of those animals, named Leoncico, which was a constant companion, and, as it were, body-guard of Vasco Nuñez, and describe him as minutely as they would a favorite warrior. He was of a middle size, but immensely strong: of a dull yellow or reddish color, with a black muzzle, and his body was scarred all over with wounds received in innumerable battles with the Indians. Vasco Nuñez always took him on his expeditions, and sometimes lent him to others, receiving for his services the same share of booty allotted to an armed man. In this way he gained by him in the course of his campaigns upwards of a thousand crowns. The Indians, it is said, had conceived such terror of this animal, that the very sight of him was sufficient to put a host of them to flight.*

In addition to these forces, Vasco Nuñez took with him

* Oviedo, Hist. Ind., p. 2, cap. 3, MS.

a number of the Indians of Darien, whom he had won to him by kindness, and whose services were important, from their knowledge of the wilderness, and of the habits and resources of savage life. Such was the motley armament that set forth from the little colony of Darien, under the guidance of a daring, if not desperate commander, in quest of the great Pacific Ocean.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXPEDITION IN QUEST OF THE SOUTHERN SEA.

It was on the first of September that Vasco Nuñez embarked with his followers in a brigantine, and nine large canoes or pirogues, followed by the cheers and good wishes of those who remained at the settlement. Standing to the north-westward, he arrived without accident at Coyba, the dominion of the cacique Careta, whose daughter he had received as a pledge of amity. That Indian beauty had acquired a great influence over Vasco Nuñez, and appears to have cemented his friendship with her father and her people. He was received by the cacique with open arms, and furnished with guides and warriors to aid him in his enterprise.

Vasco Nuñez left about half of his men at Coyba, to guard the brigantine and canoes, while he should penetrate the wilderness with the residue. The importance

of his present expedition, not merely as affecting his own fortunes, but, as it were, unfolding a mighty secret of nature, seems to have impressed itself upon his spirit, and to have given correspondent solemnity to his conduct. Before setting out upon his march, he caused mass to be performed, and offered up prayers to God for the success of his perilous undertaking.

It was on the sixth of September, that he struck off for the mountains. The march was difficult and toilsome. The Spaniards, encumbered with the weight of their armor and weapons, and oppressed by the heat of a tropical climate, were obliged to climb rocky precipices, and to struggle through close and tangled forests. Their Indian allies aided them by carrying their ammunition and provisions, and by guiding them to the most practicable paths.

On the eighth of September they arrived at the village of Ponca, the ancient enemy of Careta. The village was lifeless and abandoned; the cacique and his people had fled to the fastnesses of the mountains. The Spaniards remained here several days, to recruit the health of some of their number who had fallen ill. It was necessary also to procure guides acquainted with the mountain wilderness they were approaching. The retreat of Ponca was at length discovered, and he was prevailed upon, though reluctantly, to come to Vasco Nuñez. The latter had a peculiar facility in winning the confidence and friendship of the natives. The cacique was soon so captivated by

his kindness, that he revealed to him in secret all he knew of the natural riches of the country. He assured him of the truth of what had been told him of a great pechry or sea beyond the mountains, and gave him several ornaments ingeniously wrought of fine gold, which had been brought from the countries upon its borders. He told him, moreover, that when he had attained the summit of a lofty ridge, to which he pointed, and which seemed to rise up to the skies, he would behold that sea spread out far below him.

Animated by these accounts, Vasco Nuñez procured fresh guides from the cacique, and prepared to ascend the mountains. Numbers of his men having fallen ill from fatigue and the heat of the climate, he ordered them to return slowly to Coyba, taking with him none but such as were in robust and vigorous health.

On the 20th of September, he again set forward through a broken, rocky country, covered with a matted forest, and intersected by deep and turbulent streams, many of which it was necessary to cross upon rafts.

So toilsome was the journey, that in four days they did not advance above ten leagues, and in the meantime they suffered excessively from hunger. At the end of this time they arrived at the province of a warlike cacique, named Quaraquà, who was at war with Ponca.

Hearing that a band of strangers were entering his territories, guided by the subjects of his inveterate foe, the cacique took the field with a large number of warriors,

some armed with bows and arrows, others with long spears, or with double-handed maces of palm-wood, almost as heavy and hard as iron. Seeing the inconsiderable number of the Spaniards, they set upon them with furious yells, thinking to overcome them in an instant. The first discharge of fire-arms, however, struck them with dismay. They thought they were contending with demons, who vomited forth thunder and lightning, especially when they saw their companions fall bleeding and dead beside them, without receiving any apparent blow. They took to headlong flight, and were hotly pursued by the Spaniards and their bloodhounds. Some were transfixed with lances, others hewn down with swords, and many were torn to pieces by the dogs, so that Quaraquà and six hundred of his warriors were left dead upon the field.

A brother of the cacique and several chiefs were taken prisoners. They were clad in robes of white cotton. Either from their effeminate dress, or from the accusations of their enemies, the Spaniards were induced to consider them guilty of unnatural crimes, and, in their abhorrence and disgust, gave them to be torn to pieces by the bloodhounds.*

It is also affirmed, that among the prisoners were several negroes, who had been slaves to the cacique. The Spaniards, we are told, were informed by the other cap-

* Herrera, Hist. Ind., decad. i. lib. x. cap. 1.

tives, that these black men came from a region at no great distance, where there was a people of that color, with whom they were frequently at war. "These," adds the Spanish writer, "were the first negroes ever found in the New World, and I believe no others have since been discovered." *

After this sanguinary triumph, the Spaniards marched to the village of Quaraquà, where they found considerable booty in gold and jewels. Of this Vasco Nuñez reserved one fifth for the crown, and shared the rest liberally among his followers. The village was at the foot of the last mountain that remained for them to climb; several of the Spaniards, however, were so disabled by wounds received in battle, or so exhausted by the fatigue and hunger they had endured, that they were unable to proceed. They were obliged therefore reluctantly to remain in the village, within sight of the mountain-top that commanded the long-sought prospect. Vasco Nuñez selected fresh guides from among his prisoners, who were natives of the province, and sent back

* Peter Martyr, in his third Decade, makes mention of these negroes in the following words:—"About two days' journey distant from Quaraquà is a region inhabited only by black Moors, exceeding fierce and cruel. It is supposed that in time past certain black Moors sailed thither out of Ethiopia to rob, and that by shipwreck, or some other chance, they were driven to these mountains." As Martyr lived and wrote at the time, he of course related the mere rumor of the day which all subsequent accounts have disproved. The other historians who mentioned the circumstance, have probably repeated it from him. It must have risen from some misrepresentation, and is not entitled to credit.

the subjects of Ponca. Of the band of Spaniards who had set out with him in this enterprise, sixty-seven alone remained in sufficient health and spirits for this last effort. These he ordered to retire early to repose, that they might be ready to set off at the cool and fresh hour of daybreak, so as to reach the summit of the mountain before the noontide heat.

CHAPTER IX.

DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

THE day had scarce dawned, when Vasco Nuñez and his followers set forth from the Indian village, and began to climb the height. It was a severe and rugged toil for men so wayworn; but they were filled with new ardor at the idea of the triumphant scene that was so soon to repay them for all their hardships.

About ten o'clock in the morning they emerged from the thick forests through which they had hitherto struggled, and arrived at a lofty and airy region of the mountain. The bald summit alone remained to be ascended; and their guides pointed to a moderate eminence, from which they said the southern sea was visible.

Upon this Vasco Nuñez commanded his followers to halt, and that no man should stir from his place. Then, with a palpitating heart, he ascended alone the bare

mountain-top. On reaching the summit, the long-desired prospect burst upon his view. It was as if a new world were unfolded to him, separated from all hitherto known by this mighty barrier of mountains. Below him extended a vast chaos of rock and forest, and green savannas and wandering streams, while at a distance the waters of the promised ocean glittered in the morning sun.

At this glorious prospect Vasco Nuñez sank upon his knees, and poured out thanks to God for being the first European to whom it was given to make that great discovery. He then called his people to ascend: "Behold, my friends," said he, "that glorious sight which we have so much desired. Let us give thanks to God that he has granted us this great honor and advantage. Let us pray to Him to guide and aid us to conquer the sea and land which we have discovered, and which Christian has never entered to preach the holy doctrine of the Evangelists. As to yourselves, be as you have hitherto been, faithful and true to me, and by the favor of Christ you will become the richest Spaniards that have ever come to the Indies; you will render the greatest services to your king that ever vassal rendered to his lord; and you will have the eternal glory and advantage of all that is here discovered, conquered, and converted to our holy Catholic faith."

The Spaniards answered this speech by embracing Vasco Nuñez, and promising to follow him to death. Among them was a priest, named Andres de Vara, who

lifted up his voice and chanted *Te Deum laudamus*—the usual anthem of Spanish discoverers. The rest, kneeling down, joined in the strain with pious enthusiasm and tears of joy; and never did a more sincere oblation rise to the Deity from a sanctified altar, than from that mountain summit. It was indeed one of the most sublime discoveries that had yet been made in the New World, and must have opened a boundless field of conjecture to the wondering Spaniards. The imagination delights to picture forth the splendid confusion of their thoughts. Was this the great Indian Ocean, studded with precious islands, abounding in gold, in gems, in spices, and bordered by the gorgeous cities and wealthy marts of the East? or was it some lonely sea, locked up in the embraces of savage uncultivated continents, and never traversed by a bark, excepting the light pirogue of the savage? The latter could hardly be the case, for the natives had told the Spaniards of golden realms, and populous and powerful and luxurious nations upon its shores. Perhaps it might be bordered by various people, civilized in fact, though differing from Europe in their civilization; who might have peculiar laws and customs, and arts and sciences; who might form, as it were, a world of their own, intercommuning by this mighty sea, and carrying on commerce between their own islands and continents; but who might exist in total ignorance and independence of the other hemisphere.

Such may naturally have been the ideas suggested by

the sight of this unknown ocean. It was the prevalent belief of the Spaniards, however, that they were the first Christians who had made the discovery. Vasco Nuñez, therefore, called upon all present to witness that he took possession of that sea, its islands, and surrounding lands, in the name of the sovereigns of Castile, and the notary of the expedition made a testimonial of the same, to which all present, to the number of sixty-seven men, signed their names. He then caused a fair and tall tree to be cut down and wrought into a cross, which was elevated on the spot whence he had first beheld the sea. A mound of stones was likewise piled up to serve as a monument, and the names of the Castilian sovereigns were carved on the neighboring trees. The Indians beheld all these ceremonials and rejoicings in silent wonder, and while they aided to erect the cross, and piled up the mound of stones, marveled exceedingly at the meaning of these monuments, little thinking that they marked the subjugation of their land.

The memorable event here recorded took place on the 26th of September, 1513; so that the Spaniards had spent twenty days in performing the journey from the province of Careta to the summit of the mountain, a distance which at present, it is said, does not require more than six days' travel. Indeed, the isthmus in this neighborhood is not more than eighteen leagues in breadth in its widest part, and in some places merely seven; but it consists of a ridge of extremely high and rugged moun-

tains. When the discoverers traversed it, they had no route but the Indian paths, and often had to force their way amidst all kinds of obstacles, both from the savage country and its savage inhabitants. In fact, the details of this narrative sufficiently account for the slowness of their progress, and present an array of difficulties and perils, which, as has been well observed, none but those "men of iron" could have subdued and overcome.*

CHAPTER X.

VASCO NUÑEZ MARCHES TO THE SHORES OF THE SOUTH SEA.

[1513.]

HAVING taken possession of the Pacific Ocean and all its realms from the summit of the mountain, Vasco Nuñez now descended with his little band, to seek the regions of reputed wealth upon its shores. He had not proceeded far, when he came to the province of a warlike cacique, named Chiapes, who, issuing forth at the head of his warriors, looked with scorn upon the scanty number of straggling Spaniards, and forbade them to set foot within his territories. Vasco Nuñez depended for safety upon his power of striking terror into the ignorant sav-

* Vidas de Españoles Célebres, por Don Manuel Josef Quintana, tom. ii. p. 40.

ages. Ordering his arquebusiers to the front, he poured a volley into the enemy, and then let loose the blood-hounds. The flash and noise of the fire-arms, and the sulphurous smoke which was carried by the wind among the Indians, overwhelmed them with dismay. Some fell down in a panic as though they had been struck by thunderbolts, the rest betook themselves to headlong flight.

Vasco Nuñez commanded his men to refrain from needless slaughter. He made many prisoners, and on arriving at the village, sent some of them in search of their cacique, accompanied by several of his Indian guides. The latter informed Chiapes of the supernatural power of the Spaniards, assuring him that they exterminated with thunder and lightning all who dared to oppose them, but loaded all such as submitted to them with benefits. They advised him, therefore, to throw himself upon their mercy and seek their friendship.

The cacique listened to their advice, and came trembling to the Spaniards, bringing with him five hundred pounds' weight of wrought gold as a peace-offering, for he had already learnt the value they set upon that metal. Vasco Nuñez received him with great kindness, and graciously accepted his gold, for which he gave him beads, hawks'-bells, and looking-glasses, making him in his own conceit the richest potentate on that side of the mountains.

Friendship being thus established between them, Vasco

Nuñez remained at the village for a few days, sending back the guides who had accompanied him from Quaraquà, and ordering his people whom he had left at that place to rejoin him. In the meantime he sent out three scouting parties of twelve men each, under Francisco Pizarro, Juan de Escaray, and Alonzo Martin de Bon Benito, to explore the surrounding country and discover the best route to the sea. Alonzo Martin was the most successful. After two days' journey, he came to a beach, where he found two large canoes lying high and dry, without any water being in sight. While the Spaniards were regarding these canoes, and wondering why they should be so far on land, the tide, which rises to a great height on that coast, came rapidly in and set them afloat; upon this, Alonzo Martin stepped into one of them, and called his companions to bear witness that he was the first European that embarked upon that sea; his example was followed by one Blas de Etienza, who called them likewise to testify that he was the second.*

We mention minute particulars of the kind, as being characteristic of these extraordinary enterprises, and of the extraordinary people who undertook them. The humblest of these Spanish adventurers seemed actuated by a swelling and ambitious spirit, which rose superior at times to mere sordid considerations, and aspired to share the glory of these great discoveries. The scouting

* Herrera, Hist. Ind., decad. i. lib. x. cap. 2.

party having thus explored a direct route to the sea-coast, returned to report their success to their commander.

Vasco Nuñez, being rejoined by his men from Quaraquà, now left the greater part of his followers to repose and recover from their sickness and fatigues in the village of Chiapes; and, taking with him twenty-six Spaniards, well armed, he set out on the twenty-ninth of September, for the sea-coast, accompanied by the cacique and a number of his warriors. The thick forests, which covered the mountains, descended to the very margin of the sea, surrounding and overshadowing the wide and beautiful bays that penetrated far into the land. The whole coast, as far as the eye could reach, was perfectly wild, the sea without a sail, and both seemed never to have been under the dominion of civilized man.

Vasco Nuñez arrived on the borders of one of those vast bays, to which he gave the name of Saint Michael, it being discovered on that saint's day. The tide was out, the water was above half a league distant, and the intervening beach was covered with mud; he seated himself, therefore, under the shade of the forest trees, until the tide should rise. After a while, the water came rushing in with great impetuosity, and soon reached nearly to the place where the Spaniards were reposing. Upon this Vasco Nuñez rose and took a banner on which were painted the Virgin and Child, and under them the arms of Castile and Leon; then drawing his sword and throw-

ing his buckler on his shoulder, he marched into the sea until the water reached above his knees, and waving his banner, exclaimed with a loud voice, "Long live the high and mighty monarchs, Don Ferdinand and Donna Juana, sovereigns of Castile, of Leon, and of Arragon, in whose name, and for the royal crown of Castile, I take real, and corporal, and actual possession of these seas, and lands, and coasts, and ports, and islands of the south, and all thereunto annexed; and of the kingdoms and provinces which do or may appertain to them, in whatever manner, or by whatever right or title, ancient or modern, in times past, present, or to come, without any contradiction; and if other prince or captain, Christian or infidel, or of any law, sect, or condition whatsoever, shall pretend any right to these lands and seas, I am ready and prepared to maintain and defend them, in the name of the Castilian sovereigns present and future, whose is the empire and dominion over these Indian islands, and Terra Firma, northern and southern, with all their seas, both at the arctic and antarctic poles, on either side of the equinoctial line, whether within or without the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn, both now and in all times, as long as the world endures, and unto the final day of judgment of all mankind."

This swelling declaration and defiance being uttered with a loud voice, and no one appearing to dispute his pretensions, Vasco Nuñez called upon his companions to bear witness of the fact of his having duly taken posses-

sion. They all declared themselves ready to defend his claim to the uttermost, as became true and loyal vassals to the Castilian sovereigns; and the notary having drawn up a document for the occasion, they subscribed it with their names.

This done, they advanced to the margin of the sea, and stooping down, tasted its waters. When they found that, though severed by intervening mountains and continents, they were salt like the seas of the north, they felt assured that they had indeed discovered an ocean, and again returned thanks to God.

Having concluded all these ceremonies, Vasco Nuñez drew a dagger from his girdle, and cut a cross on a tree which grew within the water, and made two other crosses on two adjacent trees, in honor of the Three Persons of the Trinity, and in token of possession. His followers likewise cut crosses on many of the trees of the adjacent forest, and lopped off branches with their swords to bear away as trophies.*

Such was the singular medley of chivalrous and religious ceremonial, with which these Spanish adventurers took possession of the vast Pacific Ocean, and all its lands—a scene strongly characteristic of the nation and the age.

* Many of the foregoing particulars are from the unpublished volume of Oviedo's History of the Indies.

CHAPTER XI.

ADVENTURES OF VASCO NUNEZ ON THE BORDERS OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

[1513.]

WHILE he made the village of Chiapes his headquarters, Vasco Nuñez foraged the adjacent country, and obtained considerable quantities of gold from the natives. Encouraged by his success, he undertook to explore by sea the borders of a neighboring gulf of great extent, which penetrated far into the land. The cacique Chiapes warned him of the danger of venturing to sea in the stormy season, which comprises the months of October, November, and December, assuring him that he had beheld many canoes swallowed up in the mighty waves and whirlpools, which at such time render the gulf almost unnavigable.

These remonstrances were unavailing: Vasco Nuñez expressed a confident belief that God would protect him, seeing that his voyage was to redound to the propagation of the faith, and the augmentation of the power of the Castilian monarchs over the infidels; and in truth this bigoted reliance on the immediate protection of Heaven seems to have been, in a great measure, the cause of the extravagant daring of the Spaniards in their expeditions in those days, whether against Moors or Indians.

Finding his representations of no effect, Chiapes volun-

teered to take part in this perilous cruise, lest he should appear wanting in courage, or in good-will to his guest. Accompanied by the cacique, therefore, Vasco Nuñez embarked on the 17th of October, with sixty men in nine canoes, managed by Indians, leaving the residue of his followers to recruit their health and strength in the village of Chiapes.

Scarcely however had they put forth on the broad bosom of the gulf, when the wisdom of the cacique's advice was made apparent. The wind began to blow freshly, raising a heavy and tumultuous sea, which broke in roaring and foaming surges on the rocks and reefs, and among the numerous islets with which the gulf was studded. The light canoes were deeply laden with men unskilled in their management. It was frightful to those in one canoe to behold their companions, one instant tossed high on the breaking crest of a wave, the next plunging out of sight, in a watery abyss. The Indians themselves, though almost amphibious in their habits, showed signs of consternation; for amidst these rocks and breakers even the skill of the expert swimmer would be of little avail. At length the Indians succeeded in tying the canoes in pairs, side by side, to prevent their being overturned, and in this way they kept afloat, until towards evening they were enabled to reach a small island. Here they landed, and fastening the canoes to the rocks, or to small trees that grew upon the shore, they sought an elevated dry place, and stretched them-

selves to take repose. They had but escaped from one danger to encounter another. Having been for a long time accustomed to the sea on the northern side of the isthmus, where there is little, if any, rise or fall of the tide, they had neglected to take any precaution against such an occurrence. In a little while they were awakened by the rapid rising of the water. They shifted their situation, to a higher ground, but the waters continued to gain upon them, the breakers rushing and roaring, and foaming upon the beach, like so many monsters of the deep seeking for their prey. Nothing, it is said, can be more dismal and appalling than the sullen bellowing of the sea among the islands of that gulf, at the rising and falling of the tide. By degrees, rock after rock, and one sand-bank after another, disappeared, until the sea covered the whole island, and rose almost to the girdles of the Spaniards. Their situation was now agonizing. A little more, and the waters would overwhelm them: or, even as it was, the least surge might break over them and sweep them from their unsteady footing. Fortunately the wind had lulled, and the sea, having risen above the rocks which had fretted it, became calm. The tide had reached its height and began to subside, and after a time they heard the retiring waves beating against the rocks below them.

When the day dawned, they sought their canoes; but here a sad spectacle met their eyes. Some were broken to pieces, others yawning open in many parts. The

clothing and food left in them had been washed away, and replaced by sand and water. The Spaniards gazed on the scene in mute despair; they were faint and weary, and needed food and repose, but famine and labor awaited them, even if they should escape with their lives. Vasco Nuñez, however, rallied their spirits, and set them an example by his own cheerful exertions. Obeying his directions, they set to work to repair, in the best manner they were able, the damages of the canoes. Such as were not too much shattered they bound and braced up with their girdles, with slips of the bark of trees, or with the tough long stalks of certain sea-weeds. They then peeled off the bark from the small sea-plants, pounded it between stones, and mixed it with grass, and with this endeavored to calk the seams and stop the leaks. When reëmbarked, their numbers weighed down the canoes almost to the water's edge, and as they rose and sank with the swelling waves there was danger of their being swallowed up. All day they labored with the sea, suffering excessively from hunger and thirst, and at nightfall they landed in a corner of the gulf, near the abode of a cacique named Túmaco. Leaving a part of his men to guard the canoes, Vasco Nuñez set out with the residue for the Indian town. He arrived there about midnight, but the inhabitants were on the alert to defend their habitations. The fire-arms and dogs soon put them to flight, and the Spaniards pursuing them with their swords, drove them howling into the woods. In

the village were found provisions in abundance, besides a considerable amount of gold and a great quantity of pearls, many of them of a large size. In the house of the cacique were several huge shells of mother-of-pearl, and four pearl oysters quite fresh, which showed that there was a pearl fishery in the neighborhood. Eager to learn the sources of this wealth, Vasco Nuñez sent several of the Indians of Chiapes in search of the cacique, who traced him to a wild retreat among the rocks. By their persuasions Túmaco sent his son, a fine young savage, as a mediator. The latter returned to his father loaded with presents, and extolling the benignity of these superhuman beings, who had shown themselves so terrible in battle. By these means, and by a mutual exchange of presents, a friendly intercourse was soon established. Among other things the cacique gave Vasco Nuñez jewels of gold weighing six hundred and fourteen crowns, and two hundred pearls of great size and beauty, excepting that they were somewhat discolored in consequence of the oysters having been opened by fire.

The cacique, seeing the value which the Spaniards set upon the pearls, sent a number of his men to fish for them at a place about ten miles distant. Certain of the Indians were trained from their youth to this purpose, so as to become expert divers, and to acquire the power of remaining a long time beneath the water. The largest pearls are generally found in the deepest water, sometimes in three and four fathoms, and are only sought in

calm weather; the smaller sort are found at the depth of two and three feet, and the oysters containing them are often driven in quantities on the beach during violent storms.

The party of pearl-divers sent by the cacique, consisted of thirty Indians, with whom Vasco Nuñez sent six Spaniards as eye-witnesses. The sea, however, was so furious at that stormy season, that the divers dared not venture into the deep water. Such a number of the shell-fish, however, had been driven on shore, that they collected enough to yield pearls to the value of twelve marks of gold. They were small, but exceedingly beautiful, being newly taken and uninjured by fire. A number of these shell-fish, and their pearls, were selected to be sent to Spain as specimens.

In reply to the inquiries of Vasco Nuñez, the cacique informed him that the coast which he saw stretching to the west continued onwards without end, and that far to the south there was a country abounding in gold, where the inhabitants made use of certain quadrupeds to carry burdens. He moulded a figure of clay to represent these animals, which some of the Spaniards supposed to be a deer, others a camel, others a tapir; for as yet they knew nothing of the lama, the native beast of burden of South America. This was the second intimation received by Vasco Nuñez of the great empire of Peru; and, while it confirmed all that had been told him by the son of Comagre, it awakened glowing anticipations of the glorious triumphs that awaited him.

CHAPTER XII.

FARTHER ADVENTURES AND EXPLOITS OF VASCO NUÑEZ ON THE BORDERS OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

[1513.]

LEST any ceremonial should be wanting to secure his grand discovery to the crown of Spain, Vasco Nuñez determined to sally from the gulf and take possession of the mainland beyond. The cacique Túmaco furnished him with a canoe of state, formed from the trunk of an enormous tree, and managed by a great number of Indians. The handles of the paddles were inlaid with small pearls, a circumstance which Vasco Nuñez caused his companions to testify before the notary, that it might be reported to the sovereigns as a proof of the wealth of this newly discovered sea.*

Departing in the canoe on the 29th of October, he was piloted cautiously by the Indians along the borders of the gulf, over drowned lands where the sea was fringed by inundated forests, and as still as a pool. Arrived at the point of the gulf, Vasco Nuñez landed on a smooth sandy beach, laved by the waters of the broad ocean, and, with buckler on arm, sword in hand, and banner displayed, again marched into the sea and took possession

* Oviedo, Hist. Gen., p. 2, MS.

of it, with like ceremonials to those observed in the Gulf of St. Michael's.

The Indians now pointed to a line of land rising above the horizon about four or five leagues distant, which they described as being a great island, the principal one of an archipelago. The whole group abounded with pearls, but those taken on the coasts of this island were represented as being of immense size, many of them as large as a man's eye, and found in shell-fish as big as bucklers. This island and the surrounding cluster of small ones, they added, were under the dominion of a tyrannical and puissant cacique, who often, during the calm seasons, made descents upon the mainland with fleets of canoes, plundering and desolating the coasts, and carrying the people into captivity.

Vasco Nuñez gazed with an eager and wistful eye at this land of riches, and would have immediately undertaken an expedition to it, had not the Indians represented the danger of venturing on such a voyage in that tempestuous season, in their frail canoes. His own recent experience convinced him of the wisdom of their remonstrances. He postponed his visit, therefore, to a future occasion, when, he assured his allies, he would avenge them upon this tyrant invader, and deliver their coasts from his maraudings. In the meantime he gave to this island the name of Isla Rica, and the little archipelago surrounding it the general appellation of the Pearl Islands.

On the 3d of November, he departed from the province of Túmaco, to visit other parts of the coast. He embarked with his men in the canoes, accompanied by Chiapes and his Indians, and guided by the son of Túmaco, who had become strongly attached to the Spaniards. The young man piloted them along an arm of the sea, wide in some places, but in others obstructed by groves of mangrove trees, which grew within the water, and interlaced their branches from shore to shore, so that at times the Spaniards were obliged to cut a passage with their swords.

At length they entered a great and turbulent river, which they ascended with difficulty, and early the next morning surprised a village on its banks, making the cacique Teaochan prisoner; who purchased their favor and kind treatment by a quantity of gold and pearls, and an abundant supply of provisions. As it was the intention of Vasco Nuñez to abandon the shores of the Southern Ocean at this place, and to strike across the mountains for Darien, he took leave of Chiapes and of the youthful son of Túmaco, who were to return to their houses in the canoes. He sent at the same time, a message to his men, whom he had left in the village of Chiapes, appointing a place in the mountains where they were to rejoin him on his way back to Darien.

The talent of Vasco Nuñez for conciliating and winning the good will of the savages is often mentioned, and to such a degree had he exerted it in the present instance,

that the two chieftains shed tears at parting. Their conduct had a favorable effect upon the cacique Teaochan; he entertained Vasco Nuñez with the most devoted hospitality during three days that he remained in his village; when about to depart, he furnished him with a stock of provisions sufficient for several days, as his route would be over rocky and sterile mountains. He sent also a numerous band of his subjects to carry the burdens of the Spaniards. These he placed under the command of his son, whom he ordered never to separate from the strangers, nor to permit any of his men to return without the consent of Vasco Nuñez.

CHAPTER XIII.

VASCO NUÑEZ SETS OUT ON HIS RETURN ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.—HIS CONTESTS WITH THE SAVAGES.

TURNING their backs upon the Southern Sea, the Spaniards now began painfully to clamber the rugged mountains on their return to Darien.

In the early part of their route an unlooked-for suffering awaited them: there was neither brook nor fountain nor standing pool. The burning heat, which produced intolerable thirst, had dried up all the mountain torrents, and they were tantalized by the sight of naked and dusty channels, where water had once flowed in abundance.

Their suffering at length increased to such a height, that many threw themselves, fevered and panting, upon the earth, and were ready to give up the ghost. The Indians, however, encouraged them to proceed, by hopes of speedy relief, and after a while, turning aside from the direct course, led them into a deep and narrow glen, refreshed and cooled by a fountain which bubbled out of a cleft of the rocks.

While refreshing themselves at the fountain, and reposing in the little valley, they learnt from their guides that they were in the territories of a powerful chief named Poncra, famous for his riches. The Spaniards had already heard of the golden stores of this Crœsus of the mountains, and being now refreshed and invigorated, pressed forward with eagerness for his village. The cacique and most of his people fled at their approach, but they found an earnest of his wealth in the deserted houses, amounting to the value of three thousand crowns in gold. Their avarice thus whetted, they despatched Indians in search of Poncra, who found him trembling in his secret retreat, and partly by threats, partly by promises, prevailed upon him and three of his principal subjects to come to Vasco Nuñez. He was a savage, it is said, so hateful of aspect, so misshapen in body and deformed in all his members, that he was hideous to behold. The Spaniards endeavored by gentle means to draw from him information of the places whence he procured his gold. He professed utter ignorance in the

matter, declaring that the gold found in his village had been gathered by his predecessors in times long past, and that as he himself set no value on the metal, he had never troubled himself to seek it. The Spaniards resorted to menaces, and even, it is said, to tortures, to compel him to betray his reputed treasures, but with no better success. Disappointed in their expectations, and enraged at his supposed obstinacy, they listened too readily to charges advanced against him by certain caciques of the neighborhood, who represented him as a monster of cruelty, and as guilty of crimes repugnant to nature;* whereupon, in the heat of the moment, they gave him and his three companions, who were said to be equally guilty, to be torn in pieces by the dogs—a rash and cruel sentence, issued on the evidence of avowed enemies; and which, however it may be palliated by the alleged horror and disgust of the Spaniards at the imputed crimes of the cacique, bears visibly the stamp of haste and passion, and remains accordingly a foul blot on the character of Vasco Nuñez.

The Spaniards staid for thirty days reposing in the village of the unfortunate Poncra, during which time they were rejoined by their companions, who had been left behind at the village of Chiapes. They were accompanied by a cacique of the mountains, who had lodged and fed them, and made them presents of the value of two thousand

* Peter Martyr, decad. iii. cap. 2.

crowns in gold. This hospitable savage approached Vasco Nuñez with a serene countenance, and taking him by the hand, "Behold," said he, "most valiant and powerful chief, I bring thee thy companions safe and well, as they entered under my roof. May He who made the thunder and lightning, and who gives us the fruits of the earth, preserve thee and thine in safety!" So saying, he raised his eyes to the sun, as if he worshiped that as his deity and the dispenser of all temporal blessings.*

Departing from this village, and being still accompanied by the Indians of Teaochan, the Spaniards now bent their course along the banks of the river Comagre, which descends the northern side of the isthmus, and flows through the territories of the cacique of the same name. This wild stream, which in the course of ages had worn a channel through the deep clefts and ravines of the mountains, was bordered by precipices, or overhung by shagged forests; they soon abandoned it, therefore, and wandered on without any path, but guided by the Indians. They had to climb terrible precipices, and to descend into deep valleys, darkened by thick forests and beset by treacherous morasses, where, but for their guides, they might have been smothered in the mire.

In the course of this rugged journey they suffered excessively in consequence of their own avarice. They had

* Herrera, decad. i. lib. x. cap. 4.

been warned of the sterility of the country, and of the necessity of providing amply for the journey. When they came to load the Indians, however, who bore their burdens, their only thought was how to convey the most treasure; and they grudged even a slender supply of provisions, as taking up the place of an equal weight of gold. The consequences were soon felt. The Indians could carry but small burdens, and at the same time assisted to consume the scanty stock of food which formed part of their load. Scarcity and famine ensued, and relief was rarely to be procured, for the villages on this elevated part of the mountains were scattered and poor, and nearly destitute of provisions. They held no communication with each other; each contenting itself with the scanty produce of its own fields and forest. Some were entirely deserted; at other places, the inhabitants, forced from their retreats, implored pardon, and declared they had hidden themselves through shame, not having the means of properly entertaining such celestial visitors. They brought peace-offerings of gold, but no provisions. For once the Spaniards found that even their darling gold could fail to cheer their drooping spirits. Their sufferings from hunger became intense, and many of their Indian companions sank down and perished by the way. At length they reached a village where they were enabled to obtain supplies, and where they remained thirty days, to recruit their wasted strength.

CHAPTER XIV.

ENTERPRISE AGAINST TUBANAMÀ THE WARLIKE CACIQUE OF THE MOUNTAINS —RETURN TO DARIEN.

THE Spaniards had now to pass through the territories of Tubanamà, the most potent and warlike cacique of the mountains. This was the same chieftain of whom a formidable character had been given by the young Indian prince, who first informed Vasco Nuñez of the southern sea. He had erroneously represented the dominions of Tubanamà as lying beyond the mountains; and, while he dwelt upon the quantities of gold to be found in them, had magnified the dangers of any attempt to pass their borders. The name of this redoubtable cacique was in fact a terror throughout the country; and when Vasco Nuñez looked round upon his handful of pale and emaciated followers, he doubted whether even the superiority of their weapons, and their military skill, would enable them to cope with Tubanamà and his armies in open contest. He resolved, therefore, upon a perilous stratagem. When he made it known to his men, every one pressed forward to engage in it. Choosing seventy of the most vigorous, he ordered the rest to maintain their post in the village.

As soon as night had fallen, he departed secretly with his chosen band, and made his way with such rapidity through the forests and defiles of the mountains, that he

arrived in the neighborhood of the residence of Tubanamà by the following evening, though at the distance of two regular days' journey.

There waiting until midnight, he assailed the village suddenly, and captured the cacique and his whole family, in which were eighty females. Tubanamà lost all presence of mind, and wept bitterly. The Indian allies, beholding their once dreaded enemy thus fallen and captive, urged that he should be put to death, accusing him of various crimes and cruelties. Vasco Nuñez pretended to listen to their prayers, and gave orders that his captive should be tied hand and foot and given to the dogs. The cacique approached him trembling, and laid his hand upon the pommel of his sword. "Who can pretend," said he, "to strive with one who bears this weapon, which can cleave a man asunder with a blow? Ever since thy fame has reached among these mountains have I reverenced thy valor. Spare my life, and thou shalt have all the gold I can procure."

Vasco Nuñez, whose anger was assumed, was readily pacified. As soon as the day dawned, the cacique gave him armlets and other jewels of gold to the value of three thousand crowns, and sent messengers throughout his dominions ordering his subjects to aid in paying his ransom. The poor Indians, with their accustomed loyalty, hastened in crowds, bringing their golden ornaments, until in the course of three days they had produced an amount equal to six thousand crowns. This

done, Vasco Nuñez set the cacique at liberty, bestowing on him several European trinkets, with which he considered himself richer than he had been with all his gold. Nothing would draw from him, however, the disclosure of the mines whence this treasure was procured. He declared that it came from the territories of his neighbors, where gold and pearls were to be found in abundance; but that his lands produced nothing of the kind. Vasco Nuñez doubted his sincerity, and secretly caused the brooks and rivers in his dominions to be searched, where gold was found in such quantities, that he determined, at a future time, to found two settlements in the neighborhood.

On parting with Tubanamà, the cacique sent his son with the Spaniards, to learn their language and religion. It is said, also, that the Spaniards carried off his eighty women; but of this particular fact Oviedo, who writes with the papers of Vasco Nuñez before him, says nothing. He affirms, generally, however, that the Spaniards, throughout this expedition, were not scrupulous in their dealings with the wives and daughters of the Indians; and adds, that in this their commander set them the example.*

Having returned to the village where he had left the greater part of his men, Vasco Nuñez resumed his homeward march. His people were feeble and exhausted, and

* Oviedo, Hist. Gen. Part II. cap 4, MS.

several of them sick; so that some had to be carried and others led by the arms. He himself was part of the time afflicted by a fever, and had to be borne in a hammock on the shoulders of the Indians.

Proceeding thus slowly and toilfully, they at length arrived on the northern sea-coast, at the territories of their ally, Comagre. The old cacique was dead, and had been succeeded by his son, the same intelligent youth who had first given information of the southern sea and the kingdom of Peru. The young chief, who had embraced Christianity, received them with great hospitality, making them presents of gold. Vasco Nuñez gave him trinkets in return, and a shirt and a soldier's cloak; with which, says Peter Martyr, he thought himself half a god among his naked countrymen. After having reposed for a few days, Vasco Nuñez proceeded to Ponca, where he heard that a ship and caravel had arrived at Darien from Hispaniola, with reinforcements and supplies. Hastening, therefore, to Coyba, the territories of his ally, Careta, he embarked on the 18th of January, 1514, with twenty of his men, in the brigantine which he had left there, and arrived at Santa Maria de la Antigua, in the river of Darien, on the following day. All the inhabitants came forth to receive him; and when they heard the news of the great southern sea, and of his returning from its shores laden with pearls and gold, there were no bounds to their joy. He immediately despatched the ship and caravel to Coyba for the companions left behind,

who brought with them the remaining booty, consisting of gold and pearls, mantles, hammocks, and other articles of cotton, and a great number of captives of both sexes. A fifth of the spoil was set apart for the crown; the rest was shared, in just proportions, among those who had been in the expedition, and those who had remained at Darien. All were contented with their allotment, and elated with the prospect of still greater gain from future enterprises.

Thus ended one of the most remarkable expeditions of the early discoverers. The intrepidity of Vasco Nuñez in penetrating, with a handful of men, far into the interior of a wild and mountainous country peopled by warlike tribes; his skill in managing his band of rough adventurers, stimulating their valor, enforcing their obedience, and attaching their affections, show him to have possessed great qualities as a general. We are told that he was always foremost in peril, and the last to quit the field. He shared the toils and dangers of the meanest of his followers, treating them with frank affability; watching, fighting, fasting, and laboring with them; visiting and consoling such as were sick or infirm, and dividing all his gains with fairness and liberality. He was chargeable at times with acts of bloodshed and injustice, but it is probable that these were often called for as measures of safety and precaution; he certainly offended less against humanity than most of the early discoverers; and the unbounded amity and confidence reposed in

him by the natives, when they became intimately acquainted with his character, speak strongly in favor of his kind treatment of them.

The character of Vasco Nuñez had, in fact, risen with his circumstances, and now assumed a nobleness and grandeur from the discovery he had made, and the important charge it had devolved upon him. He no longer felt himself a mere soldier of fortune, at the head of a band of adventurers, but a great commander conducting an immortal enterprise. "Behold," says old Peter Martyr, "Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, at once transformed from a rash royster to a politic and discreet captain:" and thus it is that men are often made by their fortunes; that is to say, their latent qualities are brought out, and shaped and strengthened by events, and by the necessity of every exertion to cope with the greatness of their destiny.

CHAPTER XV.

TRANSACTIONS IN SPAIN. — PEDRARIAS DAVILA APPOINTED TO THE COMMAND OF DARIEN. — TIDINGS RECEIVED IN SPAIN OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

Vasco Nuñez de Balboa now flattered himself that he had made a discovery calculated to silence all his enemies at court, and to elevate him to the highest favor with his sovereign. He wrote letters to the king, giving

a detail of his expedition, and setting forth all that he had seen or heard of this southern sea, and of the rich countries upon its borders. Beside the royal fifths of the profits of the expedition, he prepared a present for the sovereign, in the name of himself and his companions, consisting of the largest and most precious pearls they had collected. As a trusty and intelligent envoy to bear these tidings, he chose Pedro de Arbolancha, an old and tried friend, who had accompanied him in his toils and dangers, and was well acquainted with all his transactions.

The fate of Vasco Nuñez furnishes a striking instance how prosperity and adversity, how even life and death, hang balanced upon a point of time, and are affected by the improvement or neglect of moments. Unfortunately the ship which was to convey the messenger to Spain lingered in port until the beginning of March; a delay which had a fatal influence on the fortunes of Vasco Nuñez. It is necessary here to cast an eye back upon the events which had taken place in Spain while he was employed in his conquests and discoveries.

The Bachelor Enciso had arrived in Castile full of his wrongs and indignities. He had friends at court, who aided him in gaining a ready hearing, and he lost not a moment in availing himself of it. He declaimed eloquently upon the alleged usurpation of Vasco Nuñez, and represented him as governing the colony by force and fraud. It was in vain that the alcalde Zamudio, the

ancient colleague and the envoy of Vasco Nuñez, attempted to speak in his defense; he was unable to cope with the facts and arguments of the Bachelor, who was a pleader by profession, and now pleaded his own cause. The king determined to send a new governor to Darien, with power to inquire into and remedy all abuses. For this office he chose Don Pedro Arias Davila, commonly called Pedrarias.* He was a native of Segovia, who had been brought up in the royal household, and had distinguished himself as a brave soldier, both in the war of Granada and at the taking of Oran and Bugia in Africa. He possessed those personal accomplishments which captivate the soldiery, and was called *el Galán*, for his gallant array and courtly demeanor, and *el Justador*, or *the Tilter*, for his dexterity in jousts and tournaments. These, it must be admitted, were not the qualifications most adapted for the government of rude and fractious colonies in a wilderness; but he had an all-powerful friend in the Bishop Fonseca. The bishop was as thorough-going in patronage as in persecution. He assured the king that Pedrarias had understanding equal to his valor; that he was as capable of managing the affairs of peace as of war, and that, having been brought up in the royal household, his loyalty might be implicitly relied on.

Scarcely had Don Pedrarias been appointed when

* By the English historians he has generally been called Davila.

Cayzedo and Colmenares arrived on their mission from Darien, to communicate the intelligence received from the son of the cacique Comagre, of the southern sea beyond the mountains, and to ask one thousand men to enable Vasco Nuñez to make the discovery.

The avarice and ambition of Ferdinand were inflamed by the tidings. He rewarded the bearers of the intelligence, and, after consulting with Bishop Fonseca, resolved to despatch immediately a powerful armada, with twelve hundred men, under the command of Pedrarias, to accomplish the enterprise.

Just about this time the famous Gonsalvo Hernandez de Cordova, commonly called the Great Captain, was preparing to return to Naples, where the allies of Spain had experienced a signal defeat, and had craved the assistance of this renowned general to retrieve their fortunes. The chivalry of Spain thronged to enlist under the banner of Gonsalvo. The Spanish nobles, with their accustomed prodigality, sold or mortgaged their estates to buy gorgeous armor, silks, brocades, and other articles of martial pomp and luxury, that they might figure, with becoming magnificence, in the campaigns of Italy. The armament was on the point of sailing for Naples with this host of proud and gallant spirits, when the jealous mind of Ferdinand took offense at the enthusiasm thus shown towards his general, and he abruptly countermanded the expedition. The Spanish cavaliers were overwhelmed with disappointment at having their dreams of glory

thus suddenly dispelled; when, as if to console them, the enterprise of Pedrarias was set on foot, and opened a different career of adventure. The very idea of an unknown sea and splendid empire, where never European ship had sailed nor foot had trodden, broke upon the imagination with the vague wonders of an Arabian tale. Even the countries already known, in the vicinity of the settlement of Darien, were described in the usual terms of exaggeration. Gold was said to lie on the surface of the ground, or to be gathered with nets out of the brooks and rivers; insomuch that the region hitherto called Terra Firma, now received the pompous and delusive appellation of Castilla del Oro, or Golden Castile.

Excited by these reports, many of the youthful cavaliers, who had prepared for the Italian campaign, now offered themselves as volunteers to Don Pedrarias. He accepted their services, and appointed Seville as the place of assemblage. The streets of that ancient city soon swarmed with young and noble cavaliers splendidly arrayed, full of spirits, and eager for the sailing of the Indian armada. Pedrarias, on his arrival at Seville, made a general review of his forces, and was embarrassed to find that the number amounted to three thousand. He had been limited in his first armament to twelve hundred; on representing the nature of the case, however, the number was extended to fifteen hundred; but through influence, entreaty, and stratagem, upwards

of two thousand eventually embarked.* Happy did he think himself who could in any manner, and by any means, get admitted on board of the squadron. Nor was this eagerness for the enterprise confined merely to young and buoyant and ambitious adventurers; we are told that there were many covetous old men, who offered to go at their own expense, without seeking any pay from the king. Thus every eye was turned with desire to this squadron of modern argonauts, as it lay anchored on the bosom of the Guadalquiver.

The pay and appointments of Don Pedrarias Davila were on the most liberal scale, and no expense was spared in fitting out the armament; for the objects of the expedition were both colonization and conquest. Artillery and powder were procured from Malaga. Beside the usual weapons, such as muskets, cross-bows, swords, pikes, lances, and Neapolitan targets, there was armor devised of quilted cotton, as being light and better adapted to the climate, and sufficiently proof against the weapons of the Indians; and wooden bucklers from the Canary Islands, to ward off the poisoned arrows of the Caribs.

Santa Maria de la Antigua was, by royal ordinance, elevated into the metropolitan city of Golden Castile, and a Franciscan friar, named Juan de Quevedo, was appointed as bishop, with powers to decide in all cases of conscience. A number of friars were nominated to

* Oviedo, lib. ii. cap. 7, MS.

accompany him, and he was provided with the necessary furniture and vessels for a chapel.

Among the various regulations made for the good of the infant colony, it was ordained that no lawyers should be admitted there, it having been found at Hispaniola and elsewhere, that they were detrimental to the welfare of the settlements, by fomenting disputes and litigations. The judicial affairs were to be entirely confided to the licentiate Gaspar de Espinosa, who was to officiate as alcalde mayor or chief judge.

Don Pedrarias had intended to leave his wife in Spain. Her name was Doña Isabella de Bobadilla; she was niece to the Marchioness de Moya, a great favorite of the late Queen Isabella, who had been instrumental in persuading her royal mistress to patronize Columbus.* Her niece partook of her high and generous nature. She refused to remain behind in selfish security, but declared that she would accompany her husband in every peril, whether by sea or land. This self-devotion is the more remarkable, when it is considered that she was past the romantic period of youth: and that she left behind her in Spain, a family of four sons and four daughters.

Don Pedrarias was instructed to use great indulgence towards the people of Darien, who had been the followers of Nicuesa, and to remit the royal tithe of all the gold

* This was the same Marchioness de Moya, who, during the war of Granada, while the court and royal army were encamped before Malaga, was mistaken for the queen by a Moorish fanatic, and had nearly fallen beneath his dagger.

they might have collected previous to his arrival. Towards Vasco Nuñez de Balboa alone the royal countenance was stern and severe. Pedrarias was to depose him from his assumed authority, and to call him to strict account before the alcalde mayor, Gaspar de Espinosa, for his treatment of the Bachelor Enciso.

The splendid fleet, consisting of fifteen sail, weighed anchor at St. Lucar on the 12th of April, 1514, and swept proudly out of the Guadalquiver, thronged with chivalrous adventurers for Golden Castile. But a short time had elapsed after its departure, when Pedro Arbolancho arrived with the tardy mission of Vasco Nuñez. Had he arrived a few days sooner, how different might have been the fortune of his friend!

He was immediately admitted to the royal presence, where he announced the adventurous and successful expedition of Vasco Nuñez, and laid before the king the pearls and golden ornaments brought as the first fruits of the discovery. King Ferdinand listened with charmed attention to this tale of unknown seas and wealthy realms added to his empire. It filled, in fact, the imagination of the most sage and learned with golden dreams, and anticipations of unbounded riches. Old Peter Martyr, who received letters from his friends in Darien, and communicated by word of mouth with those who came from thence, writes to Leo the Tenth in exulting terms of this event. "Spain," says he, "will hereafter be able to satisfy with pearls the greedy appetite of such as in wanton

pleasures are like unto Cleopatra and Æsopus; so that henceforth we shall neither envy nor reverence the nice fruitfulness of Trapoban or the Red Sea. The Spaniards will not need hereafter to mine and dig far into the earth, nor to cut asunder mountains in quest of gold, but will find it plentifully, in a manner, on the upper crust of the earth, or in the sands of rivers dried up by the heats of summer. Certainly the reverend antiquity obtained not so great a benefit of nature, nor even aspired to the knowledge thereof, since never man before, from the known world, penetrated to these unknown regions." *

The tidings of this discovery made all Spain resound with the praises of Vasco Nuñez; and, from being considered a lawless and desperate adventurer, he was lauded to the skies as a worthy successor to Columbus. The king repented of the harshness of his late measures towards him, and ordered the Bishop Fonseca to devise some mode of rewarding his transcendent services.

CHAPTER XVI.

ARRIVAL AND GRAND ENTRY OF DON PEDRARIAS DAVILA INTO DARIEN.

WHILE honors and rewards were preparing in Europe for Vasco Nuñez, that indefatigable commander, inspired

* P. Martyr, decad. 3, chap. iii. Lok's translation.

by his fortunes with redoubled zeal and loftier ambition, was exercising the paternal forethought and discretion of a patriotic governor over the country subjected to his rule. His most strenuous exertions were directed to bring the neighborhood of Darien into such a state of cultivation, as might render the settlement independent of Europe for supplies. The town was situated on the banks of a river, and contained upward of two hundred houses and cabins. Its population amounted to five hundred and fifteen Europeans, all men, and fifteen hundred Indians, male and female. Orchards and gardens had been laid out, where European as well as native fruits and vegetables were cultivated, and already gave promise of future abundance. Vasco Nuñez devised all kinds of means to keep up the spirits of his people. On holidays they had their favorite national sports and games, and particularly tilting matches, of which chivalrous amusement the Spaniards in those days were extravagantly fond. Sometimes he gratified their restless and roving habits by sending them on expeditions to various parts of the country, to acquire a knowledge of its resources, and to strengthen his sway over the natives. He was so successful in securing the amity, or exciting the awe of the Indian tribes, that a Spaniard might go singly about the land in perfect safety; while his own followers were zealous in their devotion to him, both from admiration of his past exploits and from hopes of soon being led by him to new discoveries and con-

quests. Peter Martyr, in his letter to Leo the Tenth, speaks in high terms of these "old soldiers of Darien," the remnants of those well-tried adventurers who had followed the fortunes of Ojeda, Nicuesa, and Vasco Nuñez. "They were hardened," says he, "to abide all sorrows, and were exceedingly tolerant of labor, heat, hunger, and watching, insomuch that they merrily make their boast that they have observed a longer and sharper Lent than even your Holiness enjoined, since, for the space of four years, their food has been herbs and fruits, with now and then fish, and very seldom flesh." *

Such were the hardy and well-seasoned veterans that were under the sway of Vasco Nuñez; and the colony gave signs of rising in prosperity under his active and fostering management, when, in the month of June, the fleet of Don Pedrarias Davila arrived in the Gulf of Uraba.

The Spanish cavaliers who accompanied the new governor were eager to get on shore, and to behold the anticipated wonders of the land; but Pedrarias, knowing the resolute character of Vasco Nuñez, and the devotion of his followers, apprehended some difficulty in getting possession of the colony. Anchoring, therefore, about a league and a half from the settlement, he sent a messenger on shore to announce his arrival. The envoy, having heard so much in Spain of the prowess and exploits of

* P. Martyr, decad. 3, cap. iii. Lok's translation.

Vasco Nuñez, and the riches of Golden Castile, expected, no doubt, to find a blustering warrior, maintaining barbaric state in the government which he had usurped. Great was his astonishment, therefore, to find this redoubtable hero a plain, unassuming man, clad in a cotton frock and drawers, and hempen sandals, directing and aiding the labor of several Indians who were thatching a cottage in which he resided.

The messenger approached him respectfully, and announced the arrival of Don Pedrarias Davila as governor of the country.

Whatever Vasco Nuñez may have felt at this intelligence, he suppressed his emotions, and answered the messenger with great discretion; "Tell Don Pedrarias Davila," said he, "that he is welcome, and I congratulate him on his safe arrival, and am ready, with all who are here, to obey his orders."

The little community of rough and daring adventurers was in an uproar when they found a new governor had arrived. Some of the most zealous adherents of Vasco Nuñez were disposed to sally forth, sword in hand, and repel the intruder; but they were restrained by their more considerate chieftain, who prepared to receive the new governor with all due submission.

Pedrarias disembarked on the thirtieth of June, accompanied by his heroic wife, Doña Isabella; who, according to old Peter Martyr, had sustained the roarings and rages of the ocean with no less stout courage than

either her husband or the mariners who had been brought up among the surges of the sea.

Pedrarias set out for the embryo city at the head of two thousand men, all well armed. He led his wife by the hand, and on the other side of him was the Bishop of Darien in his robes; while a brilliant train of youthful cavaliers, in glittering armor and brocade, formed a kind of body-guard.

All this pomp and splendor formed a striking contrast with the humble state of Vasco Nuñez, who came forth unarmed, in simple attire, accompanied by his counsellors and a handful of the "old soldiers of Darien," scarred and battered, and grown half wild in Indian warfare, but without weapons, and in garments much the worse for wear.

Vasco Nuñez saluted Don Pedrarias Davila, with profound reverence, and promised him implicit obedience, both in his own name and in the name of the community. Having entered the town, he conducted his distinguished guests to his straw-thatched habitation, where he had caused a repast to be prepared of such cheer as his means afforded, consisting of roots and fruits, maize and cassava bread, with no other beverage than water from the river;—a sorry palace and a meagre banquet in the eyes of the gay cavaliers, who had anticipated far other things from the usurper of Golden Castile. Vasco Nuñez, however, acquitted himself in his humble wigwam with the courtesy and hospitality of a prince, and showed

that the dignity of an entertainment depends more upon the giver than the feast. In the meantime a plentiful supply of European provisions was landed from the fleet, and a temporary abundance was diffused through the colony.

CHAPTER XVII.

PERFIDIOUS CONDUCT OF DON PEDRARIAS TOWARDS VASCO NUÑEZ.

On the day after his entrance into Darien, Don Pedrarias held a private conference with Vasco Nuñez in presence of the historian Oviedo, who had come out from Spain as public notary of the colony. The governor commenced by assuring him that he was instructed by the king to treat him with great favor and distinction, to consult him about the affairs of the colony, and to apply to him for information relative to the surrounding country. At the same time he professed the most amicable feelings on his own part, and an intention to be guided by his counsels in all public measures.

Vasco Nuñez was of a frank, confiding nature, and was so captivated by this unexpected courtesy and kindness, that he threw off all caution and reserve, and opened his whole soul to the politic courtier. Pedrarias availed himself of this communicative mood to draw from him a minute and able statement in writing, detailing the circumstances of the colony, and the information collected

respecting various parts of the country; the route by which he had traversed the mountains; his discovery of the South Sea; the situation and reputed wealth of the Pearl Islands; the rivers and ravines most productive of gold; together with the names and territories of the various caciques with whom he had made treaties.

When Pedrarias had thus beguiled the unsuspecting soldier of all the information necessary for his purposes, he dropped the mask, and within a few days proclaimed a judicial scrutiny into the conduct of Vasco Nuñez and his officers. It was to be conducted by the licentiate Gaspar de Espinosa, who had come as alcalde mayor, or chief judge. The licentiate was an inexperienced lawyer, having but recently left the university of Salamanca. He appears to have been somewhat flexible in his opinions, and prone to be guided or governed by others. At the outset of his career he was much under the influence of Quevedo, the Bishop of Darien. Now, as Vasco Nuñez knew the importance of this prelate in the colony, he had taken care to secure him to his interests by paying him the most profound deference and respect, and by giving him a share in his agricultural enterprises and his schemes of traffic. In fact the good bishop looked upon him as one eminently calculated to promote his temporal prosperity, to which he was by no means insensible. Under the influence of the prelate, therefore, the alcalde commenced his investigation in the most favorable manner. He went largely into an examination of the discov-

eries of Vasco Nuñez, and of the nature and extent of his various services. The governor was alarmed at the course which the inquiry was taking. If thus conducted, it would but serve to illustrate the merits and elevate the reputation of the man whom it was his interest and intent to ruin. To counteract it, he immediately set on foot a secret and invidious course of interrogatories of the followers of Nicuesa and Ojeda, to draw from them testimony which might support the charge against Vasco Nuñez of usurpation and tyrannical abuse of power. The bishop and the alcalde received information of the inquisition, carried on thus secretly, and without their sanction. They remonstrated warmly against it, as an infringement of their rights, being coadjutors in the government; and they spurned the testimony of the followers of Ojeda and Nicuesa, as dictated and discolored by ancient enmity. Vasco Nuñez was therefore acquitted by them of the criminal charges made against him, though he remained involved in difficulties from the suits brought against him by individuals, for losses and damages occasioned by his measures.

Pedrarias was incensed at this acquittal, and insisted upon the guilt of Vasco Nuñez, which he pretended to have established to his conviction by his secret investigations; and he even determined to send him in chains to Spain, to be tried for the death of Nicuesa, and for other imputed offenses.

It was not the inclination or the interest of the bishop

that Vasco Nuñez should leave the colony; he therefore managed to awaken the jealous apprehensions of the governor as to the effect of his proposed measure. He intimated that the arrival of Vasco Nuñez in Spain would be signalized by triumph rather than disgrace. By that time his grand discoveries would be blazoned to the world, and would atone for all his faults. He would be received with enthusiasm by the nation, with favor by the king, and would be probably sent back to the colony clothed with new dignity and power.

Pedrarias was placed in a perplexing dilemma by these suggestions; his violent proceedings against Vasco Nuñez were also in some measure restrained by the influence of his wife, Doña Isabel de Bobadilla, who felt a great respect and sympathy for the discoverer. In his perplexity, the wily governor adopted a middle course. He resolved to detain Vasco Nuñez at Darien under a cloud of imputation, which would gradually impair his popularity; while his patience and means would be silently consumed by protracted and expensive litigation. In the meantime, however, the property which had been sequestrated was restored to him.

While Pedrarias treated Vasco Nuñez with this severity, he failed not to avail himself of the plans of that able commander. The first of these was to establish a line of posts across the mountains between Darien and the South Sea. It was his eager desire to execute this before any order should arrive from the king in favor of his

predecessor, in order that he might have the credit of having colonized the coast, and Vasco Nuñez, merely that of having discovered and visited it.* Before he could complete these arrangements, however, unlooked-for calamities fell upon the settlement, that for a time interrupted every project, and made every one turn his thoughts merely to his own security.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CALAMITIES OF THE SPANISH CAVALIERS AT DARIEN.

THE town of Darien was situated in a deep valley, surrounded by lofty hills, which, while they kept off the breezes so grateful in a sultry climate, reflected and concentrated the rays of the sun, insomuch, that at noontide the heat was insupportable; the river which passed it was shallow, with a muddy channel and bordered by marshes; overhanging forests added to the general humidity, and the very soil on which the town was built was of such a nature, that on digging to the depth of a foot there would ooze forth brackish water.†

It is not matter of surprise that a situation of this kind, in a tropical climate, should be fatal to the health of Europeans. Many who had recently arrived were

* Oviedo, Hist. Ind., page 2, cap. 8.
† Peter Martyr, decad. iii. cap. 6.

swept off speedily; Pedrarias himself fell sick, and was removed, with most of his people, to a healthier spot on the river Corobari; the malady, however, continued to increase. The provisions brought out in the ships had been partly damaged by the sea, the residue grew scanty, and the people were put upon short allowance; the debility thus produced increased the ravages of disease; at length the provisions were exhausted, and the horrors of absolute famine ensued.

Every one was more or less affected by these calamities; even the veterans of the colony quailed beneath them; but to none were they more fatal than to the crowd of youthful cavaliers who had once glittered so gayly about the streets of Seville, and had come out to the New World elated with the most sanguine expectations. From the very moment of their landing they had been disheartened at the savage scenes around them, and disgusted with the squalid life they were doomed to lead. They shrunk with disdain from the labors with which alone wealth was to be procured in this land of gold and pearls, and were impatient of the humble exertions necessary for the maintenance of existence. As the famine increased, their case became desperate; for they were unable to help themselves, and their rank and dignity commanded neither deference nor aid at a time when common misery made every one selfish. Many of them, who had mortgaged estates in Spain to fit themselves out sumptuously for their Italian campaign, now

perished for lack of food. Some would be seen bartering a robe of crimson silk, or some garment of rich brocade, for a pound of Indian bread or European biscuit; others sought to satisfy the cravings of hunger with the herbs and roots of the field, and one of the principal cavaliers absolutely expired of hunger in the public streets.

In this wretched way, and in the short space of one month, perished seven hundred of the little army of youthful and buoyant spirits who had embarked with Pedrarias. The bodies of some remained for a day or two without sepulture, their friends not having sufficient strength to bury them. Unable to remedy the evil, Pedrarias gave permission to his men to flee from it. A ship-load of starving adventurers departed for Cuba, where some of them joined the standard of Diego Velasquez, who was colonizing that island; others made their way back to Spain, where they arrived broken in health, in spirits, and in fortune.

CHAPTER XIX.

FRUITLESS EXPEDITION OF PEDRARIAS.

THE departure of so many hungry mouths was some temporary relief to the colony; and Pedrarias, having recovered from his malady, bestirred himself to send ex-

peditions in various directions, for the purpose of foraging the country and collecting treasure.

These expeditions, however, were intrusted to his own favorites and partisans; while Vasco Nuñez, the man most competent to carry them into effect, remained idle and neglected. A judicial inquiry, tardily carried on, overshadowed him, and though it substantiated nothing, served to embarrass his actions, to cool his friends, and to give him the air of a public delinquent. Indeed, to the other evils of the colony was now added that of excessive litigation, arising out of the disputes concerning the government of Vasco Nuñez, and which increased to such a degree, that, according to the report of the alcalde Espinosa, if the lawsuits should be divided among the people, at least forty would fall to each man's share.* This too was in a colony into which the government had commanded that no lawyer should be admitted!

Wearied and irritated by the check given to his favorite enterprises, and confident of the ultimate approbation of the king, Vasco Nuñez determined to take his fortunes in his own hands, and to prosecute in secret his grand project of exploring the regions beyond the mountains. For this purpose, he privately despatched one Andres Garabito to Cuba to enlist men, and make provisions for an expedition across the isthmus, from Nombre de Dios, and for the founding a colony on the shores

* Herrera, decad. ii. lib. i. cap. 1.

of the Southern Ocean; whence he proposed to extend his discoveries by sea and land.

While Vasco Nuñez awaited the return of Garabito, he had the mortification of beholding various of his colonizing plans pursued and marred by Pedrarias. Among other enterprises, the governor despatched his lieutenant-general, Juan de Ayora, at the head of four hundred men, to visit the provinces of those caciques with whom Vasco Nuñez had sojourned and made treaties on his expedition to the southern sea. Ayora partook of the rash and domineering spirit of Pedrarias, and harassed and devastated the countries which he pretended to explore. He was received with amity and confidence by various caciques who had formed treaties with Vasco Nuñez; but he repaid their hospitality with the basest ingratitude, seizing upon their property, taking from them their wives and daughters, and often torturing them to make them reveal their hidden or supposed treasures. Among those treated with his perfidy, we grieve to enumerate the youthful cacique who first gave Vasco Nuñez information of the sea beyond the mountains.

The enormities of Ayora, and of other captains of Pedrarias, produced the usual effect; the natives were roused to desperate resistance; caciques, who had been faithful friends, were converted into furious enemies, and the expedition ended in disappointment and disaster.

The adherents of Vasco Nuñez did not fail to contrast these disastrous enterprises with those which had been

conducted with so much glory and advantage by their favorite commander; and their sneers and reproaches had such an effect upon the jealous and irritable disposition of Pedrarias, that he determined to employ their idol in service likely to be attended with defeat, and to impair his popularity. None seemed more fitting for the purpose than an expedition to Dobayba, where he had once already attempted in vain to penetrate, and where so many of his followers had fallen victims to the stratagems and assaults of the natives.

CHAPTER XX.

SECOND EXPEDITION OF VASCO NUÑEZ IN QUEST OF THE GOLDEN TEMPLE OF DOBAYBA.

THE rich mines of Dobayba, and the treasures of its golden temple, had continued a favorite theme with the Spanish adventurers. It was ascertained that Vasco Nuñez had stopped short of the wealthy region on his former expedition, and had mistaken a frontier village for the residence of the cacique. The enterprise of the temple was, therefore, still to be achieved; and it was solicited by several of the cavaliers in the train of Pedrarias, with all the chivalrous ardor of that romantic age. Indeed, common report had invested the enterprise with difficulties and danger sufficient to stimulate the ambi-

tion of the keenest seeker of adventure. The savages who inhabited that part of the country were courageous and adroit. They fought by water as well as by land, forming ambuscades with their canoes in the bays and rivers. The country was intersected by dreary fens and morasses, infested by all kinds of reptiles. Clouds of gnats and mosquitoes filled the air; there were large bats also, supposed to have the baneful properties of the vampire; alligators lurked in the waters, and the gloomy recesses of the fens were said to be the dens of dragons!*

Beside these objects of terror, both true and fabulous, the old historian, Peter Martyr, makes mention of another monstrous animal, said to infest this golden region, and which deserves to be cited, as showing the imaginary dangers with which the active minds of the discoverers peopled the unexplored wilderness around them.

According to the tales of the Indians, there had occurred, shortly before the arrival of the Spaniards, a violent tempest, or rather hurricane, in the neighborhood of Dobayba, which demolished houses, tore up trees by the roots, and laid waste whole forests. When the tempest had subsided, and the affrighted inhabitants ventured to look abroad, they found that two monstrous animals had been brought into the country by the hurricane. According to their accounts they were not unlike the ancient harpies, and one being smaller than the other, was

* P. Martyr.

supposed to be its young. They had the faces of women, with the claws and wings of eagles, and were of such prodigious size, that the very boughs of the trees on which they alighted broke beneath them. They would swoop down and carry off a man as a hawk would bear off a chicken, flying with him to the tops of the mountains, where they would tear him in pieces and devour him. For some time they were the scourge and terror of the land, until the Indians succeeded in killing the old one by stratagem, and, hanging her on their long spears, bore her through all the towns, to assuage the alarm of the inhabitants. The younger harpy, says the Indian tradition, was never seen afterwards.*

Such were some of the perils, true and fabulous, with which the land of Dobayba was said to abound; and, in fact, the very Indians had such a dread of its dark and dismal morasses, that in their journeyings they carefully avoided them, preferring the circuitous and rugged paths of the mountains.

Several of the youthful cavaliers, as has been observed, were stimulated rather than deterred by these dangers, and contended for the honor of the expedition; but Pedrarias selected his rival for the task, hoping, as has been hinted, that it would involve him in disgrace. Vasco Nuñez promptly accepted the enterprise, for his pride was concerned in its success. Two hundred reso-

* P. Martyr, decad. vii. cap. 10.

lute men were given to him for the purpose; but his satisfaction was diminished when he found that Luis Carillo, an officer of Pedrarias, who had failed in a perilous enterprise, was associated with him in the command.

Few particulars remain to us of the events of this affair. They embarked in a fleet of canoes, and traversing the gulf, arrived at the river which flowed down from the region of Dobayba. They were not destined, however, to achieve the enterprise of the golden temple. As they were proceeding rather confidently and unguardedly up the river, they were surprised and surrounded by a swarm of canoes, filled with armed savages, which darted out from lurking places along the shores. Some of the Indians assailed them with lances, others with clouds of arrows, while some, plunging into the water, endeavored to overturn their canoes. In this way one half of the Spaniards were killed or drowned. Among the number fell Luis Carillo, pierced through the breast by an Indian lance. Vasco Nuñez himself was wounded, and had great difficulty in escaping to the shore with the residue of his forces.

The Indians pursued him, and kept up a skirmishing attack, but he beat them off until the night, when he silently abandoned the shore of the river, and directed his retreat towards Darien. It is easier to imagine than to describe the toils and dangers and horrors which beset him, and the remnant of his men, as they traversed rugged mountains, or struggled through the fearful mo-

rasses of which they had heard such terrific tales. At length they succeeded in reaching the settlement of Darien.

The partisans of Pedrarias exulted in seeing Vasco Nuñez return thus foiled and wounded, and taunted his adherents with their previous boastings. The latter, however, laid all the blame upon the unfortunate Carillo. "Vasco Nuñez," said they, "had always absolute command in his former enterprises, but in this he has been embarrassed by an associate. Had the expedition been confided to him alone, the event had been far different."

CHAPTER XXI.

LETTERS FROM THE KING IN FAVOR OF VASCO NUÑEZ.—ARRIVAL OF GARABITO.—ARREST OF VASCO NUÑEZ.

[1515.]

About this time despatches arrived from Spain, which promised to give a new turn to the fortunes of Vasco Nuñez, and to the general affairs of the colony. They were written after the tidings of the discovery of the South Sea, and the subjugation of so many important provinces of the Isthmus. In a letter addressed to Vasco Nuñez, the king expressed his high sense of his merits and services, and constituted him Adelantado of the South Sea, and Governor of the provinces of Panama and

Coyba, though subordinate to the general command of Pedrarias. A letter was likewise written by the king to Pedrarias, informing him of this appointment, and ordering him to consult Vasco Nuñez on all public affairs of importance. This was a humiliating blow to the pride and consequence of Pedrarias, but he hoped to parry it. In the meantime, as all letters from Spain were first delivered into his hands, he withheld that intended for Vasco Nuñez, until he should determine what course of conduct to adopt. The latter, however, heard of the circumstance, as did his friend the Bishop of Darien. The prelate made loud complaints of this interruption of the royal correspondence, which he denounced, even from the pulpit, as an outrage upon the rights of the subject, and an act of disobedience to the sovereign.

Upon this the governor called a council of his public officers; and, after imparting the contents of his letter, requested their opinion as to the propriety of investing Vasco Nuñez with the dignities thus granted to him. The alcalde mayor, Espinosa, had left the party of the bishop, and was now devoted to the governor. He insisted, vehemently, that the offices ought in no wise to be given to Vasco Nuñez, until the king should be informed of the result of the inquest still going on against him. In this he was warmly supported by the treasurer and the accountant. The bishop replied, indignantly, that it was presumptuous and disloyal in them to dispute the commands of the king, and to interfere with the rewards

conscientiously given by him to a meritorious subject. In this way, he added, they were defeating, by their passions, the grateful intentions of their sovereign. The governor was overawed by the honest warmth of the bishop, and professed to accord with him in opinion. The council lasted until midnight; and it was finally agreed that the titles and dignities should be conferred on Vasco Nuñez on the following day.*

Pedrarias and his officers reflected, however, that if the jurisdiction implied by these titles were absolutely vested in Vasco Nuñez, the government of Darien and Castilla del Oro, would virtually be reduced to a trifling matter; they resolved, therefore, to adopt a middle course; to grant him the empty titles, but to make him give security not to enter upon the actual government of the territories in question, until Pedrarias should give him permission. The bishop and Vasco Nuñez assented to this arrangement; satisfied, for the present, with securing the titles, and trusting to the course of events to get dominion over the territories.†

The new honors of Vasco Nuñez were now promulgated to the world, and he was everywhere addressed by the title of Adelantado. His old friends lifted up their heads with exultation, and new adherents flocked to his stand-

* Oviedo, part ii. cap. 9, MS. Oviedo, the historian, was present at this consultation, and says that he wrote down the opinions given on the occasion, which the parties signed with their proper hands.

† Idem.

ard. Parties began to form for him and for Pedrarias; for it was deemed impossible they could continue long in harmony.

The jealousy of the governor was excited by these circumstances; and he regarded the newly-created Adelantado as a dangerous rival and an insidious foe. Just at this critical juncture, Andres Garabito, the agent of Vasco Nuñez, arrived on the coast in a vessel which he had procured at Cuba, and freighted with arms and ammunition, and seventy resolute men, for the secret expedition to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. He anchored six leagues from the harbor, and sent word privately to Vasco Nuñez of his arrival.

Information was immediately carried to Pedrarias, that a mysterious vessel, full of armed men, was hovering on the coast, and holding secret communication with his rival. The suspicious temper of the governor immediately took the alarm. He fancied some treasonable plot against his authority; his passions mingled with his fears; and, in the first burst of his fury, he ordered that Vasco Nuñez should be seized and confined in a wooden cage. The Bishop of Darien interposed in time to prevent an indignity which it might have been impossible to expiate. He prevailed upon the passionate governor, not merely to retract the order respecting the cage, but to examine the whole matter with coolness and deliberation. The result proved that his suspicions had been erroneous; and that the armament had been set on foot

without any treasonable intent. Vasco Nuñez was therefore set at liberty, after having agreed to certain precautionary conditions; but he remained cast down in spirit and impoverished in fortune, by the harassing measures of Pedrarias.

CHAPTER XXII.

EXPEDITION OF MORALES AND PIZARRO TO THE SHORES OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.—THEIR VISIT TO THE PEARL ISLANDS.—THEIR DISASTROUS RETURN ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.

THE Bishop of Darien, encouraged by the success of his intercession, endeavored to persuade the governor to permit the departure of Vasco Nuñez on his expedition to the South Sea. The jealousy of Pedrarias, however, was too strong to allow him to listen to such counsel. He was aware of the importance of the expedition, and was anxious that the Pearl Islands should be explored, which promised such abundant treasures; but he feared to increase the popularity of Vasco Nuñez, by adding such an enterprise to the number of his achievements. Pedrarias, therefore, set on foot an expedition, consisting of sixty men, but gave the command to one of his own relations, named Gaspar Morales. The latter was accompanied by Francisco Pizarro, who had already been to those parts in the train of Vasco Nuñez, and who soon rose to importance in the pres-

ent enterprise by his fierce courage and domineering genius.

A brief notice of the principal incidents of this expedition is all that is necessary for the present narration.

Morales and Pizarro traversed the mountains of the isthmus by a shorter and more expeditious route than that which had been taken by Vasco Nuñez, and arrived on the shores of the South Sea at the territories of a cacique named Tutibrà, by whom they were amicably entertained. Their great object was to visit the Pearl Islands: the cacique, however, had but four canoes, which were insufficient to contain their whole party. One half of their number, therefore, remained at the village of Tutibrà, under the command of a captain named Peñalosa; the residue embarked in the canoes with Morales and Pizarro. After a stormy and perilous voyage, they landed on one of the smaller islands, where they had some skirmishing with the natives, and thence made their way to the principal island of the archipelago, to which, from the report of its great pearl fishery, Vasco Nuñez had given the name of Isla Rica.

The cacique of this island had long been the terror of the neighboring coasts, invading the mainland with fleets of canoes, and carrying the inhabitants into captivity. His reception of the Spaniards was worthy of his fame. Four times did he sally forth to defend his territory, and as often was he repulsed with great slaughter. His warriors were overwhelmed with terror at the fire-arms of the

Spaniards, and at their ferocious blood-hounds. Finding all resistance unavailing, the cacique was at length compelled to sue for peace. His prayer being granted, he received the conquerors into his habitation, which was well built and of immense size. Here he brought them as a peace-offering a basket curiously wrought, and filled with pearls of great beauty. Among these were two of extraordinary size and value. One weighed twenty-five carats; the other was of the size of a Muscadine pear, weighing upwards of three drachms, and of oriental color and lustre. The cacique considered himself more than repaid by a present of hatchets, beads, and hawks' bells: and, on the Spaniards smiling at his joy, observed: "These things I can turn to useful purpose, but of what value are those pearls to me?"

Finding, however, that these baubles were precious in the eyes of the Spaniards, he took Morales and Pizarro to the summit of a wooden tower, commanding an unbounded prospect. "Behold before you," said he, "the infinite sea, which extends even beyond the sunbeams. As to these islands which lie to the right and left, they are all subject to my sway. They possess but little gold, but the deep places of the sea around them are full of pearls. Continue to be my friends, and you shall have as many as you desire; for I value your friendship more than pearls, and, as far as in me lies, will never forfeit it."

He then pointed to the mainland, where it stretched

away towards the east, mountain beyond mountain, until the summit of the last faded in the distance, and was scarcely seen above the watery horizon. In that direction, he said, there lay a vast country of inexhaustible riches, inhabited by a mighty nation. He went on to repeat the vague but wonderful rumors which the Spaniards had frequently heard about the great kingdom of Peru. Pizarro listened greedily to his words, and while his eye followed the finger of the cacique, as it ranged along the line of shadowy coast, his daring mind kindled with the thought of seeing this golden empire beyond the waters.*

Before leaving the island, the two captains impressed the cacique with so great an idea of the power of the king of Castile, that he agreed to become his vassal, and to render him an annual tribute of one hundred pounds' weight of pearls.

The party having returned in safety to the mainland, though to a different place from that where they had embarked, Gaspar Morales sent his relation, Bernardo Morales, with ten men in quest of Peñalosa and his companions, who had remained in the village of Tutibrà.

Unfortunately for the Spaniards, during the absence of the commanders, this Peñalosa had so exasperated the natives by his misconduct, that a conspiracy had been formed by the caciques along the coast to massacre the

* Herrera, decad. ii. lib. i. cap. 4. Peter Martyr, decad. iii. cap. 10.

whole of the strangers, when the party should return from the islands.

Bernardo Morales and his companions, on their way in quest of Peñalosa, put up for the night in the village of a cacique named Chuchama, who was one of the conspirators. They were entertained with pretended hospitality. In the dead of the night, however, the house in which they were sleeping was wrapped in flames, and most of them were destroyed. Chuchama then prepared with his confederates to attack the main body of the Spaniards who remained with Morales and Pizarro.

Fortunately for the latter, there was among the Indians who had accompanied them to the islands, a cacique named Chirucà, who was in secret correspondence with the conspirators. Some circumstances in his conduct excited their suspicions; they put him to the torture, and drew from him a relation of the massacre of their companions, and of the attack with which they were menaced.

Morales and Pizarro were at first appalled by the overwhelming danger which surrounded them. Concealing their agitation, however, they compelled Chirucà to send a message to each of the confederate caciques, inviting him to a secret conference, under pretense of giving him important information. The caciques came at the summons: they were thus taken one by one to the number of eighteen, and put in chains. Just at this juncture Peñalosa arrived with the thirty men who had remained with

him at Tutibrà. Their arrival was hailed with joy by their comrades, who had given them up for lost. Encouraged by this unexpected reinforcement, the Spaniards now attacked by surprise the main body of confederate Indians, who, being ignorant of the discovery of their plot, and capture of their caciques, were awaiting the return of the latter, in a state of negligent security.

Pizarro led the van, and set upon the enemy at daybreak, with the old Spanish war-cry of Santiago! It was a slaughter rather than a battle, for the Indians were unprepared for resistance. Before sunrise seven hundred lay dead upon the field. Returning from the massacre, the commanders doomed the caciques who were in chains to be torn in pieces by the blood-hounds; nor was even Chirucà spared from this sanguinary sentence. Notwithstanding this bloody revenge, the vindictive spirit of the commanders was still unappeased, and they set off to surprise the village of a cacique named Birù, who dwelt on the eastern side of the Gulf of St. Michael. He was famed for valor and for cruelty: his dwelling was surrounded by the weapons and other trophies of those whom he had vanquished; and he was said never to give quarter.

The Spaniards assailed his village before daybreak with fire and sword, and made dreadful havoc. Birù escaped from his burning habitation, rallied his people, kept up a galling fight throughout the greater part of that day, and handled the Spaniards so roughly, that,

when he drew off at night, they did not venture to pursue him, but returned right gladly from his territory. According to some of the Spanish writers, the kingdom of Peru derived its name from this warlike cacique, through a blunder of the early discoverers; the assertion, however, is believed to be erroneous.

The Spaniards had pushed their bloody revenge to an extreme, and were now doomed to suffer from the recoil. In the fury of their passions, they had forgotten that they were but a handful of men surrounded by savage nations. Returning wearied and disheartened from the battle with Birù, they were waylaid and assaulted by a host of Indians led on by the son of Chirucà. A javelin from his hand pierced one of the Spaniards through the breast, and came out between the shoulders; several others were wounded, and the remainder were harassed by a galling fire kept up from among rocks and bushes.

Dismayed at the implacable vengeance they had aroused, the Spaniards hastened to abandon these hostile shores, and make the best of their way back to Darien. The Indians, however, were not to be appeased by the mere departure of the intruders. They followed them perseveringly for seven days, hanging on their skirts, and harassing them by continual alarms. Morales and Pizarro, seeing the obstinacy of their pursuit, endeavored to gain a march upon them by stratagem. Making large fires, as usual, one night about the place of their encampment, they left them burning to deceive

the enemy, while they made a rapid retreat. Among their number was one poor fellow named Velasquez, who was so grievously wounded that he could not walk. Unable to accompany his countrymen in their flight, and dreading to fall into the merciless hands of the savages, he determined to hang himself, nor could the prayers and even tears of his comrades dissuade him from his purpose.

The stratagem of the Spaniards, however, was unavailing. Their retreat was perceived, and at day-break, to their dismay, they found themselves surrounded by three squadrons of savages. Unable, in their haggard state, to make head against so many foes, they remained drawn up all day on the defensive, some watching, while others reposed. At night they lit their fires, and again attempted to make a secret retreat. The Indians, however, were as usual on their traces, and wounded several with arrows. Thus pressed and goaded, the Spaniards became desperate, and fought like madmen, rushing upon the very darts of the enemy.

Morales now resorted to an inhuman and fruitless expedient to retard his pursuers. He caused several Indian prisoners to be slain, hoping that their friends would stop to lament over them; but the sight of their mangled bodies only increased the fury of the savages and the obstinacy of their pursuit.

For nine days were the Spaniards hunted in this manner about the woods and mountains, the swamps and

fens, wandering they knew not whither, and returning upon their steps, until, to their dismay, they found themselves in the very place where, several days previously, they had been surrounded by the three squadrons.

Many now despaired of ever escaping with life from this trackless wilderness, thus teeming with deadly foes. It was with difficulty their commanders could rally their spirits, and encourage them to persevere. Entering a thick forest, they were again assailed by a band of Indians, but despair and fury gave them strength; they fought like wild beasts rather than like men, and routed the foe with dreadful carnage. They had hoped to gain a breathing time by this victory, but a new distress attended them. They got entangled in one of those deep and dismal marshes which abound on those coasts, and in which the wanderer is often drowned or suffocated. For a whole day they toiled through brake and bramble, and miry fen, with the water reaching to their girdles. At length they extricated themselves from the swamp, and arrived at the sea-shore. The tide was out, but was about to return, and on this coast it rises rapidly to a great height. Fearing to be overwhelmed by the rising surf, they hastened to climb a rock out of reach of the swelling waters. Here they threw themselves on the earth, panting with fatigue and abandoned to despair. A savage wilderness, filled with still more savage foes, was on one side; on the other the roaring sea. How were they to extricate themselves from these surround-

ing perils? While reflecting on their desperate situation, they heard the voices of Indians. On looking cautiously around, they beheld four canoes entering a neighboring creek. A party was immediately despatched, who came upon the savages by surprise, drove them into the woods, and seized upon the canoes. In these frail barks the Spaniards escaped from their perilous neighborhood, and, traversing the Gulf of St. Michael, landed in a less hostile part, whence they set out a second time across the mountains.

It is needless to recount the other hardships they endured, and their further conflicts with the Indians; suffice it to say, after a series of almost incredible sufferings and disasters, they at length arrived in a battered and emaciated condition at Darien. Throughout all their toils and troubles, however, they had managed to preserve a part of the treasure gained in the islands; especially the pearls given them by the cacique of Isla Rica. These were objects of universal admiration. One of them was put up at auction, and bought by Pedrarias, and was afterwards presented by his wife Doña Isabella de Bobadilla to the empress, who, in return, gave her four thousand ducats.*

Such was the cupidity of the colonists, that the sight of these pearls, and the reputed wealth of the islands of the southern sea, and the kingdoms on its borders, made

* Herrera, Hist. Ind., decad. ii. lib. i. cap. 4.

far greater impression on the public mind, than the tale told by the adventurers of the horrors they had passed; and every one was eager to seek those wealthy regions beyond the mountains.

CHAPTER XXIII.

UNFORTUNATE ENTERPRISES OF THE OFFICERS OF PEDRARIAS.—MATRIMONIAL COMPACT BETWEEN THE GOVERNOR AND VASCO NUÑEZ.

In narrating the preceding expedition of Morales and Pizarro, we have been tempted into what may almost be deemed an episode, though it serves to place in a proper light the lurking difficulties and dangers which beset the expeditions of Vasco Nuñez to the same regions, and his superior prudence and management in avoiding them. It is not the object of this narrative, however, to record the general events of the colony under the administration of Don Pedrarias Davila. We refrain, therefore, from detailing various expeditions set on foot by him to explore and subjugate the surrounding country; and which, being ignorantly or rashly conducted, too often ended in misfortune and disgrace. One of these was to the province of Zenu, where gold was supposed to be taken in the rivers in nets; and where the Bachelor Enciso once undertook to invade the sepulchres. A captain, named Francisco Becerra, penetrated into this country

at the head of one hundred and eighty men, well armed and equipped, and provided with three pieces of artillery; but neither the commander nor any of his men returned. An Indian boy who accompanied them was the only one who escaped, and told the dismal tale of their falling victims to the assaults and stratagems and poisoned arrows of the Indians.

Another band was defeated by Tubanamà the ferocious cacique of the mountains, who bore as his banners the bloody shirts of Spaniards slain in former battles. In fine, the colony became so weakened by these repeated losses, and the savages so emboldened by success, that the latter beleaguered it with their forces, harassed it by assaults and ambuscades, and reduced it to great extremity. Such was the alarm in Darien, says the Bishop Las Casas, that the people feared to be burned in their houses. They kept a watchful eye upon the mountains, the plains, and the very branches of the trees. Their imaginations were infected by their fears. If they looked towards the land, the long waving grass of the savannas appeared to them to be moving hosts of Indians. If they looked towards the sea, they fancied they beheld fleets of canoes in the distance. Pedrarias endeavored to prevent all rumors from abroad that might increase this fevered state of alarm; at the same time he ordered the smelting-house to be closed, which was never done but in time of war. This was done at the suggestion of the bishop, who caused prayers to be

put up, and fasts proclaimed, to avert the impending calamities.

While Pedrarias was harassed and perplexed by these complicated evils, he was haunted by continual apprehensions of the ultimate ascendancy of Vasco Nuñez. He knew him to be beloved by the people, and befriended by the bishop; and he had received proofs that his services were highly appreciated by the king. He knew also that representations had been sent home by him and his partisans, of the evils and abuses of the colony under the present rule, and of the necessity of a more active and efficient governor. He dreaded lest these representations should ultimately succeed; that he should be undermined in the royal favor, and Vasco Nuñez be elevated upon his ruins.

The politic bishop perceived the uneasy state of the governor's mind, and endeavored, by means of his apprehensions, to effect that reconciliation which he had sought in vain to produce through more generous motives. He represented to him that his treatment of Vasco Nuñez was odious in the eyes of the people, and must eventually draw on him the displeasure of his sovereign. "But why persist," added he, "in driving a man to become your deadliest enemy, whom you may grapple to your side as your firmest friend? You have several daughters—give him one in marriage; you will then have for a son-in-law a man of merit and popularity, who is a hidalgo by birth, and a favorite of the king. You are

advanced in life, and infirm; he is in the prime and vigor of his days, and possessed of great activity. You can make him your lieutenant; and while you repose from your toils, he can carry on the affairs of the colony with spirit and enterprise; and all his achievements will redound to the advancement of your family and the splendor of your administration."

The governor and his lady were won by the eloquence of the bishop, and readily listened to his suggestion; and Vasco Nuñez was but too happy to effect a reconciliation on such flattering terms. Written articles were accordingly drawn up and exchanged, contracting a marriage between him and the eldest daughter of Pedrarias. The young lady was then in Spain, but was to be sent for, and the nuptials were to be celebrated on her arrival at Darien.

Having thus fulfilled his office of peacemaker, and settled, as he supposed, all feuds and jealousies on the sure and permanent foundation of family alliance, the worthy bishop departed shortly afterwards for Spain.

CHAPTER XXIV.

VASCO NUÑEZ TRANSPORTS SHIPS ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

[1516.]

Behold Vasco Nuñez once more in the high career of prosperity! His most implacable enemy had suddenly

been converted into his dearest friend; for the governor, now that he looked upon him as his son-in-law, loaded him with favors. Above all, he authorized him to build brigantines, and make all the necessary preparations for his long-desired expedition to explore the Southern Ocean. The place appointed for these purposes was the port of Careta, situated to the west of Darien; whence there was supposed to be the most convenient route across the mountains. A town called Acla had been founded at this port; and the fortress was already erected, of which Lope de Olano was alcalde; Vasco Nuñez was now empowered to continue the building of the town. Two hundred men were placed under his command, to aid him in carrying his plans into execution, and a sum of money was advanced to him out of the royal treasury. His supply of funds, however, was not sufficient; but he received assistance from a private source. There was a notary at Darien, Hernando de Arguello, a man of some consequence in the community, and who had been one of the most furious opponents of the unfortunate Nicuesa. He had amassed considerable property, and now embarked a great part of it in the proposed enterprise, on condition, no doubt, of sharing largely in its anticipated profits.

On arriving at Acla, Vasco Nuñez set to work to prepare the materials of four brigantines to be launched into the South Sea. The timber was felled on the Atlantic seaboard; and was then, with the anchors and rigging,

transported across the lofty ridge of mountains to the opposite shores of the Isthmus. Several Spaniards, thirty Negroes, and a great number of Indians were employed for the purpose. They had no other roads but Indian paths, straggling through almost impervious forests, across torrents, and up rugged defiles broken by rocks and precipices. In this way they toiled like ants up the mountains, with their ponderous burdens, under the scorching rays of a tropical sun. Many of the poor Indians sank by the way, and perished under this stupendous task. The Spaniards and Negroes being of hardier constitutions, were better able to cope with the incredible hardships to which they were subjected. On the summit of the mountains a house had been provided for their temporary repose. After remaining here a little time to refresh themselves and gain new strength, they renewed their labors, descending the opposite side of the mountains, until they reached the navigable part of a river, which they called the Balsas, and which flowed into the Pacific.

Much time and trouble and many lives were expended on this arduous undertaking, before they had transported to the river sufficient timber for two brigantines; while the timber for the other two, and the rigging and munitions for the whole, yet remained to be brought. To add to their difficulties, they had scarcely begun to work upon the timber before they discovered that it was totally useless, being subject to the ravages of the worms

from having been cut in the vicinity of salt water. They were obliged, therefore, to begin anew, and fell trees on the border of the river.

Vasco Nuñez maintained his patience and perseverance, and displayed admirable management under these delays and difficulties. Their supply of food being scanty, he divided his people, Spaniards, Negroes, and Indians, into three bands; one was to cut and saw the wood, another to bring the rigging and iron-work from Acla, which was twenty-two leagues distant; and the third to forage the neighboring country for provisions.

Scarcely was the timber felled and shaped for use when the rains set in, and the river swelled and overflowed its banks so suddenly, that the workmen barely escaped with their lives, by clambering into trees; while the wood on which they had been working was either buried in sand or slime, or swept away by the raging torrent. Famine was soon added to their other distresses. The foraging party did not return with food; and the swelling of the river cut them off from that part of the country whence they obtained their supplies. They were reduced, therefore, to such scarcity, as to be fain to assuage their hunger with roots gathered in the forests.

In this extremity the Indians bethought themselves of one of their rude and simple expedients. Plunging into the river, they fastened a number of logs together with withes, and connected them with the opposite bank, so as to make a floating bridge. On this a party of the Span-

iards crossed with great difficulty and peril, from the violence of the current, and the flexibility of the bridge, which often sank beneath them until the water rose above their girdles. On being safely landed, they foraged the neighborhood, and procured a supply of provisions sufficient for the present emergency.

When the river subsided the workmen again resumed their labors; a number of recruits arrived from Acla, bringing various supplies, and the business of the enterprise was pressed with redoubled ardor, until, after a series of incredible toils and hardships, Vasco Nuñez had the satisfaction to behold two of his brigantines floating on the river Balsas. As soon as they could be equipped for sea, he embarked in them with as many Spaniards as they could carry; and, issuing from the river, launched triumphantly on the great ocean he had discovered.

We can readily imagine the exultation of this intrepid adventurer, and how amply he was repaid for all his sufferings, when he first spread a sail on that untraversed ocean, and felt that the range of an unknown world was open to him.

There are points in the history of these Spanish discoveries of the western hemisphere, which make us pause with wonder and admiration at the daring spirit of the men who conducted them, and the appalling difficulties surmounted by their courage and perseverance. We know few instances, however, more striking than this piecemeal transportation, across the mountains of Darien,

of the first European ships that ploughed the waves of the Pacific; and we can readily excuse the boast of the old Castilian writers, when they exclaim, "that none but Spaniards could ever have conceived or persisted in such an undertaking; and no commander in the New World but Vasco Nuñez could have conducted it to a successful issue." *

CHAPTER XXV.

CRUISE OF VASCO NUÑEZ IN THE SOUTHERN SEA.—RUMORS FROM ACLA.

THE first cruise of Vasco Nuñez was to the group of Pearl Islands, on the principal one of which he disembarked the greater part of his crews, and despatched the brigantines to the main-land to bring off the remainder. It was his intention to construct the other two vessels of his proposed squadron at this island. During the absence of the brigantines he ranged the island with his men, to collect provisions, and to establish a complete sway over the natives. On the return of his vessels, and while preparations were making for the building of the others, he embarked with a hundred men, and departed on a reconnoitring cruise to the eastward, towards the region pointed out by the Indians as abounding in riches.

* Herrera, decad. ii. lib. ii. cap. 11.

Having passed about twenty leagues beyond the Gulf of San Miguel, the mariners were alarmed at beholding a great number of whales, which resembled a reef of rocks stretching far into the sea, and lashed by breakers. In an unknown ocean like this, every unusual object is apt to inspire alarm. The seamen feared to approach these fancied dangers in the dark: Vasco Nuñez anchored, therefore, for the night, under a point of land, intending to continue in the same direction on the following day. When the morning dawned, however, the wind had changed, and was contrary; whereupon he altered his course, and thus abandoned a cruise, which, if persevered in, might have terminated in the discovery of Peru! Steering for the main-land, he anchored on that part of the coast governed by the cacique Chuchamà, who had massacred Bernardo Morales and his companions, when reposing in his village. Here landing with his men, Vasco Nuñez came suddenly upon the dwelling of the cacique. The Indians sallied forth to defend their homes, but were routed with great loss; and ample vengeance was taken upon them for their outrage upon the laws of hospitality. Having thus avenged the death of his countrymen, Vasco Nuñez reëmbarked and returned to Isla Rica.

He now applied himself diligently to complete the building of his brigantines, despatching men to Acla to bring the necessary stores and rigging across the mountains. While thus occupied, a rumor reached him that a new governor named Lope de Sosa was coming out from

Spain to supersede Pedrarias. Vasco Nuñez was troubled at these tidings. A new governor would be likely to adopt new measures, or to have new favorites. He feared, therefore, that some order might come to suspend or embarrass his expedition; or that the command of it might be given to another. In this perplexity he held a consultation with several of his confidential officers.

After some debate, it was agreed among them that a trusty and intelligent person should be sent as a scout to Acla, under pretense of procuring munitions for the ships. Should he find Pedrarias in quiet possession of the government, he was to account to him for the delay of the expedition; and request that the time allotted to it might be extended, and to request reinforcements and supplies. Should he find, however, a new governor actually arrived, he was to return immediately with the tidings. In such case it was resolved to put to sea before any contrary orders should arrive, trusting eventually to excuse themselves on the plea of zeal and good intentions.

CHAPTER XXVI.

RECONNOITRING EXPEDITION OF GARABITO. — STRATAGEM OF PEDRARIAS TO ENTRAP VASCO NUÑEZ.

THE person intrusted with the reconnoitring expedition to Acla was Andres Garabito, in whose fidelity and

discretion Vasco Nuñez had implicit confidence. His confidence was destined to be fatally deceived. According to the assertions of contemporaries, this Garabito cherished a secret and vindictive enmity against his commander, arising from a simple but a natural cause. Vasco Nuñez had continued to have a fondness for the Indian damsel, daughter of the cacique Careta, whom he had received from her father as a pledge of amity. Some dispute arose concerning her on one occasion between him and Garabito, in the course of which he expressed himself in severe and galling language. Garabito was deeply mortified at some of his expressions, and being of a malignant spirit, determined on a dastardly revenge. He wrote privately to Pedrarias, assuring him that Vasco Nuñez had no intention of solemnizing his marriage with his daughter, being completely under the influence of an Indian paramour; that he made use of the friendship of Pedrarias merely to further his own selfish views, intending as soon as his ships were ready, to throw off all allegiance and put to sea as an independent commander.

This mischievous letter Garabito had written immediately after the last departure of Vasco Nuñez from Acla. Its effect upon the proud and jealous spirit of the governor may easily be conceived. All his former suspicions were immediately revived. They acquired strength during a long interval that elapsed without tidings being received from the expedition. There were designing and

prejudiced persons at hand, who perceived and quickened these jealous feelings of the governor. Among these was the Bachelor Corral, who cherished a deep grudge against Vasco Nuñez for having once thrown him into prison for his fractious conduct; and Alonzo de la Puente, the royal treasurer, whom Vasco Nuñez had affronted by demanding the repayment of a loan. Such was the tempest gradually gathering in the factious little colony of Darien.

The subsequent conduct of Garabito gives much confirmation to the charge of perfidy advanced against him. When he arrived at Acla, he found that Pedrarias remained in possession of the government; for his intended successor had died in the very harbor. The conduct and conversation of Garabito was such as to arouse suspicion; he was arrested, and his papers and letters were sent to Pedrarias. When examined, he readily suffered himself to be wrought upon by threats of punishment and promises of pardon, and revealed all that he knew, and declared still more what he suspected and surmised, of the plans and intentions of Vasco Nuñez.

The arrest of Garabito, and the seizure of his letters, produced a great agitation at Darien. It was considered a revival of the ancient animosity between the governor and Vasco Nuñez, and the friends of the latter trembled for his safety.

Hernando de Arguello, especially, was in great alarm. He had embarked the most of his fortune in the expedi-

tion, and the failure of it would be ruinous to him. He wrote to Vasco Nuñez, informing him of the critical posture of affairs, and urging him to put to sea without delay. He would be protected at all events, he said, by the Jeronimite Fathers at San Domingo, who were at that time all powerful in the New World, and who regarded his expedition as calculated to promote the glory of God as well as the dominion of the king.* This letter fell into the hands of Pedrarias, and convinced him of the existence of a dangerous plot against his authority. He immediately ordered Arguello to be arrested; and now devised means to get Vasco Nuñez within his power. While the latter remained on the shores of the South Sea with his brigantines, and his band of hearty and devoted followers, Pedrarias knew it would be in vain to attempt to take him by force. Dissembling his suspicions and intentions, therefore, he wrote to him in amicable terms, requesting him to repair immediately to Acla, as he wished to confer with him about the impending expedition. Fearing, however, that Vasco Nuñez

* In consequence of the eloquent representations made to the Spanish government by the venerable Las Casas, of the cruel wrongs and oppressions practiced upon the Indians in the colonies, the Cardinal Ximenes, in 1516, sent out three Jeronimite Friars, chosen for their zeal and abilities, clothed with full powers to inquire into and remedy all abuses, and to take all proper measures for the good government, religious instruction, and effectual protection of the natives. The exercise of their powers at San Domingo made a great sensation in the New World, and, for a time, had a beneficial effect in checking the oppressive and licentious conduct of the colonists.

might suspect his motives, and refuse to comply, he at the same time ordered Francisco Pizarro to muster all the armed force he could collect, and seek and arrest his late patron and commander wherever he might be found.

So great was the terror inspired by the arrest of Arguello, and by the general violence of Pedrarias, that, though Vasco Nuñez was a favorite with the great mass of the people, no one ventured to warn him of the danger that attended his return to Acla.

CHAPTER XXVII.

VASCO NUÑEZ AND THE ASTROLOGER.—HIS RETURN TO ACLA.

THE old Spanish writers who have treated of the fortunes of Vasco Nuñez, record an anecdote which is worthy of being cited, as characteristic of the people and the age. Among the motley crowd of adventurers lured across the ocean by the reputed wealth and wonders of the New World, was an Italian astrologer, a native of Venice named Micer Codro. At the time that Vasco Nuñez held supreme sway at Darien, this reader of the stars had cast his horoscope and pretended to foretell his destiny. Pointing one night to a certain star, he assured him that in the year in which he should behold that star in a part of the heavens which he designated, his life would be in imminent jeopardy; but should he survive

this year of peril, he would become the richest and most renowned captain throughout the Indies.

Several years, it is added, had elapsed since this prediction was made; yet, that it still dwelt in the mind of Vasco Nuñez, was evident from the following circumstance. While waiting the return of his messenger, Garabito, he was on the shore of Isla Rica one serene evening, in company with some of his officers, when, regarding the heavens, he beheld the fated star exactly in that part of the firmament which had been pointed out by the Italian astrologer. Turning to his companions, with a smile, "Behold," said he, "the wisdom of those who believe in soothsayers, and, above all, in such an astrologer as Micer Codro! According to his prophecy, I should now be in imminent peril of my life; yet, here I am, within reach of all my wishes; sound in health, with four brigantines and three hundred men at my command, and on the point of exploring this great southern ocean."

At this fated juncture, say the chroniclers, arrived the hypocritical letter of Pedrarias, inviting him to an interview at Acla! The discreet reader will decide for himself what credit to give to this anecdote, or rather, what allowance to make for the little traits of coincidence gratuitously added to the original fact by writers who delight in the marvelous. The tenor of this letter awakened no suspicion in the breast of Vasco Nuñez, who reposed entire confidence in the amity of the governor,

as his intended father-in-law, and appears to have been unconscious of anything in his own conduct that could warrant hostility. Leaving his ships in command of Francisco Compañon, he departed immediately to meet the governor at Acla, unattended by any armed force.

The messengers who had brought the letter, maintained at first a cautious silence as to the events which had transpired at Darien. They were gradually won, however, by the frank and genial manners of Vasco Nuñez, and grieved to see so gallant a soldier hurrying into the snare. Having crossed the mountains, and drawn near to Acla, their kind feelings got the better of their caution, and they revealed the true nature of their errand, and the hostile intentions of Pedrarias. Vasco Nuñez was struck with astonishment at the recital; but, being unconscious, it is said, of any evil intention, he could scarcely credit this sudden hostility in a man who had but recently promised him his daughter in marriage. He imagined the whole to be some groundless jealousy, which his own appearance would dispel, and accordingly continued on his journey. He had not proceeded far, however, when he was met by a band of armed men, led by Francisco Pizarro. The latter stepped forward to arrest his ancient commander. Vasco Nuñez paused for a moment, and regarded him with a look of reproachful astonishment. "How is this, Francisco?" exclaimed he. "Is this the way you have been accustomed to receive me?" Offering no further remonstrance, he suffered

himself quietly to be taken prisoner by his former adherents, and conducted in chains to Acla. Here he was thrown into prison, and Bartolome Hurtado, once his favorite officer, was sent to take command of his squadron.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TRIAL OF VASCO NUÑEZ.

Don Pedrarias concealed his exultation at the success of the stratagem by which he had ensnared his generous and confiding rival. He even visited him in prison, and pretended deep concern at being obliged to treat him with this temporary rigor, attributing it entirely to certain accusations lodged against him by the treasurer, Alonzo de la Puente, which his official situation compelled him to notice and investigate.

"Be not afflicted, however, my son!" said the hypocrite; "an investigation will, doubtless, not merely establish your innocence, but serve to render your zeal and loyalty towards your sovereign still more conspicuous."

While Pedrarias assumed this soothing tone towards his prisoner, he urged the alcalde mayor, Espinosa, to proceed against him with the utmost rigor of the law.

The charge brought against him of a treasonable conspiracy to cast off all allegiance to the crown, and to as-

sume an independent sway on the borders of the southern sea, was principally supported by the confessions of Andres Garabito. The evidence is also cited of a soldier, who stood sentinel one night near the quarters of Vasco Nuñez on Isla Rica, and who, being driven to take shelter from the rain under the eaves of this house, overheard a conversation between that commander and certain of his officers, wherein they agreed to put to sea with the squadron on their own account, and set the governor at defiance. This testimony, according to Las Casas, arose from a misconstruction on the part of the sentinel, who only heard a portion of their conversation, relating to their intention of sailing without waiting for orders, in case a new governor should arrive to supersede Pedrarias.

The governor, in the meantime, informed himself from day to day, and hour to hour, of the progress of the trial; and, considering the evidence sufficiently strong to warrant his personal hostility, he now paid another visit to his prisoner, and throwing off all affectation of kindness, upbraided him in the most passionate manner.

"Hitherto," said he, "I have treated you as a son, because I thought you loyal to your king, and to me as his representative; but as I find you have meditated rebellion against the crown of Castile, I cast you off from my affection, and shall henceforth treat you as an enemy."

Vasco Nuñez indignantly repelled the charge, and appealed to the confiding frankness of his conduct as a proof of his innocence. "Had I been conscious of my

guilt," said he, "what could have induced me to come here and put myself into your hands? Had I meditated rebellion, what prevented me from carrying it into effect? I had four ships ready to weigh anchor, three hundred brave men at my command, and an open sea before me. What had I to do but to spread sail and press forward? There was no doubt of finding a land, whether rich or poor, sufficient for me and mine, far beyond the reach of your control. In the innocence of my heart, however, I came here promptly, at your mere request, and my reward is slander, indignity, and chains!"

The noble and ingenuous appeal of Vasco Nuñez had no effect on the prejudiced feelings of the governor: on the contrary, he was but the more exasperated against his prisoner, and ordered that his irons should be doubled.

The trial was now urged by him with increased eagerness. Lest the present accusation should not be sufficient to effect the ruin of his victim, the old inquest into his conduct as governor, which had remained suspended for many years, was revived, and he was charged anew with the wrongs inflicted on the Bachelor Enciso, and with the death of the unfortunate Nicuesa.

Notwithstanding all these charges, the trial went on slowly, with frequent delays, for the alcalde mayor, Gaspar de Espinosa, seems to have had but little relish for the task assigned him, and to have needed frequent spurring from the eager and passionate governor. He probably considered the accused as technically guilty,

though innocent of all intentional rebellion, but was ordered to decide according to the strict letter of the law. He therefore, at length, gave a reluctant verdict against Vasco Nuñez, but recommended him to mercy, on account of his great services, or entreated that, at least, he might be permitted to appeal. "No," said the unrelenting Pedrarias; "if he has merited death, let him suffer death!" He accordingly condemned him to be beheaded. The same sentence was passed upon several of his officers, who were implicated in his alleged conspiracy; among these was Hernando de Arguello, who had written the letter to Vasco Nuñez, informing him of the arrest of his messenger, and advising him to put to sea, without heeding the hostility of Pedrarias. As to the perfidious informer Garabito, he was pardoned and set at liberty.

In considering this case as far as we are enabled, from the imperfect testimony on record, we are inclined to think it one where passion and self-interest interfered with the pure administration of justice. Pedrarias had always considered Vasco Nuñez as a dangerous rival, and, though his jealousy had been for some time lulled by looking on him as an intended son-in-law, it was revived by the suggestion that he intended to evade his alliance and dispute his authority. His exasperated feelings hurried him too far to retreat, and, having loaded his prisoner with chains and indignities, his death became indispensable to his own security.

For our own part, we have little doubt that it was the

fixed intention of Vasco Nuñez, after he had once succeeded in the arduous undertaking of transporting his ships across the mountains, to suffer no capricious order from Pedrarias, nor any other governor, to defeat the enterprise which he had so long meditated, and for which he had so laboriously prepared. It is probable he may have expressed such general determination in the hearing of Garabito, and of others of his companions. We can find ample excuse for such a resolution in his consciousness of his own deserts; his experience of past hinderances to this expedition, arising from the jealousy of others; his feeling of some degree of authority, from his office of adelantado; and his knowledge of the favorable disposition and kind intentions of his sovereign towards him. We acquit him entirely of the senseless idea of rebelling against the crown; and suggest these considerations in palliation of any meditated disobedience of Pedrarias, should such a charge be supposed to have been substantiated.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EXECUTION OF VASCO NUÑEZ.

[1517.]

It was a day of gloom and horror at Acla, when Vasco Nuñez and his companions were led forth to execution.

The populace were moved to tears at the unhappy fate of a man, whose gallant deeds had excited their admiration, and whose generous qualities had won their hearts. Most of them regarded him as the victim of a jealous tyrant; and even those who thought him guilty, saw something brave and brilliant in the very crime imputed to him. Such, however, was the general dread inspired by the severe measures of Pedrarias, that no one dared to lift up his voice, either in murmur or remonstrance.

The public crier walked before Vasco Nuñez, proclaiming: "This is the punishment inflicted by command of the king and his lieutenant, Don Pedrarias Davila, on this man, as a traitor and an usurper of the territories of the crown."

When Vasco Nuñez heard these words, he exclaimed, indignantly, "It is false! never did such a crime enter my mind. I have ever served my king with truth and loyalty, and sought to augment his dominions."

These words were of no avail in his extremity, but they were fully believed by the populace.

The execution took place in the public square of Acla; and we are assured by the historian Oviedo, who was in the colony at the time, that the cruel Pedrarias was a secret witness of the bloody spectacle; which he contemplated from between the reeds of the wall of a house, about twelve paces from the scaffold!*

* Oviedo, Hist. Ind., p. 2, cap. 9, MS.

Vasco Nuñez was the first to suffer death. Having confessed himself and partaken of the sacrament, he ascended the scaffold with a firm step and a calm and manly demeanor; and, laying his head upon the block, it was severed in an instant from his body. Three of his officers, Valderrabano, Botello, and Hernan Muños, were in like manner brought one by one to the block, and the day had nearly expired before the last of them was executed.

One victim still remained. It was Hernando de Arguello, who had been condemned as an accomplice, for having written the intercepted letter.

The populace could no longer restrain their feelings. They had not dared to intercede for Vasco Nuñez, knowing the implacable enmity of Pedrarias; but they now sought the governor, and, throwing themselves at his feet, entreated that this man might be spared, as he had taken no active part in the alleged treason. The daylight, they said, was at an end, and it seemed as if God had hastened the night to prevent the execution.

The stern heart of Pedrarias was not to be touched. "No," said he, "I would sooner die myself than spare one of them." The unfortunate Arguello was led to the block. The brief tropical twilight was past, and in the gathering gloom of the night, the operations on the scaffold could not be distinguished. The multitude stood listening in breathless silence, until the stroke of the executioner told that all was accomplished. They then dispersed to their homes with hearts filled with grief and

bitterness, and a night of lamentation succeeded to this day of horrors.

The vengeance of Pedrarias was not satisfied with the death of his victim; he confiscated his property and dishonored his remains, causing his head to be placed upon a pole, and exposed for several days in the public square.*

Thus perished, in his forty-second year, in the prime and vigor of his days, and the full career of his glory, one of the most illustrious and deserving of Spanish discoverers; a victim to the basest and most perfidious envy.

How vain are our most confident hopes, our brightest triumphs! When Vasco Nuñez from the mountains of Darien beheld the Southern Ocean revealed to his gaze, he considered its unknown realms at his disposal. When he had launched his ships upon its waters, and his sails were in a manner flapping in the wind, to bear him in quest of the wealthy empire of Peru, he scoffed at the prediction of the astrologer, and defied the influence of the stars. Behold him interrupted at the very moment of his departure, betrayed into the hands of his most invidious foe, the very enterprise that was to have crowned him with glory wrested into a crime, and himself hurried to a bloody and ignominious grave at the foot, as it were, of the mountain whence he had made his discovery! His fate, like that of his renowned predecessor, Columbus, proves that it is sometimes dangerous even to deserve too greatly.

* Oviedo, ubi sup.

FORTUNES OF VALDIVIA AND HIS COMPANIONS.

IT was in the year 1512 that Valdivia, the regidor of Darien, was sent to Hispaniola by Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, for reinforcements and supplies for the colony. He set sail in a caravel, and pursued his voyage prosperously until he arrived in sight of the island of Jamaica. Here he was encountered by one of the violent hurricanes which sweep those latitudes, and driven on the shoals and sunken rocks called the Vipers, since infamous for many a shipwreck. His vessel soon went to pieces, and Valdivia and his crew, consisting of twenty men, escaped with difficulty in a boat, without having time to secure a supply either of water or provisions. Having no sails, and their oars being scarcely fit for use, they were driven about for thirteen days, at the mercy of the currents of those unknown seas. During this time their sufferings from hunger and thirst were indescribable. Seven of their number perished, and the rest were nearly famished, when they were stranded on the eastern coast of Yucatan, in a province called Maya. Here they were set upon by the

natives, who broke their boat in pieces, and carried them off captive to the cacique of the province, by whose orders they were mewed up in a kind of pen.

At first their situation appeared tolerable enough, considering the horrors from which they had escaped. They were closely confined, it is true, but they had plenty to eat and drink, and soon began to recover flesh and vigor. In a little while, however, their enjoyment of this good cheer met with a sudden check, for the unfortunate Valdivia, and four of his companions, were singled out by the cacique, on account of their improved condition, to be offered up to his idols. The natives of this coast, in fact, were cannibals, devouring the flesh of their enemies, and of such strangers as fell into their hands. The wretched Valdivia and his fellow-victims, therefore, were sacrificed in the bloody temple of the idol, and their limbs were afterwards served up at a grand feast held by the cacique and his subjects.

The horror of the survivors may be more readily imagined than described. Their hearts died within them when they heard the yells and howlings of the savages over their victims, and the still more horrible revelry of their cannibal orgies. They turned with loathing from the food set so abundantly before them, at the idea that it was but intended to fatten them for a future banquet.

Recovering from the first stupor of alarm, their despair lent them additional force. They succeeded in breaking

in the night from the kind of cage in which they were confined, and fled to the depths of the forest. Here they wandered about forlorn, exposed to all the dangers and miseries of the wilderness; famished with hunger, yet dreading to approach the haunts of men. At length their sufferings drove them forth from the woods into another part of the country, where they were again taken captive. The cacique of this province, however, was an enemy to the one from whom they had escaped, and of less cruel propensities. He spared their lives, and contented himself with making them slaves, exacting from them the severest labor. They had to cut and draw wood, to procure water from a distance, and to carry enormous burdens. The cacique died soon after their capture, and was succeeded by another called Taxmar. He was a chief of some talent and sagacity, but he continued the same rigorous treatment of the captives. By degrees they sank beneath the hardships of their lot, until only two were left; one of them a sturdy sailor, named Gonzalo Guerrero, the other a kind of clerical adventurer, named Jeronimo de Aguilar. The sailor had the good luck to be transferred to the service of the cacique of the neighboring province of Chatemal, by whom he was treated with kindness. Being a thorough son of the ocean, seasoned to all weathers, and ready for any chance or change, he soon accommodated himself to his new situation, followed the cacique to the wars, rose by his hardihood and prowess to be a distinguished warrior,

and succeeded in gaining the heart and hand of an Indian princess.

The other survivor, Jeronimo de Aguilar, was of a different complexion. He was a native of Ecija, in Andalusia, and had been brought up to the church, and regularly ordained, and shortly afterwards had sailed in one of the expeditions to San Domingo, whence he had passed to Darien.

He proceeded in a different mode from that adopted by his comrade, the sailor, in his dealings with the Indians, and in one more suited to his opposite calling. Instead of playing the hero among the men, and the gallant among the women, he recollected his priestly obligations to humility and chastity. Accordingly, he made himself a model of meekness and obedience to the cacique and his warriors, while he closed his eyes to the charms of the infidel women. Nay, in the latter respect, he reinforced his clerical vows by a solemn promise to God to resist all temptations of the flesh, so he might be delivered out of the hands of these Gentiles.

Such were the opposite measures of the sailor and the saint, and they appear to have been equally successful. Aguilar, by his meek obedience to every order, however arbitrary and capricious, gradually won the good will of the cacique and his family. Taxmar, however, subjected him to many trials before he admitted him to his entire confidence. One day when the Indians, painted and decorated in warlike style, were shooting at a mark, a war-

rior, who had for some time fixed his eyes on Aguilar, approached suddenly, and seized him by the arm. "Thou seest," said he, "the certainty of these archers; if they aim at the eye, they hit the eye—if at the mouth, they hit the mouth—what wouldst thou think, if thou wert to be placed instead of the mark, and they were to shoot at and miss thee?"

Aguilar secretly trembled lest he should be the victim of some cruel caprice of the kind. Dissembling his fears, however, he replied with great submission, "I am your slave, and you may do with me as you please; but you are too wise to destroy a slave who is so useful and obedient." His answer pleased the cacique, who had secretly sent his warrior to try his humility.

Another trial of the worthy Jeronimo was less stern and fearful indeed, but equally perplexing. The cacique had remarked his unexampled discretion with respect to the sex, but doubted his sincerity. After laying many petty temptations in his way, which Jeronimo resisted with the self-denial of a saint, he at length determined to subject him to a fiery ordeal. He accordingly sent him on a fishing expedition, accompanied by a buxom damsel of fourteen years of age: they were to pass the night by the sea-side, so as to be ready to fish at the first dawn of day, and were allowed but one hammock to sleep in. It was an embarrassing predicament—not apparently to the Indian beauty, but certainly to the scrupulous Jeronimo. He remembered, however, his double vow, and, suspend-

ing his hammock to two trees, resigned it to his companion; while, lighting a fire on the sea-shore, he stretched himself before it on the sand. It was, as he acknowledged, a night of fearful trial, for his sandy couch was cold and cheerless, the hammock warm and tempting; and the infidel damsel had been instructed to assail him with all manner of blandishments and reproaches. His resolution, however, though often shaken, was never overcome; and the morning dawned upon him still faithful to his vow.

The fishing over, he returned to the residence of the cacique, where his companion being closely questioned, made known the triumph of his self-denial before all the people. From that time forward he was held in great respect; the cacique especially treated him with unlimited confidence, intrusting to him the care, not merely of his house, but of his wives, during his occasional absence.

Aguilar now felt ambitious of rising to greater consequence among the savages, but this he knew was only to be done by deeds of arms. He had the example of the sturdy seaman, Gonzalo Guerrero, before his eyes, who had become a great captain in the province in which he resided. He entreated Taxmar, therefore, to intrust him with bow and arrows, buckler and war-club, and to enroll him among his warriors. The cacique complied. Aguilar soon made himself expert at his new weapons, signalized himself repeatedly in battle, and, from his superior

knowledge of the arts of war, rendered Taxmar such essential service as to excite the jealousy of some of the neighboring caciques. One of them remonstrated with Taxmar for employing a warrior who was of a different religion, and insisted that Aguilar should be sacrificed to their gods. "No," replied Taxmar, "I will not make so base a return for such signal services: surely the gods of Aguilar must be good, since they aid him so effectually in maintaining a just cause."

The cacique was so incensed at this reply, that he assembled his warriors and marched to make war upon Taxmar. Many of the counsellors of the latter urged him to give up the stranger who was the cause of his hostility. Taxmar, however, rejected their counsel with disdain, and prepared for battle. Aguilar assured him that his faith in the Christians' God would be rewarded with victory; he, in fact, concerted a plan of battle, which was adopted. Concealing himself, with a chosen band of warriors, among thickets and herbage, he suffered the enemy to pass by in making their attack. Taxmar and his host pretended to give way at the first onset. The foe rushed heedlessly in pursuit; whereupon Aguilar and his ambuscade assaulted them in the rear. Taxmar turned upon them in front; they were thrown into confusion, routed with great slaughter, and many of their chiefs taken prisoners. This victory gave Taxmar the sway over the land, and strengthened Aguilar more than ever in his good graces.

Several years had elapsed in this manner, when intelligence was brought to the province of the arrival on the neighboring coast of great vessels of wonderful construction, filled with white and bearded men, who fought with thunder and lightning. It was, in fact, the squadron of Francisco Hernandez de Cordova, then on a voyage of discovery. The tidings of this strange invasion spread consternation through the country, heightened, if we may credit the old Spanish writers, by a prophecy current among the savages of these parts, and uttered in former times by a priest named Chilam Cambal, who foretold that a white and bearded people would come from the region of the rising sun, who would overturn their idols, and subjugate the land.

The heart of Jeronimo de Aguilar beat quick with hope when he heard of European ships at hand; he was distant from the coast, however, and perceived that he was too closely watched by the Indians to have any chance of escape. Dissembling his feelings, therefore, he affected to hear of the ships with perfect indifference, and to have no desire to join the strangers. The ships disappeared from the coast, and he remained disconsolate at heart, but was regarded with increased confidence by the natives.

His hopes were again revived in the course of a year or two by the arrival on the coast of other ships, which were those commanded by Juan de Grijalva, who coasted Yucatan in 1518; Aguilar, however, was again prevented

by the jealous watchfulness of the Indians from attempting his escape, and when this squadron left the coast he considered all chance of deliverance at an end.

Seven years had gone by since his capture, and he had given up all hopes of being restored to his country and friends, when, in 1519, there arrived one day at the village three Indians, natives of the small island of Cozumel, which lies a few leagues in the sea, opposite the eastern coast of Yucatan. They brought tidings of another visit of white and bearded men to their shores, and one of them delivered a letter to Aguilar, which, being entirely naked, he had concealed in the long tresses of his hair which were bound round his head.

Aguilar received the letter with wonder and delight, and read it in presence of the cacique and his warriors. It proved to be from Hernando Cortez, who was at that time on his great expedition, which ended in the conquest of Mexico. He had been obliged by stress of weather, to anchor at the island of Cozumel, where he learned from the natives that several white men were entertained in captivity among the Indians on the neighboring coast of Yucatan. Finding it impossible to approach the main-land with his ships, he prevailed upon three of the islanders, by means of gifts and promises, to venture upon an embassy among their cannibal neighbors, and to convey a letter to the captive white men. Two of the smallest caravels of the squadron were sent under the command of Diego de Ordas, who was ordered

to land the three messengers at the point of Cotoche, and to wait there eight days for their return.

The letter brought by these envoys informed the Christian captives of the force and destination of the squadron of Cortez, and of his having sent the caravels to wait for them at the point of Cotoche, with a ransom for their deliverance, inviting them to hasten and join him at Cozumel.

The transport of Aguilar on first reading the letter, was moderated when he reflected on the obstacles that might prevent him from profiting by this chance of deliverance. He had made himself too useful to the cacique to hope that he would readily give him his liberty, and he knew the jealous and irritable nature of the savages too well, not to fear that even an application for leave to depart might draw upon him the severest treatment. He endeavored, therefore, to operate upon the cacique through his apprehensions. To this end he informed him that the piece of paper which he held in his hand brought him a full account of the mighty armament that had arrived on the coast. He described the number of ships and various particulars concerning the squadron, all of which were amply corroborated by the testimony of the messengers. The cacique and his warriors were astonished at this strange mode of conveying intelligence from a distance, and regarded the letter as something mysterious and supernatural. Aguilar went on to relate the tremendous and superhuman powers of the

people in these ships, who, armed with thunder and lightning, wreaked destruction on all who displeased them, while they dispensed inestimable gifts and benefits on such as proved themselves their friends. He, at the same time, spread before the cacique various presents brought by the messengers, as specimens of the blessings to be expected from the friendship of the strangers. The intimation was effectual. The cacique was filled with awe at the recital of the terrific powers of the white men, and his eyes were dazzled by the glittering trinkets displayed before him. He entreated Aguilar, therefore, to act as his ambassador and mediator, and to secure him the amity of the strangers.

Aguilar saw with transport the prospect of a speedy deliverance. In this moment of exultation, he bethought himself of the only surviving comrade of his past fortunes, Gonzalo Guerrero, and, sending the letter of Cortez to him, invited him to accompany him in his escape. The sturdy seaman was at this time a great chieftain in his province, and his Indian bride had borne him a numerous progeny. His heart, however, yearned after his native country, and he might have been tempted to leave his honors and dignities, his infidel wife and half-savage offspring behind him, but an insuperable, though somewhat ludicrous, obstacle presented itself to his wishes. Having long since given over all expectation of a return to civilized life, he had conformed to the customs of the country, and had adopted the external signs and decora-

tions that marked him as a warrior and a man of rank. His face and hands were indelibly painted or tattooed; his ears and lips were slit to admit huge Indian ornaments, and his nose was drawn down almost to his mouth by a massy ring of gold, and a dangling jewel.

Thus curiously garbled and disfigured, the honest seaman felt, that, however he might be admired in Yucatan, he should be apt to have a hooting rabble at his heels in Spain. He made up his mind, therefore, to remain a great man among the savages, rather than run the risk of being shown as a man-monster at home.

Finding that he declined accompanying him, Jeronimo de Aguilar set off for the point of Cotoche, escorted by three Indians. The time he had lost in waiting for Guerrero had nearly proved fatal to his hopes, for when he arrived at the point, the caravels sent by Cortez had departed, though several crosses of reeds set up in different places gave tokens of the recent presence of Christians.

The only hope that remained was, that the squadron of Cortez might yet linger at the opposite island of Cozumel; but how was he to get there? While wandering disconsolately along the shore, he found a canoe, half buried in sand and water, with one side in a state of decay; with the assistance of the Indians he cleaned it, and set it afloat, and on looking further, found the stave of a hogshead which might serve for a paddle. It was a frail embarkation in which to cross an arm of the sea, several

leagues wide, but there was no alternative. Prevailing on the Indians to accompany him, he launched forth in the canoe, and coasted the main-land until he came to the narrowest part of the strait, where it was but four leagues across; here he stood directly for Cozumel, contending, as well as he was able, with a strong current, and at length succeeded in reaching the island.

He had scarce landed when a party of Spaniards, who had been lying in wait, rushed forth from their concealment, sword in hand. The three Indians would have fled, but Aguilar reassured them, and calling out to the Spaniards in their own language, assured them that he was a Christian. Then, throwing himself on his knees, and raising his eyes streaming with tears to heaven, he gave thanks to God for having restored him to his countrymen.

The Spaniards gazed at him with astonishment: from his language he was evidently a Castilian, but to all appearance he was an Indian. He was perfectly naked; wore his hair braided round his head in the manner of the country, and his complexion was burnt by the sun to a tawny color. He had a bow in his hand, a quiver at his shoulder, and a net-work pouch at his side, in which he carried his provisions.

The Spaniards proved to be a reconnoitring party sent out by Cortez to watch the approach of the canoe, which had been described coming from Yucatan. Cortez had given up all hopes of being joined by the captives, the

caravels having waited the allotted time at Cotoche, and returned without news of them. He had in fact made sail to prosecute his voyage, but fortunately one of his ships sprung a leak, which obliged him to return to the island.

When Jeronimo de Aguilar and his companions arrived in presence of Cortez, who was surrounded by his officers, they made a profound reverence, squatted on the ground, laid their bows and arrows beside them, and touching their right hands, wet with spittle on the ground, rubbed them about the region of the heart, such being their sign of the most devoted submission.

Cortez greeted Aguilar with a hearty welcome, and raising him from the earth, took from his own person a large yellow mantle lined with crimson, and threw it over his shoulders. The latter, however, had for so long a time gone entirely naked, that even this scanty covering was at first almost insupportable, and he had become so accustomed to the diet of the natives, that he found it difficult to reconcile his stomach to the meat and drink set before him.

When he had sufficiently recovered from the agitation of his arrival among Christians, Cortez drew from him the particulars of his story, and found that he was related to one of his own friends, the licentiate Marcos de Aguilar. He treated him, therefore, with additional kindness and respect, and retained him about his person, to aid him as an interpreter in his great Mexican expedition.

The happiness of Jeronimo de Aguilar at once more being restored to his countrymen, was doomed to suffer some alloy from the disasters that had happened in his family. Peter Martyr records a touching anecdote of the effect produced upon his mother by the tidings of his misfortune. A vague report reached her in Spain, that her son had fallen into the hands of cannibals. All the horrible tales concerning the treatment of these savages to their prisoners rushed to her imagination, and she went distracted. Whenever she beheld roasted meat, or flesh upon the spit, she would fill the house with her outcries. "Oh, wretched mother! oh, most miserable of women!" would she exclaim; "behold the limbs of my murdered son!" *

It is to be hoped that the tidings of his deliverance had a favorable effect upon her intellects, and that she lived to rejoice at his after fortunes. He served Hernando Cortez with great courage and ability throughout his Mexican conquests, acting sometimes as a soldier, sometimes as interpreter and ambassador to the Indians, and in reward of his fidelity and services, was appointed regidor, or civil governor of the city of Mexico.

* Peter Martyr, decad. iv. cap. 6.

MICER CODRO, THE ASTROLOGER.

THE fate of the Italian astrologer, Micer Codro, who predicted the end of Vasco Nuñez, is related by the historian Oviedo, with some particulars that border upon the marvelous. It appears that, after the death of his patron, he continued for several years rambling about the New World, in the train of the Spanish discoverers; but intent upon studying the secrets of its natural history, rather than searching after its treasures.

In the course of his wanderings he was once coasting the shores of the Southern Ocean, in a ship commanded by one Geronimo de Valenzuela, from whom he received such cruel treatment as to cause his death, though what the nature of the treatment was, we are not precisely informed.

Finding his end approaching, the unfortunate astrologer addressed Valenzuela in the most solemn manner: "Captain," said he, "you have caused my death by your cruelty; I now summon you to appear with me, within a year, before the judgment-seat of God!"

The captain made a light and scoffing answer, and treated his summons with contempt.

They were then off the coast of Veragua, near the verdant islands of Zebaco, which lie at the entrance of the Gulf of Parita or Paria. The poor astrologer gazed wistfully with his dying eyes upon the green and shady groves, and entreated the pilot or mate of the caravel to land him on one of the islands, that he might die in peace. "Micer Codro," replied the pilot, "those are not islands, but points of land: there are no islands hereabout."

"There are, indeed," replied the astrologer, "two good and pleasant islands, well watered, and near to the coast, and within them is a great bay with a harbor. Land me, I pray you, upon one of these islands, that I may have comfort in my dying hour."

The pilot, whose rough nature had been touched with pity for the condition of the unfortunate astrologer, listened to his prayer, and conveyed him to the shore, where he found the opinion he had given of the character of the coast to be correct. He laid him on the herbage in the shade, where the poor wanderer soon expired. The pilot then dug a grave at the foot of a tree, where he buried him with all possible decency, and carved a cross on the bark to mark the grave.

Some time afterwards, Oviedo, the historian, was on the island with this very pilot, who showed him the cross on the tree, and gave his honest testimony to the good

character and worthy conduct of Micer Codro. Oviedo, as he regarded the nameless grave, passed the eulogium of a scholar upon the poor astrologer; "He died," says he, "like Pliny, in the discharge of his duties, travelling about the world to explore the secrets of nature." According to his account, the prediction of Micer Codro held good with respect to Valenzuela, as it had in the case of Vasco Nuñez.—The captain died within the term in which he had summoned him to appear before the tribunal of God! *

* Vide Oviedo, Hist. Gen., lib. xxxix. cap. 2.

JUAN PONCE DE LEON,

CONQUEROR OF PORTO RICO, AND DISCOVERER OF FLORIDA.

CHAPTER I.

RECONNOITRING EXPEDITION OF JUAN PONCE DE LEON TO THE ISLAND OF BORIQUEN.

[1508.]

MANY years had elapsed since the discovery and colonization of Hayti, yet its neighboring island of Boriquen, or as the Spaniards called it, St. Juan, (since named Porto Rico,) remained unexplored. It was beautiful to the eye as beheld from the sea, having lofty mountains, clothed with forest trees of prodigious size and magnificent foliage. There were broad, fertile valleys also, always fresh and green; for the frequent showers and abundant streams, in these latitudes, and the absence of all wintry frosts, produce a perpetual verdure. Various ships had occasionally touched at the island, but their crews had never penetrated into the

interior. It was evident, however, from the number of hamlets and scattered houses, and the smoke rising in all directions from among the trees, that it was well peopled. The inhabitants still continued to enjoy their life of indolence and freedom, unmolested by the ills that overwhelmed the neighboring island of Hayti. The time had arrived, however, when they were to share the common lot of their fellow savages, and to sink beneath the yoke of the white man.

At the time when Nicholas de Ovando, governor of Hispaniola, undertook to lay waste the great province of Higuey, which lay at the eastern end of Hayti, he sent, as commander of part of the troops, a veteran soldier, named Juan Ponce de Leon. He was a native of Leon in Spain, and in his boyhood had been page to Pedro Nuñez de Guzman, Señor of Toral.* From an early age he had been schooled to war, and had served in various campaigns against the Moors of Granada. He accompanied Columbus in his second voyage in 1493, and was afterwards, it is said, one of the partisans of Francisco Roldan, in his rebellion against the admiral. Having distinguished himself in various battles with the Indians, and acquired a name for sagacity as well as valor, he received a command subordinate to Juan de Esquibel in the campaign against Higuey, and seconded his chief so valiantly in that sanguinary expedition, that, after the

* Incas, Garcilaso de la Vega, Hist. Florida, tom. iv. cap. 37.

subjugation of the province, he was appointed to the command of it, as lieutenant of the governor of Hispaniola.

Juan Ponce de Leon had all the impatience of quiet life and the passion for exploit of a veteran campaigner. He had not been long in the tranquil command of his province of Higuey, before he began to cast a wistful eye towards the green mountains of Boriquen. They were directly opposite, and but twelve or fourteen leagues distant, so as to be distinctly seen in the transparent atmosphere of the tropics. The Indians of the two islands frequently visited each other, and in this way Juan Ponce received the usual intelligence, that the mountains he had eyed so wistfully abounded with gold. He readily obtained permission from Governor Ovando to make an expedition to this island, and embarked in the year 1508 in a caravel, with a few Spaniards, and several Indian interpreters and guides.

After an easy voyage, he landed on the woody shores of the island, near to the residence of the principal cacique, Agueybanà. He found the chieftain seated, in patriarchal style, under the shade of his native groves, and surrounded by his family, consisting of his mother, step-father, brother, and sister, who vied with each other in paying homage to the strangers. Juan Ponce, in fact, was received into the bosom of the family, and the cacique exchanged names with him, which is the Indian pledge of perpetual amity. Juan Ponce also gave Chris-

tian names to the mother and step-father of the cacique, and would fain have baptized them, but they declined the ceremony, though they always took a pride in the names thus given them.

In the zeal to gratify his guests, the cacique took them to various parts of the island. They found the interior to correspond with the external appearance. It was wild and mountainous, but magnificently wooded, with deep rich valleys fertilized by limpid streams. Juan Ponce requested the cacique to reveal to him the riches of the island. The simple Indian showed him his most productive fields of Yuca, groves laden with delicious fruit, the sweetest and purest fountains, and the coolest runs of water.

Ponce de Leon heeded but little these real blessings, and demanded whether the island produced no gold. Upon this the cacique conducted him to two rivers, the Manatuabon and the Zebuco, where the very pebbles seemed richly veined with gold, and large grains shone among the sands through the limpid water. Some of the largest of these were gathered by the Indians, and given to the Spaniards. The quantity thus procured confirmed the hopes of Juan Ponce; and leaving several of his companions in the house of the hospitable cacique, he returned to Hayti to report the success of his expedition. He presented the specimens of gold to the governor Ovando, who assayed them in a crucible. The ore was not so fine as that of Hispaniola, but, as it was supposed

to exist in greater quantities, the governor determined on the subjugation of the island, and confided the enterprise to Juan Ponce de Leon.

CHAPTER II.

JUAN PONCE ASPIRES TO THE GOVERNMENT OF PORTO RICO.

[1509.]

THE natives of Boriquen were more warlike than those of Hispaniola; being accustomed to the use of arms from the necessity of repelling the frequent invasions of the Caribs. It was supposed, therefore, that the conquest of their island would be attended with some difficulty; and Juan Ponce de Leon made another, and as it were, a preparatory visit, to make himself acquainted with the country, and with the nature and resources of the inhabitants. He found the companions whom he had left there on his former visit, in good health and spirits, and full of gratitude towards the cacique Agueybanà, who had treated them with undiminished hospitality. There appeared to be no need of violence to win the island from such simple-hearted and confiding people. Juan Ponce flattered himself with the hopes of being appointed to its government by Ovando, and of bringing it peaceably into subjection. After remaining some time on the island, he returned to San Domingo to seek the desired appoint-

ment, but, to his surprise, found the whole face of affairs had changed during his absence.

His patron, the governor Ovando, had been recalled to Spain, and Don Diego Columbus, son of the renowned discoverer, appointed in his place to the command of San Domingo. To add to the perplexities of Juan Ponce, a cavalier had already arrived from Spain, empowered by the king to form a settlement and build a fortress on the island of Porto Rico. His name was Christoval de Sotomayor; he was brother to the Count of Camina, and had been secretary to Philip I. surnamed the Handsome, King of Castile and father of Charles V.

Don Diego Columbus was highly displeased with the act of the king in granting these powers to Sotomayor, as it had been done without his knowledge and consent, and of course in disregard of his prerogative as viceroy, to be consulted as to all appointments made within his jurisdiction. He refused, therefore, to put Sotomayor in possession of the island. He paid as little respect to the claims of Juan Ponce de Leon, whom he regarded with an ungracious eye as a favorite of his predecessor Ovando. To settle the matter effectually, he exerted what he considered his official and hereditary privilege, and chose officers to suit himself, appointing one Juan Ceron to the government of Porto Rico, and Miguel Diaz to serve as his lieutenant.*

* If the reader has perused the history of Columbus, he may remember the romantic adventure of this Miguel Diaz with a female cacique, which led to the discovery of the gold mines of Hayna, and the founding of the city of San Domingo.

Juan Ponce de Leon, and his rival candidate Christoval de Sotomayor, bore their disappointment with a good grace. Though the command was denied them, they still hoped to improve their fortunes on the island, and accordingly joined the crowd of adventurers that accompanied the newly appointed governor.

New changes soon took place in consequence of the jealousies and misunderstandings between King Ferdinand and the admiral as to points of privilege. The former still seemed disposed to maintain the right of making appointments without consulting Don Diego, and exerted it in the present instance; for when Ovando, on his return to Spain, made favorable representation of the merits of Juan Ponce de Leon, and set forth his services in exploring Porto Rico, the king appointed him governor of that island, and signified specifically that Don Diego Columbus should not presume to displace him.

CHAPTER III.

JUAN PONCE RULES WITH A STRONG HAND.—EXASPERATION OF THE INDIANS.—THEIR EXPERIMENT TO PROVE WHETHER THE SPANIARDS WERE MORTAL.

Juan Ponce de Leon assumed the command of the island of Boriquen in the year 1509. Being a fiery, high-handed old soldier, his first step was to quarrel with Juan Ceron and Miguel Diaz, the ex-gover-

nor and his lieutenant, and to send them prisoners to Spain.*

He was far more favorable to his late competitor Christoval de Sotomayor. Finding him to be a cavalier of noble blood and high connections, yet void of pretension, and of most accommodating temper, he offered to make him his lieutenant, and to give him the post of alcalde mayor, an offer which was very thankfully accepted.

The pride of rank, however, which follows a man even into the wilderness, soon interfered with the quiet of Sotomayor; he was ridiculed for descending so much below his birth and dignity, as to accept a subaltern situation to a simple gentleman in the island which he had originally aspired to govern. He could not withstand these sneers, but resigned his appointment, and remained on the island as a private individual; establishing himself in a village where he had a large repartimiento, or allotment of Indians, assigned to him by a grant from the king.

Juan Ponce fixed his seat of government in a town called Caparra, which he founded on the northern side of the island, about a league from the sea, in a neighborhood supposed to abound in gold. It was in front of the port called Rico, which subsequently gave its name to the island. The road to the town was up a mountain, through a dense forest, and so rugged and miry that it

* Herrera, decad. i. lib. vii. cap. 13.

was the bane of man and beast. It cost more to convey provisions and merchandise up this league of mountain, than it did to bring them from Spain.

Juan Ponce, being firmly seated in his government, began to carve and portion out the island, to found towns, and to distribute the natives into repartimientos, for the purpose of exacting their labor.

The poor Indians soon found the difference between the Spaniards as guests, and the Spaniards as masters. They were driven to despair by the heavy tasks imposed upon them; for to their free spirits and indolent habits, restraint and labor were worse than death. Many of the most hardy and daring proposed a general insurrection, and a massacre of their oppressors; the great mass, however, were deterred by the belief that the Spaniards were supernatural beings, and could not be killed.

A shrewd and skeptical cacique, named Brayoan, determined to put their immortality to the test. Hearing that a young Spaniard, named Salzedo, was passing through his lands, he sent a party of his subjects to escort him, giving them secret instructions how they were to act. On coming to a river, they took Salzedo on their shoulders to carry him across, but when in the midst of the stream, they let him fall, and throwing themselves upon him, pressed him under water until he was drowned. Then dragging his body to the shore, and still doubting his being dead, they wept and howled over him, making a thousand apologies for having

fallen upon him, and kept him so long beneath the surface.

The cacique Brayoan came to examine the body, and pronounced it lifeless; but the Indians, still fearing it might possess lurking immortality, and ultimately revive, kept watch over it for three days, until it showed incontestable signs of putrefaction.

Being now convinced that the strangers were mortal men, like themselves, they readily entered into a general conspiracy to destroy them.*

CHAPTER IV.

CONSPIRACY OF THE CACIQUES.—FATE OF SOTOMAYOR.

THE prime mover of the conspiracy among the natives was Agueybanà, brother and successor to the hospitable cacique of the same name, who had first welcomed the Spaniards to the island, and who had fortunately closed his eyes in peace, before his native groves were made the scenes of violence and oppression. The present cacique had fallen within the repartimiento of Don Christoval de Sotomayor, and, though treated by the cavalier with kindness, could never reconcile his proud spirit to the yoke of vassalage.

* Herrera, decad. i. lib. viii. cap. 13.

Agueybanà held secret councils with his confederate caciques, in which they concerted a plan of operations. As the Spaniards were scattered about in different places, it was agreed that, at a certain time, each cacique should despatch those within his province. In arranging the massacre of those within his own dominions, Agueybanà assigned to one of his inferior caciques the task of surprising the village of Sotomayor, giving him 3000 warriors for the purpose. He was to assail the village in the dead of night, to set fire to the houses, and to slaughter all the inhabitants. He proudly, however, reserved to himself the honor of killing Don Christoval with his own hand.

Don Christoval had an unsuspected friend in the very midst of his enemies. Being a cavalier of gallant appearance and amiable and courteous manners, he had won the affections of an Indian princess, the sister of the cacique Agueybanà. She had overheard enough of the war-council of her brother and his warriors, to learn that Sotomayor was in danger. The life of her lover was more precious in her eyes than the safety of her brother and her tribe; hastening, therefore, to him, she told him all that she knew or feared, and warned him to be upon his guard. Sotomayor appears to have been of the most easy and incautious nature, void of all evil and deceit himself, and slow to suspect anything of the kind in others. He considered the apprehension of the princess as dictated by her fond anxiety, and neglected to profit by her warning.

He received, however, about the same time, information from a different quarter; tending to the same point. A Spaniard, versed in the language and customs of the natives, had observed a number gathering together one evening, painted and decorated, as if for battle. Suspecting some lurking mischief, he stripped and painted himself in their manner, and, favored by the obscurity of the night, succeeded in mingling among them undiscovered. They were assembled round a fire, performing one of their mystic war-dances, to the chant of an areyto or legendary ballad. The strophes and responses treated of revenge and slaughter, and repeatedly mentioned the death of Sotomayor.

The Spaniard withdrew unperceived, and hastened to apprise Don Christoval of his danger. The latter still made light of these repeated warnings; revolving them, however, in his mind in the stillness of the night, he began to feel some uneasiness, and determined to repair in the morning to Juan Ponce de Leon, in his stronghold at Caparra. With his fated heedlessness or temerity, however, he applied to Agueybanà for Indians to carry his baggage, and departed slightly armed, and accompanied by but three Spaniards, although he had to pass through close and lonely forests, where he would be at the mercy of any treacherous or lurking foe.

The cacique watched the departure of his intended victim, and set out early shortly afterwards, dogging his steps at a distance through the forest, accompanied by a

few chosen warriors. Agueybanà and his party had not proceeded far, when they met a Spaniard named Juan Gonzalez, who spoke the Indian language. They immediately assailed him, and wounded him in several places. He threw himself at the feet of the cacique, imploring his life in the most abject terms. The chief spared him for the moment, being eager to make sure of Don Christoval. He overtook that incautious cavalier in the very heart of the woodland, and stealing silently upon him, burst forth suddenly with his warriors from the covert of the thickets, giving the fatal war-whoop. Before Sotomayor could put himself upon his guard, a blow from the war-club of the cacique felled him to the earth, when he was quickly despatched by repeated blows. The four Spaniards who accompanied him shared his fate, being assailed, not merely by the warriors who had come in pursuit of them, but by their own Indian guides.

When Agueybanà had glutted his vengeance on this unfortunate cavalier, he returned in quest of Juan Gonzalez. The latter, however, had recovered sufficiently from his wounds to leave the place where he had been assailed, and, dreading the return of the savages, had climbed into a tree and concealed himself among the branches. From thence, with trembling anxiety, he watched his pursuers as they searched all the surrounding forest for him. Fortunately they did not think of looking up into the trees, but, after beating the bushes

for some time, gave up the search. Though he saw them depart, he did not venture from his concealment until the night had closed; he then descended from the tree, and made the best of his way to the residence of certain Spaniards, where his wounds were dressed. When this was done he waited not to take repose, but repaired by a circuitous route to Caparra, and informed Juan Ponce de Leon of the danger he supposed to be still impending over Sotomayor, for he knew not that the enemy had accomplished his death. Juan Ponce immediately sent out forty men to his relief. They came to the scene of massacre, where they found the body of the unfortunate cavalier, partly buried, but with the feet out of the earth.

In the meantime the savages had accomplished the destruction of the village of Sotomayor. They approached it unperceived, through the surrounding forest, and entering it in the dead of the night, set fire to the straw-thatched houses, and attacked the Spaniards as they endeavored to escape from the flames.

Several were slain at the onset, but a brave Spaniard, named Diego de Salazar, rallied his countrymen, inspirited them to beat off the enemy, and succeeded in conducting the greater part of them, though sorely mangled and harassed, to the stronghold of the governor of Caparra. Scarcely had these fugitives gained the fortress, when others came hurrying in from all quarters, bringing similar tales of conflagration and massacre. For once a general insurrection, so often planned in savage

life against the domination of the white men, was crowned with success. All the villages founded by the Spaniards had been surprised, about a hundred of their inhabitants destroyed, and the survivors driven to take refuge in a beleaguered fortress.

CHAPTER V.

WAR OF JUAN PONCE WITH THE CACIQUE AGUEYBANÀ.

Juan Ponce de Leon might now almost be considered a governor without territories, and a general without soldiers. His villages were smoking ruins, and his whole force did not amount to a hundred men, several of whom were disabled by their wounds. He had an able and implacable foe in Agueybanà, who took the lead of all the other caciques, and even sent envoys to the Caribs of the neighboring islands, entreating them to forget all ancient animosities, and to make common cause against these strangers—the deadly enemies of the whole Indian race. In the meantime the whole of this wild island was in rebellion, and the forests around the fortress of Caparra rang with the whoops and yells of the savages, the blasts of their war conchs, and the stormy roaring of their drums.

Juan Ponce was a stanch and wary old soldier, and not easily daunted. He remained grimly ensconced within

his fortress, whence he despatched messengers in all haste to Hispaniola, imploring immediate assistance. In the meantime, he tasked his wits to divert the enemy, and keep them at bay. He divided his little force into three bodies of about thirty men each, under the command of Diego Salazar, Miguel de Toro, and Luis de Anasco, and sent them out alternately to make surprises and assaults, to form ambuscades, and to practice the other stratagems of partisan warfare, which he had learnt in early life, in his campaigns against the Moors of Granada.

One of his most efficient warriors was a dog named Berezillo, renowned for courage, strength, and sagacity. It is said that he could distinguish those of the Indians who were allies, from those who were enemies of the Spaniards. To the former he was docile and friendly, to the latter fierce and implacable. He was the terror of the natives, who were unaccustomed to powerful and ferocious animals, and did more service in this wild warfare, than could have been rendered by several soldiers. His prowess was so highly appreciated, that his master received for him the pay, allowance, and share of booty, assigned to a cross-bowman, which was the highest stipend given.*

* This famous dog was killed some years afterwards by a poisoned arrow, as he was swimming in the sea in pursuit of a Carib Indian. He left, however, a numerous progeny and a great name behind him ; and his merits and exploits were long a favorite theme among the Spanish colonists. He was father to the renowned Leoncico, the faithful dog of Vasco Nuñez, which resembled him in looks and equaled him in prowess.

At length the stout old cavalier Juan Ponce was reinforced in his stronghold, by troops from Hispaniola, whereupon he sallied forth boldly to take revenge upon those who had thus held him in a kind of durance. His foe, Agueybanà, was at that time encamped in his own territories with more than five thousand warriors, but in a negligent and unwatchful state, for he knew nothing of the reinforcements of the Spaniards, and supposed Juan Ponce shut up with his handful of men in Caparra. The old soldier, therefore, took him completely by surprise, and routed him with great slaughter. Indeed, it is said the Indians were struck with a kind of panic when they saw the Spaniards as numerous as ever, notwithstanding the number they had massacred. Their belief in their immortality revived, they fancied that those whom they had slain had returned to life, and they despaired of victory over beings who could thus arise with renovated vigor from the grave. Various petty actions and skirmishes afterwards took place, in which the Indians were defeated. Agueybanà, however, disdained this petty warfare, and stirred up his countrymen to assemble their forces, and by one grand assault to decide the fate of themselves and their island. Juan Ponce received secret tidings of their intent, and of the place where they were assembling. He had at that time barely eighty men at his disposal, but they were cased in steel, and proof against the weapons of the savages. Without stopping to reflect, the high-mettled old cavalier put himself at their

head, and led them through the forest in quest of the foe.

It was nearly sunset when he came in sight of the Indian camp, and the multitude of warriors assembled there made him pause, and almost repent of his temerity. He was as shrewd, however, as he was hardy and resolute. Ordering some of his men in the advance to skirmish with the enemy, he hastily threw up a slight fortification with the assistance of the rest. When it was finished he withdrew his forces into it, and ordered them to keep merely on the defensive. The Indians made repeated attacks, but were as often repulsed with loss. Some of the Spaniards, impatient of this covert warfare, would sally forth in open field with pike and cross-bow, but were called back within the fortification by their wary commander.

The cacique Agueybanà was enraged at finding his host of warriors thus baffled and kept at bay by a mere handful of Spaniards. He beheld the night closing in, and feared that in the darkness the enemy would escape. Summoning his choicest warriors round him, therefore, he led the way in a general assault, when, as he approached the fortress, he received a mortal wound from an arquebuse, and fell dead upon the spot.

The Spaniards were not aware at first of the importance of the chief whom they had slain. They soon surmised it, however, from the confusion among the enemy,

who bore off the body with great lamentations, and made no further attack.

The wary Juan Ponce took advantage of the evident distress of the foe, to draw off his small forces in the night, happy to get out of the terrible jeopardy into which a rash confidence had betrayed him. Some of his fiery, spirited officers would have kept the field in spite of the overwhelming force of the enemy. "No, no," said the shrewd veteran; "it is better to protract the war than to risk all upon a single battle."

While Juan Ponce de Leon was fighting hard to maintain his sway over the island, his transient dignity was overturned by another power, against which the prowess of the old soldier was of no avail. King Ferdinand had repented of the step he had ill-advisedly taken, in superseding the governor and lieutenant governor appointed by Don Diego Columbus. He became convinced, though rather tardily, that it was an infringement of the rights of the admiral, and that policy, as well as justice, required him to retract it. When Juan Ceron and Miguel Diaz, therefore, came prisoners to Spain, he received them graciously, conferred many favors on them to atone for their rough ejectment from office, and finally, after some time, sent them back empowered to resume the command of the island. They were ordered, however, on no account to manifest rancor or ill-will against Ponce de Leon, or to interfere with any property he might hold, either in houses, lands, or Indians; but, on the

contrary, to cultivate the most friendly understanding with him. The king also wrote to the hardy veteran, explaining to him that his restitution of Ceron and Diaz had been determined upon in council, as a mere act of justice due to them, but was not intended as a censure upon his conduct, and that means should be sought to indemnify him for the loss of his command.

By the time that the governor and his lieutenant reached the island, Juan Ponce had completed its subjugation. The death of the island champion, the brave Agueybanà, had in fact been a death-blow to the natives, and shows how much, in savage warfare, depends upon a single chieftain. They never made head of war afterwards; but, dispersing among their forests and mountains, fell gradually under the power of the Spaniards. Their subsequent fate was like that of their neighbors of Hayti. They were employed in the labor of the mines, and in other rude toils so repugnant to their nature that they sank beneath them, and, in a little while, almost all the aboriginals disappeared from the island.

CHAPTER VI.

JUAN PONCE DE LEON HEARS OF A WONDERFUL COUNTRY AND MIRACULOUS FOUNTAIN.

JUAN PONCE DE LEON resigned the command of Porto Rico, with tolerable grace. The loss of one wild island

and wild government was of little moment, when there was a new world to be shared out, where a bold soldier like himself, with sword and buckler, might readily carve out new fortunes for himself. Besides, he had now amassed wealth to assist him in his plans, and, like many of the early discoverers, his brain was teeming with the most romantic enterprises. He had conceived the idea that there was yet a third world to be discovered, and he hoped to be the first to reach its shores, and thus secure a renown equal to that of Columbus.

While cogitating these things, and considering which way he should strike forth in the unexplored regions around him, he met with some old Indians, who gave him tidings of a country which promised, not merely to satisfy the cravings of his ambition, but to realize the fondest dreams of the poets. They assured him that, far to the north, there existed a land abounding in gold, and in all manner of delights; but, above all, possessing a river of such wonderful virtue, that whoever bathed in it would be restored to youth! They added, that in times past, before the arrival of the Spaniards, a large party of the natives of Cuba had departed northward in search of this happy land and this river of life, and, having never returned, it was concluded that they were flourishing in renovated youth, detained by the pleasures of that enchanting country.

Here was the dream of the alchemist realized! One had but to find this gifted land, and revel in the enjoy-

ment of boundless riches and perennial youth! Nay, some of the ancient Indians declared that it was not necessary to go so far in quest of these rejuvenating waters, for that, in a certain island of the Bahama group, called Bimini, which lay far out in the ocean, there was a fountain possessing the same marvelous and inestimable qualities.

Juan Ponce de Leon listened to these tales with fond credulity. He was advancing in life, and the ordinary term of existence seemed insufficient for his mighty plans. Could he but plunge into this marvelous fountain or gifted river, and come out with his battered, war-worn body restored to the strength and freshness and suppleness of youth, and his head still retaining the wisdom and knowledge of age, what enterprises might he not accomplish in the additional course of vigorous years insured to him!

It may seem incredible, at the present day, that a man of years and experience could yield any faith to a story which resembles the wild fiction of an Arabian tale; but the wonders and novelties breaking upon the world in that age of discovery, almost realized the illusions of fable, and the imaginations of the Spanish voyagers had become so heated, that they were capable of any stretch of credulity.

So fully persuaded was the worthy old cavalier of the existence of the region described to him, that he fitted out three ships at his own expense to prosecute the dis-

covery, nor had he any difficulty in finding adventurers in abundance ready to cruise with him in quest of this fairy-land.*

CHAPTER VII.

CRUISE OF JUAN PONCE DE LEON IN SEARCH OF THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

[1512.]

It was on the third of March, 1512, that Juan Ponce sailed with his three ships from the port of St. Germain in the island of Porto Rico. He kept for some distance along the coast of Hispaniola, and then, stretching away to the northward, made for the Bahama Islands, and

* It was not the credulous minds of voyagers and adventurers alone that were heated by these Indian traditions and romantic fables. Men of learning and eminence were likewise beguiled by them : witness the following extract from the second decad. of Peter Martyr, addressed to Leo X., then Bishop of Rome:—

"Among the islands on the north side of Hispaniola there is one about 325 leagues distant, as they say which have searched the same, in the which is a continual spring of running water, of such marvelous virtue, that the water thereof being drunk, perhaps with some diet, maketh olde men young again. And here I must make protestation to your holiness not to think this to be said lightly or rashly, for they have so spread this rumor for a truth throughout all the court, that not only all the people, but also many of them whom wisdom or fortune hath divided from the common sort, think it to be true ; but, if you will ask my opinion herein, I will answer, that I will not attribute so great power to nature, but that God hath no less reserved this prerogative to himself than to search the hearts of men," &c.—P. Martyr, decad. ii. cap. 10, Lok's translation.

soon fell in with the first of the group. He was favored with propitious weather and tranquil seas, and glided smoothly with wind and current along that verdant archipelago, visiting one island after another, until, on the fourteenth of the month, he arrived at Guanahani, or St. Salvador, where Christopher Columbus had first put his foot on the shores of the New World. His inquiries for the island of Bimini were all in vain, and as to the fountain of youth, he may have drunk of every fountain, and river, and lake, in the archipelago, even to the salt pools of Turk's Island, without being a whit the younger.

Still he was not discouraged; but, having repaired his ships, he again put to sea and shaped his course to the north-west. On Sunday, the 27th of March, he came in sight of what he supposed to be an island, but was prevented from landing by adverse weather. He continued hovering about it for several days, buffeted by the elements, until, in the night of the second of April, he succeeded in coming to anchor under the land, in thirty degrees eight minutes of latitude. The whole country was in the fresh bloom of spring; the trees were gay with blossoms, and the fields covered with flowers; from which circumstance, as well as from having discovered it on Palm Sunday (Pascua Florida), he gave it the name of Florida, which it retains to the present day. The Indian name of the country was Cautio.*

* Herrera, Hist. Ind., decad. i. lib. ix. cap. 10.

Juan Ponce landed, and took possession of the country in the name of the Castilian sovereigns. He afterwards continued for several weeks ranging the coast of this flowery land, and struggling against the Gulf Stream and the various currents which sweep it. He doubled Cape Cañaveral, and reconnoitred the southern and eastern shores without suspecting that this was a part of Terra Firma. In all his attempts to explore the country, he met with resolute and implacable hostility on the part of the natives, who appeared to be a fierce and warlike race. He was disappointed also in his hopes of finding gold, nor did any of the rivers or fountains which he examined possess the rejuvenating virtue. Convinced, therefore, that this was not the promised land of Indian tradition, he turned his prow homeward on the fourteenth of June, with the intention, in the way, of making one more attempt to find the island of Bimini.

In the outset of his return, he discovered a group of islets abounding with sea-fowl and marine animals. On one of them, his sailors, in the course of a single night, caught one hundred and seventy turtles, and might have taken many more had they been so inclined. They likewise took fourteen sea-wolves, and killed a vast quantity of pelicans and other birds. To this group Juan Ponce gave the name of the Tortugas, or Turtles, which they still retain.

Proceeding in his cruise, he touched at another group of islets near the Lucayos to whom he gave the name of

La Vieja, or the Old Woman group, because he found no inhabitant there but one old Indian woman.* This ancient sibyl he took on board his ship, to give him information about the labyrinth of islands into which he was entering, and perhaps he could not have had a more suitable guide in the eccentric quest he was making. Notwithstanding her pilotage, however, he was exceedingly baffled and perplexed in his return voyage among the Bahama Islands, for he was forcing his way as it were against the course of nature, and encountering the currents which sweep westward along these islands, and the trade-wind which accompanies them. For a long time he struggled with all kinds of difficulties and dangers; and was obliged to remain upwards of a month in one of the islands to repair the damages which his ship had suffered in a storm.

Disheartened at length by the perils and trials with which nature seemed to have beset the approach to Bimini, as to some fairy island in romance, he gave up the quest in person, and sent in his place a trusty captain, Juan Perez de Ortubia, who departed in one of the other ships, guided by the experienced old woman of the isles, and by another Indian. As to Juan Ponce, he made the best of his way back to Porto Rico, where he arrived infinitely poorer in purse, and wrinkled in brow, by this cruise after inexhaustible riches and perpetual youth.

* Herrera, decad. i. lib. ix.

He had not been long in port when his trusty envoy, Juan Perez, likewise arrived. Guided by the sage old woman, he had succeeded in finding the long-sought-for Bimini. He described it as being large, verdant, and covered with beautiful groves. There were crystal springs and limpid streams in abundance, which kept the island in perpetual verdure, but none that could restore to an old man the vernal greenness of his youth.

Thus ended the romantic expedition of Juan Ponce de Leon. Like many other pursuits of a chimera, it terminated in the acquisition of a substantial good. Though he had failed in finding the fairy fountain of youth, he had discovered in place of it the important country of Florida.*

CHAPTER VIII.

EXPEDITION OF JUAN PONCE AGAINST THE CARIBS.—HIS DEATH.

[1514.]

Juan Ponce de Leon now repaired to Spain, to make a report of his voyage to King Ferdinand. The hardy

* The belief of the existence, in Florida, of a river like that sought by Juan Ponce, was long prevalent among the Indians of Cuba, and the caciques were anxious to discover it. That a party of the natives of Cuba once went in search of it, and remained there, appears to be a fact, as their descendants were afterwards to be traced among the people of Florida. Las Casas says, that, even in his days, many persisted in seeking

old cavalier experienced much raillery from the witlings of the court, on account of his visionary voyage, though many wise men had been as credulous as himself at the outset. The king, however, received him with great favor, and conferred on him the title of Adelantado of Bimini and Florida, which last was as yet considered an island. Permission was also granted him to recruit men either in Spain or in the colonies, for a settlement in Florida; but he deferred entering on his command for the present, being probably discouraged and impoverished by the losses of his late expedition, or finding a difficulty in enlisting adventurers. At length, another enterprise presented itself. The Caribs had by this time become a terror to the Spanish inhabitants of many of the islands, making descents upon the coasts and carrying off captives, who, it was supposed, were doomed to be devoured by these cannibals. So frequent were their invasions of the island of Porto Rico, that it was feared they would ultimately oblige the Spaniards to abandon it.

King Ferdinand, therefore, in 1514, ordered that three ships, well armed and manned, should be fitted out in Seville, destined to scour the islands of the Caribs, and to free the seas from those cannibal marauders. The command of the armada was given to Juan Ponce de

this mystery, and some thought that the river was no other than that called the Jordan, at the point of St. Helena; without considering that the name was given to it by the Spaniards in the year 1520, when they discovered the land of Chicora.

Leon, from his knowledge of Indian warfare, and his varied and rough experience, which had mingled in him the soldier with the sailor. He was instructed in the first place to assail the Caribs of those islands most contiguous and dangerous to Porto Rico, and then make war on those of the coast of Terra Firma, in the neighborhood of Carthagena. He was afterwards to take the captaincy of Porto Rico, and to attend to the repartimientos or distributions of the Indians, in conjunction with a person to be appointed by Diego Columbus.

The enterprise suited the soldier-like spirit of Juan Ponce de Leon, and the gallant old cavalier set sail full of confidence, in January, 1515, and steered direct for the Caribbees, with a determination to give a wholesome castigation to the whole savage archipelago. Arriving at the island of Guadaloupe, he cast anchor, and sent men on shore for wood and water, and women to wash the clothing of the crews, with a party of soldiers to mount guard.

Juan Ponce had not been as wary as usual, for he had to deal with savages unusually adroit in warfare. While the people were scattered carelessly on the shore, the Caribs rushed forth from an ambuscade, killed the greater part of the men, and carried off the women to the mountains.

This blow, at the very onset of his vaunted expedition, sank deep into the heart of Juan Ponce, and put an end to all his military excitement. Humbled and mortified,

he set sail for the island of Porto Rico, where he relinquished all further prosecution of the enterprise, under the pretext of ill health, and gave the command of the squadron to a captain named Zuñiga; but it is surmised that his malady was not so much of the flesh as of the spirit. He remained in Porto Rico as governor; but having grown testy and irritable through vexations and disappointments, he gave great offense, and caused much contention on the island by positive and strong-handed measures, in respect to the distribution of the Indians.

He continued for several years in that island, in a state of growling repose, until the brilliant exploits of Hernando Cortez, which threatened to eclipse the achievements of all the veteran discoverers, roused his dormant spirit.

Jealous of being cast in the shade in his old days, he determined to sally forth on one more expedition. He had heard that Florida, which he had discovered, and which he had hitherto considered a mere island, was part of Terra Firma, possessing vast and unknown regions in its bosom. If so, a grand field of enterprise lay before him, wherein he might make discoveries and conquests to rival, if not surpass, the far-famed conquest of Mexico.

Accordingly, in the year 1521 he fitted out two ships at the island of Porto Rico, and embarked almost the whole of his property in the undertaking. His voyage was toilsome and tempestuous, but at length he arrived

at the wished-for land. He made a descent upon the coast with a great part of his men, but the Indians sallied forth with unusual valor to defend their shores. A bloody battle ensued; several of the Spaniards were slain, and Juan Ponce was wounded by an arrow in the thigh. He was borne on board his ship, and finding himself disabled for further action, set sail for Cuba, where he arrived ill in body and dejected in heart.

He was of an age where there is no longer prompt and healthful reaction, either mental or corporeal. The irritations of humiliated pride and disappointed hope, exasperated the fever of his wound, and he died soon after his arrival at the island. "Thus fate," says one of the quaint old Spanish writers, "delights to reverse the schemes of man. The discovery that Juan Ponce flattered himself was to lead to a means of perpetuating his life, had the ultimate effect of hastening his death."

It may be said, however, that he has at least attained the shadow of his desire, since, though disappointed in extending the natural term of his existence, his discovery had insured a lasting duration to his name.

The following epitaph was inscribed upon his tomb, which does justice to the warrior qualities of the stout old cavalier:

> Mole sub hac fortis requiescunt ossa Leonis
> Qui vicit factis nomina magna suis.

It has thus been paraphrased in Spanish by the Licentiate Juan de Castellanos:

Aqueste lugar estrecho
Es sepulchro del varon,
Que en el nombre fue Leon,
Y mucho mas en el hecho.

"In this sepulchre rest the bones of a man, who was a lion by name and still more by nature."

APPENDIX:

CONTAINING

ILLUSTRATIONS AND DOCUMENTS.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

TRANSPORTATION OF THE REMAINS OF COLUMBUS FROM ST. DOMINGO TO THE HAVANA.

At the termination of a war between France and Spain, in 1795, all the Spanish possessions in the island of Hispaniola were ceded to France, by the 9th article of the treaty of peace. To assist in the accomplishment of this cession, a Spanish squadron was despatched to the island at the appointed time, commanded by Don Gabriel de Aristizabal, lieutenant-general of the royal armada. On the 11th December, 1795, that commander wrote to the field-marshal and governor, Don Joaquin Garcia, resident at St. Domingo, that, being informed that the remains of the celebrated admiral Don Christopher Columbus lay in the cathedral of that city, he felt it incumbent on him as a Spaniard, and as commander-in-chief of his majesty's squadron of operations, to solicit the translation of the ashes of that hero to the island of Cuba, which had likewise been discovered by him, and where he had first planted the standard of the cross. He expressed a desire that this should be done officially, and with great care and formality, that it might not remain in the power of any one, by a careless transportation of these honored remains, to lose a relic, connected with an event which formed the most glorious epoch of Spanish history, and that it might be manifested to all nations, that Spaniards, notwithstanding the lapse of ages, never ceased to pay all honors to the remains

of that "worthy and adventurous general of the seas;" nor abandoned them, when the various public bodies, representing the Spanish dominion, emigrated from the island. As he had not time, without great inconvenience, to consult the sovereign on this subject, he had recourse to the governor, as royal vice-patron of the island, hoping that his solicitation might be granted, and the remains of the admiral exhumed and conveyed to the island of Cuba, in the ship San Lorenzo.

The generous wishes of this high-minded Spaniard met with warm concurrence on the part of the governor. He informed him in reply, that the Duke of Veraguas, lineal successor of Columbus, had manifested the same solicitude, and had sent directions that the necessary measures should be taken at his expense; and had at the same time expressed a wish that the bones of the Adelantado, Don Bartholomew Columbus, should likewise be exhumed; transmitting inscriptions to be put upon the sepulchres of both. He added, that although the king had given no orders on the subject, yet the proposition being so accordant with the grateful feelings of the Spanish nation, and meeting with the concurrence of all the authorities of the island, he was ready on his part to carry it into execution.

The commandant-general Aristizabal then made a similar communication to the archbishop of Cuba, Don Fernando Portillo y Torres, whose metropolis was then the city of St. Domingo, hoping to receive his countenance and aid in this pious undertaking.

The reply of the archbishop was couched in terms of high courtesy towards the gallant commander, and deep reverence for the memory of Columbus, and expressed a zeal in rendering this tribute of gratitude and respect to the remains of one who had done so much for the glory of the nation.

The persons empowered to act for the Duke of Veraguas, the venerable dean and chapter of the cathedral, and all the other persons and authorities to whom Don Gabriel de Aristizabal made similar communications, manifested the same eagerness to assist in the performance of this solemn and affecting rite.

The worthy commander Aristizabal, having taken all these preparatory

steps with great form and punctilio, so as that the ceremony should be performed in a public and striking manner, suitable to the fame of Columbus, the whole was carried into effect with becoming pomp and solemnity.

On the 20th December, 1795, the most distinguished persons of the place, the dignitaries of the church, and civil and military officers, assembled in the metropolitan cathedral. In the presence of this august assemblage, a small vault was opened above the chancel, in the principal wall on the right side of the high altar. Within were found the fragments of a leaden coffin, a number of bones, and a quantity of mould, evidently the remains of a human body. These were carefully collected and put into a case of gilded lead, about half an ell in length and breadth, and a third in height, secured by an iron lock, the key of which was delivered to the archbishop. The case was inclosed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and ornamented with lace and fringe of gold. The whole was then placed in a temporary tomb or mausoleum.

On the following day, there was another grand convocation at the cathedral, when the vigils and masses for the dead were solemnly chanted by the archbishop, accompanied by the commandant-general of the armada, the Dominican and Franciscan friars, and the friars of the Order of Mercy, together with the rest of the distinguished assemblage. After this a funeral sermon was preached by the archbishop.

On the same day, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the coffin was transported to the ship with the utmost state and ceremony, with a civil, religious, and military procession, banners wrapped in mourning, chants and responses and discharges of artillery. The most distinguished persons of the several Orders took turn to support the coffin. The key was taken with great formality from the hands of the archbishop by the governor, and given into the hands of the commander of the armada, to be delivered by him to the governor of the Havana, to be held in deposit until the pleasure of the king should be known. The coffin was received on board of a brigantine called the Discoverer, which, with all the other shipping, displayed mourning signals, and saluted the remains with the honors paid to an admiral.

From the port of St. Domingo the coffin was conveyed to the bay of Ocoa and there transferred to the ship San Lorenzo. It was accompanied by a portrait of Columbus, sent from Spain by the Duke of Veraguas, to be suspended close by the place where the remains of his illustrious ancestor should be deposited.

The ship immediately made sail and arrived at Havana in Cuba, on the 15th of January, 1796. Here the same deep feeling of reverence to the memory of the discoverer was evinced. The principal authorities repaired on board of the ship, accompanied by the superior naval and military officers. Everything was conducted with the same circumstantial and solemn ceremonial. The remains were removed with great reverence, and placed in a felucca, in which they were conveyed to land in the midst of a procession of three columns of feluccas and boats in the royal service, all properly decorated, containing distinguished military and ministerial officers. Two feluccas followed, in one of which was a marine guard of honor, with mourning banners and muffled drums ; and in the other were the commandant-general, the principal minister of marine, and the military staff. In passing the vessels of war in the harbor, they all paid the honors due to an admiral and captain-general of the navy. On arriving at the Mole, the remains were met by the governor of the island, accompanied by the generals and the military staff. The coffin was then conveyed between files of soldiery which lined the streets to the obelisk, in the place of arms, where it was received in a hearse prepared for the purpose. Here the remains were formally delivered to the governor and captain-general of the island, the key given up to him, the coffin opened and examined, and the safe transportation of its contents authenticated. This ceremony being concluded, it was conveyed in grand procession and with the utmost pomp to the cathedral. Masses, and the solemn ceremonies of the dead were performed by the bishop, and the mortal remains of Columbus deposited with great reverence in the wall on the right side of the grand altar. "All these honors and ceremonies," says the document, from whence this notice is digested,* "were

* Navarrete, Colec., tom. ii. p. 365.

attended by the ecclesiastical and secular dignitaries, the public bodies and all the nobility and gentry of Havana, in proof of the high estimation and respectful remembrance in which they held the hero who had discovered the New World, and had been the first to plant the standard of the cross on that island."

This is the last occasion that the Spanish nation has had to testify its feelings towards the memory of Columbus, and it is with deep satisfaction that the author of this work has been able to cite at large a ceremonial so solemn, affecting, and noble in its details, and so honorable to the national character.

When we read of the remains of Columbus, thus conveyed from the port of St. Domingo, after an interval of nearly three hundred years, as sacred national relics, with civic and military pomp, and high religious ceremonial; the most dignified and illustrious men striving who most should pay them reverence; we cannot but reflect that it was from this very port he was carried off, loaded with ignominious chains, blasted apparently in fame and fortune, and followed by the revilings of the rabble. Such honors, it is true, are nothing to the dead, nor can they atone to the heart, now dust and ashes, for all the wrongs and sorrows it may have suffered: but they speak volumes of comfort to the illustrious, yet slandered and persecuted living, encouraging them bravely to bear with present injuries, by showing them how true merit outlives all calumny, and receives its glorious reward in the admiration of after ages.

No. II.

NOTICE OF THE DESCENDANTS OF COLUMBUS.

On the death of Columbus his son Diego succeeded to his rights, as viceroy and governor of the New World, according to the express capitulations between the sovereigns and his father. He appears, by the gen-

eral consent of historians, to have been a man of great integrity, of respectable talents, and of a frank and generous nature. Herrera speaks repeatedly of the gentleness and urbanity of his manners, and pronounces him of a noble disposition and without deceit. This absence of all guile frequently laid him open to the stratagems of crafty men, grown old in deception, who rendered his life a continued series of embarrassments; but the probity of his character, with the irresistible power of truth, bore him through difficulties in which more politic and subtle men would have been entangled and completely lost.

Immediately after the death of the admiral, Don Diego came forward as lineal successor, and urged the restitution of the family offices and privileges, which had been suspended during the latter years of his father's life. If the cold and wary Ferdinand, however, could forget his obligations of gratitude and justice to Columbus, he had less difficulty in turning a deaf ear to the solicitations of his son. For two years Don Diego pressed his suit with fruitless diligence. He felt the apparent distrust of the monarch the more sensibly, from having been brought up under his eye, as a page in the royal household, where his character ought to be well known and appreciated. At length, on the return of Ferdinand from Naples in 1508, he put to him a direct question, with the frankness attributed to his character. He demanded "why his majesty would not grant to him as a favor, that which was his right, and why he hesitated to confide in the fidelity of one who had been reared in his house." Ferdinand replied that he could fully confide in him, but could not repose so great a trust at a venture in his children and successors. To this Don Diego rejoined, that it was contrary to all justice and reason to make him suffer for the sins of his children who might never be born.*

Still, though he had reason and justice on his side, the young admiral found it impossible to bring the wary monarch to a compliance. Finding all appeal to all his ideas of equity or sentiments of generosity in vain, he solicited permission to pursue his claim in the ordinary course of law. The king could not refuse so reasonable a request, and Don Diego

* Herrera, Hist. Ind. decad. ii. lib. vii. cap. 4.

commenced a process against King Ferdinand before the council of the Indies, founded on the repeated capitulations between the crown and his father, and embracing all the dignities and immunities ceded by them.

One ground of opposition to these claims was, that if the capitulation made by the sovereigns in 1492, had granted a perpetual viceroyalty to the admiral and his heirs, such grant could not stand; being contrary to the interest of the state, and to an express law promulgated in Toledo in 1480; wherein it was ordained that no office, involving the administration of justice, should be given in perpetuity; that therefore, the viceroyalty granted to the admiral could only have been for his life; and that, even during that term, it had justly been taken from him for his misconduct. That such concessions were contrary to the inherent prerogatives of the crown, of which the government could not divest itself. To this Don Diego replied, that as to the validity of the capitulation, it was a binding contract, and none of its privileges ought to be restricted. That as by royal schedules dated in Villa Franca, June 2d, 1506, and Almazan, Aug. 28, 1507, it had been ordered that he, Don Diego, should receive the tenths, so equally ought the other privileges to be accorded to him. As to the allegation that his father had been deprived of his viceroyalty for his demerits, it was contrary to all truth. It had been audacity on the part of Bobadilla to send him a prisoner to Spain in 1500, and contrary to the will and command of the sovereigns, as was proved by their letter, dated from Valencia de la Torre in 1502, in which they expressed grief at his arrest, and assured him that it should be redressed, and his privileges guarded entire to himself and his children.*

This memorable suit was commenced in 1508, and continued for several years. In the course of it the claims of Don Diego were disputed likewise, on the plea that his father was not the original discoverer of Terra Firma, but only subsequently of certain portions of it. This, however, was completely controverted by overwhelming testimony. The claims of Don Diego were minutely discussed and rigidly examined; and the unanimous decision of the council of the Indies in his favor, while it reflected honor

* Extracts from the minutes of the process taken by the historian Muñoz, MS.

on the justice and independence of that body, silenced many petty cavilers at the fair fame of Columbus.* Notwithstanding this decision, the wily monarch wanted neither means nor pretexts to delay the ceding of such vast powers, so repugnant to his cautious policy. The young admiral was finally indebted for his success in this suit to previous success attained in a suit of a different nature. He had become enamored of Dona Maria de Toledo, daughter of Fernando de Toledo, grand commander of Leon, and niece to Don Fadrique de Toledo, the celebrated Duke of Alva, chief favorite of the king. This was aspiring to a high connection. The father and uncle of the lady were the most powerful grandees of the proud kingdom of Spain, and cousins german to Ferdinand. The glory, however, which Columbus had left behind, rested upon his children, and the claims of Don Diego, recently confirmed by the council, involved dignities and wealth sufficient to raise him to a level with the loftiest alliance. He found no difficulty in obtaining the hand of the lady, and thus was the foreign family of Columbus ingrafted on one of the proudest races of Spain. The natural consequences followed. Diego had secured that magical power called "connections;" and the favor of Ferdinand, which had been so long withheld from him, as the son of Columbus, shone upon him, though coldly, as the nephew of the Duke of Alva. The father and uncle of his bride succeeded, though with great difficulty, in conquering the repugnance of the monarch, and after all he but granted in part the justice they required. He ceded to Don Diego merely the dignities and powers enjoyed by Nicholas de Ovando, who was recalled, and he cautiously withheld the title of viceroy.

The recall of Ovando was not merely a measure to make room for Don Diego, it was the tardy performance of a promise made to Isabella on her deathbed. The expiring queen had demanded it as a punishment for the massacre of her poor Indian subjects at Xaragua, and the cruel and ignominious execution of the female cacique Anacaona. Thus retribution was continually going its rounds in the checkered destinies of this island,

* Further mention will be found of this lawsuit in the article relative to Amerigo Vespucci.

which has ever presented a little epitome of human history; its errors and crimes, and consequent disasters.

In complying with the request of the queen, however, Ferdinand was favorable towards Ovando. He did not feel the same generous sympathies with his late consort, and, however Ovando had sinned against humanity in his treatment of the Indians, he had been a vigilant officer, and his very oppressions had in general proved profitable to the crown. Ferdinand directed that the fleet which took out the new governor, should return under the command of Ovando, and that he should retain undisturbed enjoyment of any property or Indian slaves that might be found in his possession. Some have represented Ovando as a man far from mercenary; that the wealth wrung from the miseries of the natives was for his sovereign, not for himself; and it is intimated that one secret cause of his disgrace was his having made an enemy of the all-powerful and unforgiving Fonseca.*

The new admiral embarked at St. Lucar, June 9, 1509, with his wife, his brother Don Fernando, who was now grown to man's estate, and had been well educated, and his two uncles, Don Bartholomew and Don Diego. They were accompanied by a numerous retinue of cavaliers, with their wives, and of young ladies of rank and family, more distinguished, it is hinted, for high blood than large fortune, and who were sent out to find wealthy husbands in the New World.†

Though the king had not granted Don Diego the dignity of viceroy, the title was generally given to him by courtesy, and his wife was universally addressed by that of vice-queen.

Don Diego commenced his rule with a degree of splendor hitherto unknown in the colony. The vice-queen, who was a lady of great desert surrounded by the noble cavaliers and the young ladies of family who had come in her retinue, established a sort of court, which threw a degree of lustre over the half savage island. The young ladies were soon married to the wealthiest colonists, and contributed greatly to soften

* Charlevoix, ut supra, v. 1, p. 272, id. 274.

† Las Casas, lib. ii. cap. 49, MS.

those rude manners which had grown up in a state of society hitherto destitute of the salutary restraint and pleasing decorum produced by female influence.

Don Diego had considered his appointment in the light of a viceroyalty, but the king soon took measures which showed that he admitted of no such pretension. Without any reference to Don Diego, he divided the coast of Darien into two great provinces, separated by an imaginary line running through the Gulf of Uraba, appointing Alonzo de Ojeda governor of the eastern province, which he called New Andalusia, and Diego de Nicuesa, governor of the western province, which included the rich coast of Veragua, and which he called Castilla del Oro, or Golden Castile. Had the monarch been swayed by principles of justice and gratitude, the settlement of this coast would have been given to the Adelantado, Don Bartholomew Columbus, who had assisted in the discovery of the country, and, together with his brother the admiral, had suffered so greatly in the enterprise. Even his superior abilities for the task should have pointed him out to the policy of the monarch ; but the cautious and calculating Ferdinand knew the lofty spirit of the Adelantado, and that he would be disposed to demand high and dignified terms. He passed him by, therefore, and preferred more eager and accommodating adventurers.

Don Diego was greatly aggrieved at this measure, thus adopted without his participation or knowledge. He justly considered it an infringement of the capitulations granted and repeatedly confirmed to his father and his heirs. He had further vexations and difficulties with respect to the government of the island of St. Juan, or Porto Rico, which was conquered and settled about this time ; but after a variety of cross purposes, the officers whom he appointed were ultimately recognized by the crown.

Like his father, he had to contend with malignant factions in his government; for the enemies of the father transferred their enmity to the son. There was one Miguel Pasamonte, the king's treasurer, who became his avowed enemy, under the support and chiefly at the instigation of the Bishop Fonseca, who continued to the son the implacable hostility which

he had manifested to the father. A variety of trivial circumstances contributed to embroil him with some of the petty officers of the colony, and there was a remnant of the followers of Roldan who arrayed themselves against him.*

Two factions soon arose in the island; one of the admiral, the other of the treasurer Pasamonte. The latter affected to call themselves the party of the king. They gave all possible molestation to Don Diego, and sent home the most virulent and absurd misrepresentations of his conduct. Among others, they represented a large house with many windows which he was building, as intended for a fortress, and asserted that he had a design to make himself sovereign of the island. King Ferdinand, who was now advancing in years, had devolved the affairs of the Indies in a great measure on Fonseca,† who had superintended them from the first, and he was greatly guided by the advice of that prelate, which was not likely to be favorable to the descendants of Columbus. The complaints from the colonies were so artfully enforced, therefore, that he established in 1510 a sovereign court at St. Domingo, called the royal audience, to which an appeal might be made from all sentences of the admiral, even in cases reserved hitherto exclusively for the crown. Don Diego considered this a suspicious and injurious measure intended to demolish his authority.

Frank, open, and unsuspicious, the young admiral was not formed for a contest with the crafty politicians arrayed against him, who were ready and adroit in seizing upon his slightest errors, and magnifying them into crimes. Difficulties were multiplied in his path which it was out of his power to overcome. He had entered upon office full of magnanimous intentions; determined to put an end to oppression, and correct all abuses; all good men therefore had rejoiced at his appointment; but he soon found that he had overrated his strength, and undervalued the difficulties awaiting him. He calculated from his own good heart, but he had no idea of the wicked hearts of others. He was opposed to the repartimientos of Indians, that source of all kinds of inhumanity; but he found all the men of wealth in the colony, and most of the important persons of the

* Herrera, decad. i. lib. vii. cap. 12.
† Idem.

court, interested in maintaining them. He perceived that the attempt to abolish them would be dangerous, and the result questionable : at the same time this abuse was a source of immense profit to himself. Self-interest, therefore, combined with other considerations, and what at first appeared difficult, seemed presently impracticable. The repartimientos continued in the state in which he found them, excepting that he removed such of the superintendents as had been cruel and oppressive, and substituted men of his own appointment, who probably proved equally worthless. His friends were disappointed, his enemies encouraged; a hue and cry was raised against him by the friends of those he had displaced; and it was even said that if Ovando had not died about this time, he would have been sent out to supplant Don Diego.

The subjugation and settlement of the island of Cuba in 1510, was a fortunate event in the administration of the present admiral. He congratulated King Ferdinand on having acquired the largest and most beautiful island in the world without losing a single man. The intelligence was highly acceptable to the king ; but it was accompanied by a great number of complaints against the admiral. Little affection as Ferdinand felt for Don Diego, he was still aware that most of these representations were false, and had their origin in the jealousy and envy of his enemies. He judged it expedient, however, in 1512, to send out Don Bartholomew Columbus with minute instructions to his nephew the admiral.

Don Bartholomew still retained the office of Adelantado of the Indies ; although Ferdinand, through selfish motives, detained him in Spain, while he employed inferior men in voyages of discovery. He now added to his appointments the property and government of the little island of Mona during life, and assigned him a repartimiento of two hundred Indians, with the superintendence of the mines which might be discovered in Cuba; an office which proved very lucrative.*

Among the instructions given by the king to Don Diego, he directed that, in consequence of the representations of the Dominican friars, the labor of the natives should be reduced to one third; that negro slaves

* Charlevoix, Hist. St. Domingo, p. 321.

should be procured from Guinea as a relief to the Indians;* and that Carib slaves should be branded on the leg, to prevent other Indians from being confounded with them and subjected to harsh treatment.†

The two governors, Ojeda and Nicuesa, whom the king had appointed to colonize and command at the Isthmus of Darien, in Terra Firma, having failed in their undertaking, the sovereign, in 1514, wrote to Hispaniola, permitting the Adelantado, Don Bartholomew, if so inclined, to take charge of settling the coast of Veragua, and to govern that country under the admiral Don Diego, conformably to his privileges. Had the king consulted his own interest, and the deference due to the talents and services of the Adelantado, this measure would have been taken at an earlier date. It was now too late: illness prevented Don Bartholomew from executing the enterprise; and his active and toilsome life was drawing to a close.

Many calumnies having been sent home to Spain by Pasamonte and other enemies of Don Diego, and various measures being taken by government, which he conceived derogatory to his dignity, and injurious to his privileges, he requested and obtained permission to repair to court, that he might explain and vindicate his conduct. He departed, accordingly, on April 9th, 1515, leaving the Adelantado with the vice-queen Doña Maria. He was received with great honor by the king; and he merited such a reception. He had succeeded in every enterprise he had undertaken or directed. The pearl fishery had been successfully established on the coast of Cubagua; the islands of Cuba and of Jamaica had been subjected and brought under cultivation without bloodshed; his conduct as governor had been upright; and he had only excited the representations made against him, by endeavoring to lessen the oppression of the natives. The king ordered that all processes against him in the court of appeal and elsewhere, for damages done to individuals in regulating the repartimientos, should be discontinued, and the cases sent to himself for consideration. But with all these favors, as the admiral claimed a share of the profits of the provinces of Castilla del Oro, saying that it was

* Herrera, Hist. Ind., decad. i. lib. ix. cap. 5.
† Idem.

discovered by his father, as the names of its places, such as Nombre de Dios, Porto Bello and el Retrete, plainly proved, the king ordered that interrogatories should be made among the mariners who had sailed with Christopher Columbus, in the hope of proving that he had not discovered the coast of Darien nor the Gulf of Uraba. "Thus," adds Herrera, "Don Diego was always involved in litigations with the fiscal, so that he might truly say that he was heir to the troubles of his father." *

Not long after the departure of Don Diego from St. Domingo, his uncle, Don Bartholomew, ended his active and laborious life. No particulars are given of his death, nor is there mention made of his age, which must have been advanced. King Ferdinand is said to have expressed great concern at the event, for he had a high opinion of the character and talents of the Adelantado: "a man," says Herrera, "of not less worth than his brother the admiral, and who, if he had been employed, would have given great proofs of it; for he was an excellent seaman, valiant and of great heart." † Charlevoix attributes the inaction in which Don Bartholomew had been suffered to remain for several years, to the jealousy and parsimony of the king. He found the house already too powerful; and the Adelantado, had he discovered Mexico, was a man to make as good conditions as had been made by the admiral his brother.‡ It was said, observed Herrera, that the king rather preferred to employ him in his European affairs, though it could only have been to divert him from other objects. On his death the king resumed to himself the island of Mona which he had given to him for life, and transferred his repartimiento of two hundred Indians to the vice-queen Doña Maria.

While the admiral Don Diego was pressing for an audience in his vindication at court, King Ferdinand died on the 23d January, 1516. His grandson and successor, Prince Charles, afterwards the Emperor Charles V. was in Flanders. The government rested for a time with Cardinal Ximenes, who would not undertake to decide on the representations and claims of the admiral. It was not until 1520 that he obtained from the

* Herrera, decad. ii. lib. ii. cap. 7.
† Idem, decad. i. lib. x. cap. 16.
‡ Charlevoix, Hist St. Doming., lib. v.

Emperor Charles V. a recognition of his innocence of all the charges against him. The emperor finding that what Pasamonte and his party had written were notorious calumnies, ordered Don Diego to resume his charge, although the process with the fiscal was still pending, and that Pasamonte should be written to, requesting him to forget all past passions and differences and to enter into amicable relations with Don Diego. Among other acts of indemnification he acknowledged his right to exercise his office of viceroy and governor in the island of Hispaniola, and in all parts discovered by his father.* His authority was, however, much diminished by new regulations, and a supervisor appointed over him with the right to give information to the council against him, but with no other powers. Don Diego sailed in the beginning of September, 1520, and on his arrival at St. Domingo, finding that several of the governors, presuming on his long absence, had arrogated to themselves independence, and had abused their powers, he immediately sent persons to supersede them, and demanded an account of their administration. This made him a host of active and powerful enemies both in the colonies and in Spain.

Considerable changes had taken place in the island of Hispaniola, during the absence of the admiral. The mines had fallen into neglect, the cultivation of the sugar-cane having been found a more certain source of wealth. It became a by-word in Spain that the magnificent palaces erected by Charles V. at Madrid and Toledo were built of the sugar of Hispaniola. Slaves had been imported in great numbers from Africa, being found more serviceable in the culture of the cane than the feeble Indians. The treatment of the poor negroes was cruel in the extreme, and they seem to have had no advocates even among the humane. The slavery of the Indians had been founded on the right of the strong; but it was thought that the negroes, from their color, were born to slavery; and that from being bought and sold in their own country, it was their natural condition. Though a patient and enduring race, the barbarities inflicted on them at length roused them to revenge, and on the 27th De-

* Herrera, decad. ii. lib. ix. cap. 7.

cember, 1522, there was the first African revolt in Hispaniola. It began in a sugar plantation of the admiral Don Diego, where about twenty slaves, joined by an equal number from a neighboring plantation, got possession of arms, rose on their superintendents, massacred them, and sallied forth upon the country. It was their intention to pillage certain plantations, to kill the whites, reinforce themselves by freeing their countrymen, and either to possess themselves of the town of Agua, or to escape to the mountains.

Don Diego set out from St. Domingo in search of the rebels, followed by several of the principal inhabitants. On the second day he stopped on the banks of the river Nizao to rest his party and suffer reinforcements to overtake him. Here one Melchor de Castro, who accompanied the admiral, learnt that the negroes had ravaged his plantation, sacked his house, killed one of his men, and carried off his Indian slaves. Without asking leave of the admiral, he departed in the night with two companions, visited his plantation, found all in confusion, and pursuing the negroes, sent to the admiral for aid. Eight horsemen were hastily despatched to his assistance, armed with bucklers and lances, and having six of the infantry mounted behind them. De Castro had three horsemen beside this reinforcement, and at the head of this little band overtook the negroes at break of day. The insurgents put themselves in battle array, armed with stones and Indian spears, and uttering loud shouts and outcries. The Spanish horsemen braced their bucklers, couched their lances, and charged them at full speed. The negroes were soon routed, and fled to the rocks, leaving six dead and several wounded. De Castro also was wounded in the arm. The admiral coming up, assisted in the pursuit of the fugitives. As fast as they were taken they were hanged on the nearest trees, and remained suspended as spectacles of terror to their countrymen. This prompt severity checked all further attempts at revolt among the African slaves.*

In the meantime the various enemies whom Don Diego had created, both in the colonies and in Spain, were actively and successfully em-

* Herrera, Hist. Ind., decad. iii. lib. iv. cap. 9.

ployed. His old antagonist, the treasurer Pasamonte, had charged him with usurping almost all the powers of the royal audience, and with having given to the royal declaration, reëstablishing him in his office of viceroy, an extent never intended by the sovereign. These representations had weight at court, and in 1523 Don Diego received a most severe letter from the council of the Indies, charging him with the various abuses and excesses alleged against him, and commanding him, on pain of forfeiting all his privileges and titles, to revoke the innovations he had made, and restore things to their former state. To prevent any plea of ignorance of this mandate, the royal audience was enjoined to promulgate it and to call upon all persons to conform to it, and to see that it was properly obeyed. The admiral received also a letter from the council, informing him that his presence was necessary in Spain, to give information of the foregoing matters, and advice relative to the reformation of various abuses, and to the treatment and preservation of the Indians; he was requested, therefore, to repair to court without waiting for further orders.*

Don Diego understood this to be a peremptory recall, and obeyed accordingly. On his arrival in Spain, he immediately presented himself before the court at Victoria, with the frank and fearless spirit of an upright man, and pleaded his cause so well, that the sovereign and council acknowledged his innocence on all the points of accusation. He convinced them, moreover, of the exactitude with which he had discharged his duties; of his zeal for the public good, and the glory of the crown; and that all the representations against him rose from the jealousy and enmity of Pasamonte and other royal officers in the colonies, who were impatient of any superior authority in the island to restrain them.

Having completely established his innocence, and exposed the calumnies of his enemies, Don Diego trusted that he would soon obtain justice as to all his claims. As these, however, involved a participation in the profits of vast and richly productive provinces, he experienced the delays and difficulties usual with such demands, for it is only when justice costs

* Herrera, Hist. Ind., decad. III. lib. v. cap. 4.

nothing that it is readily rendered. His earnest solicitations at length obtained an order from the emperor, that a commission should be formed, composed of the grand chancellor, the friar Loyasa, confessor to the emperor, and president of the royal council of the Indies, and a number of other distinguished personages. They were to inquire into the various points in dispute between the admiral and the fiscal, and into the proceedings which had taken place in the council of the Indies, with the power of determining what justice required in the case.

The affair, however, was protracted to such a length, and accompanied by so many toils, vexations, and disappointments, that the unfortunate Diego, like his father, died in the pursuit. For two years he had followed the court from city to city, during its migrations from Victoria to Burgos, Valladolid, Madrid, and Toledo. In the winter of 1525, the emperor set out from Toledo for Seville. The admiral undertook to follow him, though his constitution was broken by fatigue and vexation, and he was wasting under the attack of a slow fever. Oviedo, the historian, saw him at Toledo two days before his departure, and joined with his friends in endeavoring to dissuade him from a journey in such a state of health, and at such a season. Their persuasions were in vain. Don Diego was not aware of the extent of his malady; he told them that he should repair to Seville by the church of our Lady of Guadaloupe, to offer up his devotions at that shrine; and he trusted, through the intercession of the mother of God, soon to be restored to health.* He accordingly left Toledo in a litter on the 21st of February, 1526, having previously confessed and taken the communion, and arrived the same day at Montalvan, distant about six leagues. There his illness increased to such a degree that he saw his end approaching. He employed the following day in arranging the affairs of his conscience, and expired on February 23d, being little more than fifty years of age, his premature death having been hastened by the griefs and troubles he had experienced. "He was worn out," says Herrera, "by following up his claims, and defending himself from the calumnies of his competitors, who, with many stratagems and

* Charlevoix, Hist. St. Doming., lib. vi.

devices, sought to obscure the glory of the father and the virtue of the son." *

We have seen how the discovery of the New World rendered the residue of the life of Columbus a tissue of wrongs, hardships and afflictions, and how the jealousy and enmity he had awakened were inherited by his son. It remains to show briefly in what degree the anticipations of perpetuity, wealth and honor to his family were fulfilled.

When Don Diego Columbus died, his wife and family were at St. Domingo. He left two sons, Luis and Christopher, and three daughters, Maria, who afterwards married Don Sancho de Cardono ; Juana, who married Don Luis de Cueva ; and Isabella, who married Don George of Portugal, count of Gelves. He had also a natural son named Christopher.†

After the death of Don Diego, his noble spirited vice-queen, left with a number of young children, endeavored to assert and maintain the rights of the family. Understanding that, according to the privileges accorded to Christopher Columbus, they had a just claim to the viceroyalty of the province of Veragua, as having been discovered by him, she demanded a license from the royal audience of Hispaniola, to recruit men and fit out an armada to colonize that country. This the audience refused, and sent information of the demand to the emperor. He replied, that the vice-queen should be kept in suspense until the justice of her claim could be ascertained ; as, although he had at various times given commissions to different persons to examine the doubts and objections which had been opposed by the fiscal, no decision had ever been made.‡ The enterprise thus contemplated by the vice-queen was never carried into effect.

Shortly afterwards she sailed for Spain, to protect the claim of her eldest son, Don Luis, then six years of age. Charles V. was absent, but

* Herrera, decad. iii. lib. viii. cap. 15.

† Memorial ajustado sobre el estado de Veragua.

Charlevoix mentions another son called Diego, and calls one of the daughters Phillipine. Spotorno says that the daughter Maria took the veil ; confounding her with a niece. These are trivial errors, merely noticed to avoid the imputation of inaccuracy. The account of the descendants of Columbus here given, accords with a genealogical tree of the family, produced before the council of the Indies, in a great lawsuit for the estates.

‡ Herrera, decad. iv. lib. ii. cap. 6.

she was most graciously received by the empress. The title of admiral of the Indies was immediately conferred on her son, Don Luis, and the emperor augmented his revenues, and conferred other favors on the family. Charles V., however, could never be prevailed on to give Don Luis the title of viceroy, although that dignity had been decreed to his father, a few years previous to his death, as an hereditary right.*

In 1538, the young admiral, Don Luis, then about eighteen years of age, was at court, having instituted proceedings before the proper tribunals, for the recovery of the viceroyalty. Two years afterwards the suit was settled by arbitration, his uncle Don Fernando and Cardinal Loyasa, president of the council of the Indies, being umpires. By a compromise Don Luis was declared captain-general of Hispaniola, but with such limitations that it was little better than a bare title. Don Luis sailed for Hispaniola, but did not remain there long. He found his dignities and privileges mere sources of vexation, and finally entered into a compromise, which relieved himself and gratified the emperor. He gave up all pretensions to the viceroyalty of the New World, receiving in its stead the titles of Duke of Veragua and Marquis of Jamaica.† He commuted also the claim to the tenth of the produce of the Indies for a pension of one thousand doubloons of gold.‡

Don Luis did not long enjoy the substitution of a certain, though moderate, revenue for a magnificent but unproductive claim. He died shortly afterwards, leaving no other male issue than an illegitimate son, named Christopher. He left two daughters by his wife, Doña Maria de Mosquera, one named Phillippa, and the other Maria, which last became a nun in the convent of St. Quirce, at Valladolid.

Don Luis having no legitimate son, was succeeded by his nephew Diego, son to his brother Christopher. A litigation took place between this young heir and his cousin Phillippa, daughter of the late Don Luis. The convent of St. Quirce also put in a claim, on behalf of its inmate, Doña Maria, who had taken the veil. Christopher, natural son to Don

* Charlevoix, Hist. St. Doming., lib. vi. p. 443.
† Charlevoix, Hist. St. Doming., tom. i. lib. vi. p. 446.
‡ Spotorno, Hist. Colom., p. 123.

Luis, likewise became a prosecutor in the suit, but was set aside on account of his illegitimacy. Don Diego and his cousin Phillippa soon thought it better to join claims and persons in wedlock, than to pursue a tedious contest. They were married, and their union was happy, though not fruitful. Diego died without issue, in 1578, and with him the legitimate male line of Columbus became extinct.

One of the most important lawsuits that the world has ever witnessed now arose for the estates and dignities descended from the great discoverer. Don Diego had two sisters, Francisca and Maria, the former of whom, and the children of the latter, advanced their several claims. To these parties was added Bernard Colombo of Cogoleto, who claimed as lineal descendant from Bartholomew Columbus, the Adelantado, brother to the discoverer. He was, however, pronounced ineligible, as the Adelantado had no acknowledged, and certainly no legitimate offspring.

Baldassar, or Balthazar Colombo, of the house of Cuccaro and Conzano, in the dukedom of Montferrat, in Piedmont, was an active and persevering claimant. He came from Italy into Spain, where he devoted himself for many years to the prosecution of this suit. He produced a genealogical tree of his family, in which was contained one Domenico Colombo, lord of Cuccaro, whom he maintained to be the identical father of Christopher Columbus, the admiral. He proved that this Domenico was living at the requisite era, and produced many witnesses who had heard that the navigator was born in the castle of Cuccaro ; whence, it was added, he and his two brothers had eloped at an early age, and had never returned.* A monk is also mentioned among the witnesses, who made oath that Christopher and his brothers were born in that castle of Cuccaro. This testimony was afterwards withdrawn by the prosecutor ; as it was found that the monk's recollection must have extended back considerably upward of a century.† The claim of Balthazar was negatived. His proofs that Christopher Columbus was a native of Cuccaro were rejected, as only hearsay, or traditionary evidence. His ancestor Domen-

* Bossi, Hist. Colomb. Dissert. p. 67.
† Idem, Dissert. on the country of Columbus, p. 63.

ico, it appeared from his own showing, died in 1456; whereas it was established that Domenico, the father of the admiral, was living upwards of thirty years after that date.

The cause was finally decided by the council of the Indies, on the 2d December, 1608. The male line was declared to be extinct. Don Nuno or Nugno Gelves de Portugallo was put in possession, and became Duke of Veragua. He was grandson to Isabella, third daughter of Don Diego (son of the discoverer) by his vice-queen, Doña Maria de Toledo. The descendants of the two elder sisters of Isabella had a prior claim, but their lines became extinct previous to this decision of the suit. The Isabella just named, had married Don George of Portugal, count of Gelves. "Thus," says Charlevoix, "the dignities and wealth of Columbus passed into a branch of the Portuguese house of Braganza, established in Spain, of which the heirs are entitled *De Portugallo, Colon, Duke de Veragua, Marques de la Jamaica, y Almirante de las Indias.*" *

The suit of Balthazar Colombo of Cuccaro was rejected under three different forms, by the council of the Indies; and his application for an allowance of support, under the legacy of Columbus, in favor of poor relations, was also refused; although the other parties had assented to the demand.† He died in Spain, where he had resided many years in prosecution of this suit. His son returned to Italy persisting in the validity of his claim: he said that it was in vain to seek justice in Spain; they were too much interested to keep those dignities and estates among themselves; but he gave out that he had received twelve thousand doubloons of gold in compromise from the other parties. Spotorno, under sanction of Ignazio de Giovanni, a learned canon, treats this assertion as a bravado, to cover his defeat, being contradicted by his evident poverty. The family of Cuccaro, however, still maintain their right, and express great veneration for the memory of their illustrious ancestor, the admiral; and travellers occasionally visit their old castle in Piedmont with great reverence, as the birthplace of the discoverer of the New World.‡

* Charlevoix, Hist. St. Doming., tom. i. lib. vi. p. 447.

† Bossi, Dissertation on the country of Columbus.

‡ Spotorno, p. 127.

No. III.

FERNANDO COLUMBUS.

Fernando Columbus (or Colon, as he is called in Spain), the natural son and historian of the admiral, was born in Cordova. There is an uncertainty about the exact time of his birth. According to his epitaph, it must have been on the 28th September, 1488; but according to his original papers preserved in the library of the cathedral of Seville, and which were examined by Don Diego Ortiz de Zuñiga, historian of that city, it would appear to have been on the 29th of August, 1487. His mother, Doña Beatrix Enriquez, was of a respectable family, but was never married to the admiral, as has been stated by some of his biographers.

Early in 1494, Fernando was carried to court, together with his elder brother Diego, by his uncle Don Bartholomew, to enter the royal household in quality of page to the prince Don Juan, son and heir to Ferdinand and Isabella. He and his brother remained in this situation until the death of the prince; when they were taken by Queen Isabella as pages into her own service. Their education, of course, was well attended to, and Fernando in after-life gave proofs of being a learned man.

In the year 1502, at the tender age of thirteen or fourteen years, Fernando accompanied his father in his fourth voyage of discovery, and encountered all its singular and varied hardships with a fortitude that is mentioned with praise and admiration by the admiral.

After the death of his father, it would appear that Fernando made two voyages to the New World. He accompanied the Emperor Charles V. also, to Italy, Flanders, and Germany; and according to Zuñiga (Anales de Seville de 1539, No. 3) travelled over all Europe and a part of Africa and Asia. Possessing talents, judgment, and industry, these opportunities were not lost upon him, and he acquired much information in geography, navigation, and natural history. Being of a studious habit, and fond of books, he formed a select, yet copious library, of more than

twenty thousand volumes, in print and in manuscript. With the sanction of the Emperor Charles V. he undertook to establish an academy and college of mathematics at Seville; and for this purpose commenced the construction of a sumptuous edifice, without the walls of the city, facing the Guadalquiver, in the place where the monastery of San Laureano is now situated. His constitution, however, had been broken by the sufferings he had experienced in his travels and voyages, and a premature death prevented the completion of his plan of the academy, and broke off other useful labors. He died in Seville on the 12th of July, 1539, at the age, according to his epitaph, of fifty years, nine months, and fourteen

Galley, from the tomb of Fernando Columbus, at Seville.

days. He left no issue, and was never married. His body was interred according to his request, in the cathedral of Seville. He bequeathed his valuable library to the same establishment.

Don Fernando devoted himself much to letters. According to the inscription on his tomb, he composed a work in four books, or volumes, the title of which is defaced on the monument, and the work itself is lost. This is much to be regretted, as, according to Zuñiga, the fragments of the inscription specify it to have contained, among a variety of matter, historical, moral, and geographical notices of the countries he had visited, but especially of the New World, and of the voyages and discoveries of his father.

His most important and permanent work, however, was a history of the

admiral, composed in Spanish. It was translated into Italian by Alonzo de Ulloa, and from this Italian translation have proceeded the editions which have since appeared in various languages. It is singular that the work only exists in Spanish, in the form of a retranslation from that of Ulloa, and full of errors in the orthography of proper names, and in dates and distances.

Don Fernando was an eye-witness of some of the facts which he relates, particularly of the fourth voyage wherein he accompanied his father. He had also the papers and charts of his father, and recent documents of all kinds to extract from, as well as familiar acquaintance with the principal personages who were concerned in the events which he records. He was a man of probity and discernment, and writes more dispassionately than could be expected, when treating of matters which affected the honor, the interests, and happiness of his father. It is to be regretted, however, that he should have suffered the whole of his father's life, previous to his discoveries (a period of about fifty-six years), to remain in obscurity. He appears to have wished to cast a cloud over it, and only to have presented his father to the reader after he had rendered himself illustrious by his actions, and his history had become in a manner identified with the history of the world. His work, however, is an invaluable document, entitled to great faith, and is the corner-stone of the history of the American continent.

No. IV.

AGE OF COLUMBUS.

As the date I have assigned for the birth of Columbus, makes him about ten years older than he is generally represented, at the time of his discoveries, it is proper to state precisely my authority. In the valuable manuscript chronicle of the reign of the Catholic sovereigns, written by Andres Bernaldes, the curate of Los Palacios, there is a long tract on the

subject of the discoveries of Columbus: it concludes with these words. *Murie en Valladolid, el año de* 1506, *en el mes de Mayo, in senectute bona, de edad* 70 *años, poco mas ó menos.* (He died in Valladolid in the year 1506, in the month of May, in a good old age, being seventy years old, a little more or less.) The curate of Los Palacios was a contemporary, and an intimate friend of Columbus, who was occasionally a guest in his house; no one was more competent, therefore, to form a correct idea of his age. It is singular, that, while the biographers of Columbus have been seeking to establish the epoch of his birth by various calculations and conjectures, this direct testimony of honest Andres Bernaldes has entirely escaped their notice, though some of them had his manuscript in their hands. It was first observed by my accurate friend Don Antonio Uguina in the course of his exact investigations, and has been pointed out and ably supported by Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, in the introduction to his valuable collection of voyages.

Various circumstances in the life of Columbus will be found to corroborate the statement of the curate; such, for example, as the increasing infirmities with which he struggled during his voyages, and which at last rendered him a cripple and confined him to his bed. The allusion to his advanced age in one of his letters to the sovereigns, wherein he relates the consolation he had received from a secret voice in the night season: *Tu vejez no impedira a toda cosa grande. Abraham pasaba cien años cuando engendro a Isaac, &c.* (Thy old age shall be no impediment to any great undertaking. Abraham was above a hundred years old when he begat Isaac, &c.) The permission granted him by the king the year previous to his death to travel on a mule, instead of a horse, on account of his *age* and infirmities; and the assertion of Oviedo, that at the time of his death he was quite old (*era ya viejo*).

This fact of the advanced age of Columbus throws quite a new coloring over his character and history. How much more extraordinary is the ardent enthusiasm which sustained him through his long career of solicitation, and the noble pride with which he refused to descend from his dignified demands, and to bargain about his proposition, though life was rapidly wasting in delays. How much more extraordinary is the hardi-

hood with which he undertook repeated voyages into unknown seas, amidst all kinds of perils and hardships; the fortitude with which he bore up against an accumulation of mental and bodily afflictions, enough to have disheartened and destroyed the most youthful and robust, and the irrepressible buoyancy of spirit with which, to the last, he still rose from under the ruined concerns and disappointed hopes and blasted projects of one enterprise, to launch into another, still more difficult and perilous.

We have been accustomed to admire all these things in Columbus when we considered him in the full vigor of his life; how much more are they entitled to our wonder as the achievements of a man, whom the weight of years and infirmities was pressing into the grave.

No. V.

LINEAGE OF COLUMBUS.

The ancestry of Christopher Columbus has formed a point of zealous controversy which is not yet satisfactorily settled. Several honorable families, possessing domains in Placentia, Montferrat, and the different parts of the Genoese territories, claim him as belonging to their houses; and to these has recently been added the noble family of Colombo in Modena.* The natural desire to prove consanguinity with a man of distinguished renown has excited this rivalry; but it has been heightened, in particular instances, by the hope of succeeding to titles and situations of wealth and honor, when his male line of descendants became extinct. The investigation is involved in particular obscurity, as even his immediate relatives appear to have been in ignorance on the subject.

Fernando Columbus in his biography of the admiral, after a pompous prelude, in which he attempts to throw a vague and cloudy magnificence about the origin of his father, notices slightly the attempts of some to

* Spotorno, Hist. Mem., p. 5.

obscure his fame, by making him a native of various small and insignificant villages; and dwells with more complacency upon others who make him a native of places in which there were persons of much honor of the name, and many sepulchral monuments with arms and epitaphs of the Colombos. He relates his having himself gone to the castle of Cucureo, to visit two brothers of the family of Colombo, who were rich and noble, the youngest of whom was above one hundred years of age, and who he had heard were relatives of his father; but they could give him no information upon the subject; whereupon he breaks forth into his professed contempt for these adventitious claims, declaring, that he thinks it better to content himself with dating from the glory of the admiral, than to go about inquiring whether his father "were a merchant, or one who kept his hawks;" * since, adds he, of persons of similar pursuits, there are thousands who die every day, whose memory, even among their own neighbors and relatives, perishes immediately, without its being possible afterwards to ascertain even whether they existed.

After this, and a few more expressions of similar disdain for these empty distinctions, he indulges in vehement abuse of Agostino Giustiniani, whom he calls a false historian, an inconsiderate, partial, or malignant compatriot, for having, in his psalter, traduced his father, by saying, that in his youth he had been employed in mechanical occupations.

As, after all this discussion, Fernando leaves the question of his father's parentage in all its original obscurity, yet appears irritably sensitive to any derogatory suggestions of others, his whole evidence tends to the conviction that he really knew nothing to boast of in his ancestry.

Of the nobility and antiquity of the Colombo family, of which the admiral probably was a remote descendant, we have some account in Herrera. "We learn," he says, "that the Emperor Otto the Second, in 940, confirmed to the counts Pietro, Giovanni, and Alexandro Colombo, brothers, the feudatory possessions which they held within the jurisdiction of the cities of Ayqui, Savona, Aste, Montferrato, Turin, Viceli, Parma, Cre-

* Literally, in the original, *Cazador de Volateria*, a Falconer. Hawking was in those days an amusement of the highest classes; and to keep hawks was almost a sign of nobility.

mona, and Bergamo, and all others which they held in Italy. It appears that the Colombos of Cuccaro, Cucureo, and Placentia, were the same, and that the emperor in the same year, 940, made donation to the said three brothers of the castles of Cuccaro, Conzano, Rosignano, and others, and of the fourth part of Bistanio, which appertained to the empire.*

One of the boldest attempts of those biographers bent on ennobling Columbus, has been to make him son of the Lord of Cuccaro, a burgh of Montferrat, in Piedmont, and to prove that he was born in his father's castle at that place ; whence he and his brothers eloped at an early age, and never returned. This was asserted in the course of a process brought by a certain Baldasser or Balthazar Colombo, resident in Genoa, but originally of Cuccaro, claiming the title and estates, on the death of Diego Colon, Duke of Veragua, in 1578, the great-grandson, and last legitimate male descendant of the admiral. The council of the Indies decided against this claim to relationship. Some account of the lawsuit will be found in another part of the work.

This romantic story, like all others of the nobility of his parentage, is at utter variance with the subsequent events of his life, his long struggles with indigence and obscurity, and the difficulties he endured from the want of family connections. How can it be believed, says Bossi, that this same man, who, in his most cruel adversities, was incessantly taunted by his enemies with the obscurity of his birth, should not reply to this reproach, by declaring his origin, if he were really descended from the Lords of Cuccaro, Conzano, and Rosignano ? a circumstance which would have obtained him the highest credit with the Spanish nobility.†

The different families of Colombo which lay claim to the great navigator, seem to be various branches of one tree, and there is little doubt of his appertaining remotely to the same respectable stock.

It appears evident, however, that Columbus sprang immediately from a line of humble but industrious citizens, which had existed in Genoa,

* Herrera, decad. i. lib. i. cap. 7.
† Dissertation, &c.

even from the time of Giacomo Colombo the wool-carder, in 1311, mentioned by Spotorno; nor is this in any wise incompatible with the intimation of Fernando Columbus, that the family had been reduced from high estate to great poverty, by the wars of Lombardy. The feuds of Italy, in those ages, had broken down and scattered many of the noblest families; and while some branches remained in the lordly heritage of castles and domains, others were confounded with the humblest population of the cities.

No. VI.

BIRTHPLACE OF COLUMBUS.

There has been much controversy about the birthplace of Columbus. The greatness of his renown has induced various places to lay claim to him as a native, and from motives of laudable pride, for nothing reflects greater lustre upon a city than to have given birth to distinguished men. The original and long established opinion was in favor of Genoa; but such strenuous claims were asserted by the states of Placentia, and in particular of Piedmont, that the Academy of Sciences and Letters of Genoa was induced, in 1812, to nominate three of its members, Signors Serra, Carrega, and Piaggio, commissioners to examine into these pretensions.

The claims of Placentia had been first advanced in 1662, by Pietro Maria Campi, in the ecclesiastical history of that place, who maintained that Columbus was a native of the village of Pradello, in that vicinity. It appeared probable, on investigation, that Bertolino Colombo, great grandfather to the admiral, had owned a small property in Pradello, the rent of which had been received by Domenico Colombo of Genoa, and after his death by his sons Christopher and Bartholomew. Admitting this assertion to be correct, there was no proof that either the admiral, his father, or grandfather had ever resided on that estate. The very cir-

cumstances of the case indicated, on the contrary, that their home was in Genoa.

The claim of Piedmont was maintained with more plausibility. It was shown that a Domenico Colombo was lord of the castle of Cuccaro in Montferrat, at the time of the birth of Christopher Columbus, who, it was asserted, was his son, and born in his castle. Balthazar Colombo, a descendant of this person, instituted a lawsuit before the council of the Indies for the inheritance of the admiral, when his male line became extinct. The council of the Indies decided against him, as is shown in an account of that process given among the illustrations of this history. It was proved that Domenico Colombo, father of the admiral, was resident in Genoa both before and many years after the death of this lord of Cuccaro, who bore the same name.

The three commissioners appointed by the Academy of Sciences and Letters of Genoa to examine into these pretensions, after a long and diligent investigation, gave a voluminous and circumstantial report in favor of Genoa. An ample digest of their inquest may be found in the History of Columbus by Signor Bossi, who, in an able dissertation on the question, confirms their opinion. It may be added, in farther corroboration, that Peter Martyr and Bartholomew Las Casas, who were contemporaries and acquaintances of Columbus, and Juan de Barros, the Portuguese historian, all make Columbus a native of the Genoese territories.

There has been a question fruitful of discussion among the Genoese themselves, whether Columbus was born in the city of Genoa, or in some other part of the territory. Finale, and Oneglia, and Savona, towns on the Ligurian coast to the west, Boggiasco, Cogoleto, and several other towns and villages, claim him as their own. His family possessed a small property at a village or hamlet between Quinto and Nervi, called Terra Rossa; in Latin, Terra Rubra; which has induced some writers to assign his birth to one of those places. Bossi says that there is still a tower between Quinto and Nervi which bears the title of Torre dei Colombi.* Bartholomew Columbus, brother to the admiral, styled himself of Terra

* Bossi. French Translation, Paris, 1824, p. 69.

Rubra, in a Latin inscription on a map which he presented to Henry VII. of England, and Fernando Columbus states, in his history of the admiral, that he was accustomed to subscribe himself in the same manner before he attained to his dignities.

Cogoleto at one time bore away the palm. The families there claim the discoverer and preserve a portrait of him. One or both of the two admirals named Colombo, with whom he sailed, are stated to have come from that place, and to have been confounded with him so as to have given support to this idea.*

Savona, a city in the Genoese territories, has claimed the same honor, and this claim has recently been very strongly brought forward. Signor Giovanni Battista Belloro, an advocate of Savona, has strenuously maintained this claim in an ingenious disputation, dated May 12th, 1826, in form of a letter to the Baron du Zach, editor of a valuable astronomical and geographical journal, published monthly at Genoa.†

Signor Belloro claims it as an admitted fact, that Domenico Colombo was for many years a resident and citizen of Savona, in which place one Christopher Columbus is shown to have signed a document in 1472.

He states that a public square in that city bore the name of Platea Columbi, toward the end of the 14th century; that the Ligurian government gave the name of Jurisdizione di Colombi to that district of the republic, under the persuasion that the great navigator was a native of Savona; and that Columbus gave the name of Saona to a little island adjacent to Hispaniola, among his earliest discoveries.

He quotes many Savonese writers, principally poets, and various historians and poets of other countries, and thus establishes the point that Columbus was held to be a native of Savona by persons of respectable authority. He lays particular stress on the testimony of the Magnifico Francisco Spinola, as related by the learned prelate Felippo Alberto Pollero, stating that he had seen the sepulchre of Christopher Columbus in the cathedral at Seville, and that the epitaph states him expressly

* Idem.

† Correspondence Astronom. Geograph., &c., de Baron du Zach, vol. 14, cahier 6, lettera 29. 1826.

to be a native of Savona; "Hic jacet Christophorus Columbus Savonensis." *

The proofs advanced by Signor Belloro show his zeal for the honor of his native city, but do not authenticate the fact he undertakes to establish. He shows clearly that many respectable writers believed Columbus to be a native of Savona; but a far greater number can be adduced, and many of them contemporary with the admiral, some of them his intimate friends, others his fellow-citizens, who state him to have been born in the city of Genoa. Among the Savonese writers, Giulio Salinorio, who investigated the subject, comes expressly to the same conclusion: "*Genova, cittá nobilissima, era la patria de Colombo.*"

Signor Belloro appears to be correct in stating that Domenico, the father of the admiral, was several years resident in Savona. But it appears from his own dissertation, that the Christopher who witnessed the testament in 1472, styled himself of Genoa: "*Christophorus Columbus lanerius de Janua.*" This incident is stated by other writers, who presume this Christopher to have been the navigator on a visit to his father, in the interval of his early voyages. In as far as the circumstance bears on the point, it supports the idea that he was born at Genoa.

The epitaph on which Signor Belloro places his principal reliance, entirely fails. Christopher Columbus was not interred in the cathedral of Seville, nor was any monument erected to him in that edifice. The tomb to which the learned prelate Felippo Alberto Pollero alludes, may have been that of Fernando Columbus, son to the admiral, who, as has been already observed, was buried in the cathedral of Seville, to which he bequeathed his noble library. The place of his sepulture is designated by a broad slab of white marble, inserted in the pavement, with an inscription, partly in Spanish, partly in Latin, recording the merits of Fernando, and the achievements of his father. On either side of the epitaph is engraved an ancient Spanish Galley. The inscription quoted by Signor Belloro may have been erroneously written from memory by the Magni-

* Felippo Alberto Pollero, Epicherema, cioé breve discorso per difesa di sua persona e carrattere. Torino, per Gio Battista Zappata. MCDXCVI. (read 1696) in 4o. pag. 47.

fico Francisco Spinola, under the mistaken idea that he had beheld the sepulchre of the great discoverer. As Fernando was born at Cordova, the term Savonensis must have been another error of memory in the Magnifico; no such word is to be found in the inscription.

This question of birthplace has also been investigated with considerable minuteness, and a decision given in favor of Genoa, by D. Gio Battista Spotorno, of the royal university in that city, in his historical memoir of Columbus. He shows that the family of the Colombi had long been resident in Genoa. By an extract from the notarial register, it appeared that one Giacomo Colombo, a wool-carder, resided without the gate of St. Andria, in the year 1311. An agreement, also, published by the academy of Genoa, proved, that in 1489, Domenico Colombo possessed a house and shop, and a garden with a well, in the street of St. Andrew's gate, anciently without the walls, presumed to have been the same residence with that of Giacomo Colombo. He rented also another house from the monks of St. Stephen, in the Via Mulcento, leading from the street of St. Andrew to the Strada Giulia.*

Signor Bossi states, that documents lately found in the archives of the monastery of St. Stephen, present the name of Domenico Colombo several times, from 1456 to 1459, and designate him as son of Giovanni Colombo, husband of Susanna Fontanarossa, and father of Christopher, Bartholomew, and Giacomo † (or Diego). He states also that the receipts of the canons show that the last payment of rent was made by Domenico Colombo for his dwelling in 1489. He surmises that the admiral was born in the before-mentioned house belonging to those monks, in Via Mulcento, and that he was baptized in the church of St. Stephen. He adds that an ancient manuscript was submitted to the commissioner of the Genoese academy, in the margin of which the notary had stated that the name of Christopher was on the register of the parish as having been baptized in that church.‡

Andres Bernaldes, the curate of Los Palacios, who was an intimate

* Spotorno, Eng. trans. p. xi. xii.
† Bossi, French trans. p. 76.
‡ Bossi, French trans. p. 88.

friend of Columbus, says that he was of Genoa.* Agostino Giustiniani, a contemporary of Columbus, likewise asserts it in his Polyglot Psalter, published in Genoa, in 1516. Antonio de Herrera, an author of great accuracy, who, though not a contemporary, had access to the best documents, asserts decidedly that he was born in the city of Genoa.

To these names may be added that of Alexander Geraldini, brother to the nuncio, and instructor to the children of Ferdinand and Isabella, a most intimate friend of Columbus.† Also Antonio Gallo,‡ Bartolomeo Senarega,§ and Uberto Foglieta,‖ all contemporaries with the admiral, and natives of Genoa, together with an anonymous writer, who published an account of his voyage of discovery at Venice in 1509.¶ It is unnecessary to mention historians of later date agreeing in the same fact, as they must have derived their information from some of these authorities.

The question in regard to the birthplace of Columbus has been treated thus minutely, because it has been, and still continues to be, a point of warm controversy. It may be considered, however, as conclusively decided by the highest authority, the evidence of Columbus himself. In a testament executed in 1498, which has been admitted in evidence before the Spanish tribunals in certain lawsuits among his descendants, he twice declares that he was a native of the city of Genoa: "*Siendo yo nacido en Genova.*" "I being born in Genoa." And again, he repeats the assertion, as a reason for enjoining certain conditions on his heirs, which manifest the interest he takes in his native place. "I command the said Diego, my son, or the person who inherits the said mayorazgo (or entailed estate), that he maintain always in the city of Genoa a person of our lineage, who shall have a house and a wife there, and to furnish him with an income on which he can live decently, as a person connected with our family, and hold footing and root in that city as a native of it, so that he

* Cura de los Palacios, MS. cap. 118.
† Alex. Geraldini, Itin. ad. Reg. sub. Aquinor.
‡ Antonio Gallo, Anales of Genoa, Muratori, tom. 23.
§ Senarega, Muratori, tom. 24.
‖ Foglieta, Elog. Clar. Ligur.
¶ Grineus, Nov. Orb.

may have aid and favor in that city in case of need, *for from thence I came and there was born.*" *

In another part of his testament he expresses himself with a filial fondness in respect to Genoa. "I command the said Don Diego, or whoever shall possess the said mayorazgo, that he labor and strive always for the honor, and welfare, and increase of the city of Genoa, and employ all his abilities and means in defending and augmenting the welfare and honor of her republic, in all matters which are not contrary to the service of the church of God, and the state of the king and queen our sovereigns, and their successors."

An informal codicil, executed by Columbus at Valladolid, May 4th, 1506, sixteen days before his death, was discovered about 1785, in the Corsini library at Rome. It is termed a military codicil, from being made in the manner which the civil law allows to the soldier who executes such an instrument on the eve of battle, or in expectation of death. It was written on the blank page of a little breviary presented to Columbus by Pope Alexander VII. Columbus leaves the book "to his beloved country, the Republic of Genoa."

He directs the erection of a hospital in that city for the poor, with provision for its support; and he declares that republic his successor in the admiralty of the Indies, in the event of his male line becoming extinct.

The authenticity of this paper has been questioned. It has been said, that there was no probability of Columbus having resort to a usage with which he was, most likely, unacquainted. The objections are not cogent. Columbus was accustomed to the peculiarities of a military life, and he repeatedly wrote letters, in critical moments, as a precaution against some fatal occurrence that seemed to impend. The present codicil, from its date, must have been written a few days previous to his death, perhaps at a moment when he imagined himself at extremity. This may account

* "Item. Mando el dicho Don Diego mi hijo, á la persona que heredare el dicho mayorazgo, que tenga y sostenga siempre en la ciudad de Genova una persona de nuestro linage que tenga alli casa é muger, é le ordene renta con que pueda vivir honestamente, como persona tan llegadaá nuestro linage, y haga pie y raiz en la dicha ciudad como natural della porque podrá haber de la dicha ciudad ayuda e favor en las cosas del menester suyo, *pues que dello sali y en ella naci.*"

for any difference in the handwriting, especially as he was, at times, so affected by the gout in his hands as not to be able to write except at night. Particular stress has been laid on the signature ; but it does not appear, that he was uniform in regard to that, and it is a point to which any one who attempted a forgery would be attentive. It does not appear, likewise, that any advantage could have been obtained by forging the paper, or that any such was attempted.

In 1502, when Columbus was about to depart on his fourth and last voyage, he wrote to his friend, Doctor Nicolo Oderigo, formerly ambassador from Genoa to Spain, and forwarded to him copies of all his grants and commissions from the Spanish sovereigns, authenticated before the alcaldes of Seville. He, at the same time, wrote to the bank of San Giorgio, at Genoa, assigning a tenth of his revenues to be paid to that city in diminution of the duties on corn, wine, and other provisions.

Why should Columbus feel this strong interest in Genoa, had he been born in any of the other Italian states which have laid claim to him ? He was under no obligation to Genoa. He had resided there but a brief portion of his early life ; and his proposition for discovery, according to some writers, had been scornfully rejected by that republic. There is nothing to warrant so strong an interest in Genoa, but the filial tie which links the heart of a man to his native place, however he may be separated from it by time or distance, and however little he may be indebted to it for favors.

Again, had Columbus been born in any of the towns and villages of the Genoese coast which have claimed him for a native, why should he have made these bequests in favor of the *city* of Genoa, and not of his native town or village ?

These bequests were evidently dictated by a mingled sentiment of pride and affection, which would be without all object if not directed to his native place. He was at this time elevated above all petty pride on the subject. His renown was so brilliant, that it would have shed a lustre on any hamlet, however obscure; and the strong love of country here manifested, would never have felt satisfied, until it had singled out the

spot, and nestled down, in the very cradle of his infancy. These appear to be powerful reasons, drawn from natural feeling, for deciding in favor of Genoa.

No. VII.

THE COLOMBOS.

During the early part of the life of Columbus, there were two other navigators, bearing the same name, of some rank and celebrity, with whom he occasionally sailed; their names occurring vaguely from time to time, during the obscure part of his career, have caused much perplexity to some of his biographers, who have supposed that they designated the discoverer. Fernando Columbus affirms them to have been family connections,* and his father says, in one of his letters, "I am not the first admiral of our family."

These two were uncle and nephew: the latter being termed by historians Colombo the younger (by the Spanish historians, Colombo el mozo). They were in the Genoese service, but are mentioned, occasionally, in old chronicles as French commanders, because Genoa, during a great part of their time, was under the protection, or rather the sovereignty of France, and her ships and captains, being engaged in the expeditions of that power, were identified with the French marine.

Mention is made of the elder Colombo in Zurita's Annals of Arragon, (L. xix. p. 261,) in the war between Spain and Portugal, on the subject of the claim of the Princess Juana to the crown of Castile. In 1476, the king of Portugal determined to go to the Mediterranean coast of France, to incite his ally, Louis XI., to prosecute the war in the province of Guipuzcoa.

The king left Toro, says Zurita, on the 13th June, and went by the

* Hist. del Almirante, cap. 1.

river to the city of Porto, in order to await the armada of the king of France, the captain of which was Colon (Colombo), who was to navigate by the Straits of Gibraltar to pass to Marseilles.

After some delays, Colombo arrived in the latter part of July with the French armada at Bermeo, on the coast of Biscay, where he encountered a violent storm, lost his principal ship, and ran to the coast of Galicia, with an intention of attacking Ribaldo, and lost a great many of his men. Thence he went to Lisbon to receive the king of Portugal, who embarked in the fleet in August, with a number of his noblemen, and took two thousand two hundred foot soldiers, and four hundred and seventy horse, to strengthen the Portuguese garrisons along the Barbary coast. There were in the squadron twelve ships and five caravels. After touching at Ceuta the fleet proceeded to Colibre, where the king disembarked in the middle of September, the weather not permitting them to proceed to Marseilles. (Zurita, L. xix. Ch. 51.)

This Colombo is evidently the naval commander of whom the following mention is made by Jacques George de Chaufepie, in his supplement to Bayle, (vol. 2, p. 126 of letter C.)

"I do not know what dependence," says Chaufepie, "is to be placed on a fact reported in the *Ducatiana* (Part 1, p. 143), that Columbus was in 1474 captain of several ships for Louis XI., and that, as the Spaniards had made at that time an irruption into Roussillon, he thought that, for reprisal, and without contravening the peace between the two crowns, he could run down Spanish vessels. He attacked, therefore, and took two galleys of that nation, freighted on the account of various individuals. On complaints of this action being made to King Ferdinand, he wrote on the subject to Louis XI.; his letter is dated the 9th December, 1474. Ferdinand terms Christopher Columbus a subject of Louis; it was because, as is known, Columbus was a Genoese, and Louis was sovereign of Genoa; although that city and Savona were held of him in fief by the duke of Milan."

It is highly probable that it was the squadron of this same Colombo of whom the circumstance is related by Bossi, and after him by Spotorno on the authority of a letter found in the archives of Milan, and written in

1476 by two illustrious Milanese gentlemen, on their return from Jerusalem. The letter states that in the previous year 1475, as the Venetian fleet was stationed off Cyprus to guard the island, a Genoese squadron, commanded by one Colombo, sailed by them with an air of defiance, shouting "Viva San Giorgia!" As the republics were then at peace they were permitted to pass unmolested.

Bossi supposes that the Colombo here mentioned was Christopher Columbus the discoverer; but it appears rather to have been the old Genoese admiral of that name, who according to Zurita was about that time cruising in the Mediterranean; and who, in all probability, was the hero of both the preceding occurrences.

The nephew of this Colombo, called by the Spaniards Colombo el mozo, commanded a few years afterwards a squadron in the French service, as will appear in a subsequent illustration, and Columbus may at various times have held an inferior command under both uncle and nephew, and been present on the above cited occasions.

No. VIII.

EXPEDITION OF JOHN OF ANJOU.

About the time that Columbus attained his twenty-fourth year, his native city was in a state of great alarm and peril from the threatened invasion of Alphonso V. of Arragon, king of Naples. Finding itself too weak to contend singly with such a foe, and having in vain looked for assistance from Italy, it placed itself under the protection of Charles the VIIth of France. That monarch sent to its assistance John of Anjou, son of René or Renato, king of Naples, who had been dispossessed of his crown by Alphonso. John of Anjou, otherwise called the Duke of Calabria,* immediately took upon himself the command of the place, repaired

* Duke of Calabria was a title of the heir apparent to the crown of Naples.

its fortifications, and defended the entrance of the harbor with strong chains. In the meantime, Alphonso had prepared a large land force, and assembled an armament of twenty ships and ten galleys at Ancona, on the frontiers of Genoa. The situation of the latter was considered eminently perilous, when Alphonso suddenly fell ill of a calenture and died; leaving the kingdoms of Anjou and Sicily to his brother John, and the kingdom of Naples to his son Ferdinand.

The death of Alphonso, and the subsequent division of his dominions, while they relieved the fears of the Genoese, gave rise to new hopes on the part of the house of Anjou: and the Duke John, encouraged by emissaries from various powerful partisans among the Neapolitan nobility, determined to make a bold attempt upon Naples for the recovery of the crown. The Genoese entered into his cause with spirit, furnishing him with ships, galleys, and money. His father, René or Renato, fitted out twelve galleys for the expedition in the harbor of Marseilles, and sent him assurance of an abundant supply of money, and of the assistance of the king of France. The brilliant nature of the enterprise attracted the attention of the daring and restless spirits of the times. The chivalrous nobleman, the soldier of fortune, the hardy corsair, the bold adventurer, or the military partisan enlisted under the banners of the Duke of Calabria. It is stated by historians, that Columbus served in the armament from Genoa, in a squadron commanded by one of the Colombos, his relations.

The expedition sailed in October, 1459, and arrived at Sessa, between the mouths of the Garigliano and the Volturno. The news of its arrival was the signal of universal revolt; the factious barons, and their vassals, hastened to join the standard of Anjou, and the duke soon saw the finest provinces of the Neapolitan dominions at his command, and with his army and squadron menaced the city of Naples itself.

In the history of this expedition we meet with one hazardous action of the fleet in which Columbus had embarked.

The army of John of Anjou being closely invested by a superior force was in a perilous predicament at the mouth of the Sarno. In this conjuncture, the captain of the armada landed with his men, and scoured

the neighborhood, hoping to awaken in the populace their former enthusiasm for the banner of Anjou; and perhaps to take Naples by surprise. A chosen company of Neapolitan infantry was sent against them. The troops from the fleet having little of the discipline of regular soldiery, and much of the freebooting disposition of maritime rovers, had scattered themselves about the country, intent chiefly upon spoil. They were attacked by the infantry and put to rout, with the loss of many killed and wounded. Endeavoring to make their way back to the ships, they found the passes seized and blocked up by the people of Sorrento, who assailed them with dreadful havoc. Their flight now became desperate and headlong, many threw themselves from rocks and precipices into the sea, and but a small portion regained the ships.

The contest of John of Anjou for the crown of Naples, lasted four years. For a time fortune favored him, and the prize seemed almost within his grasp, but reverses succeeded: he was defeated at various points; the factious nobles, one by one, deserted him, and returned to their allegiance to Alphonso, and the duke was finally compelled to retire to the island of Ischia. Here he remained for some time, guarded by eight galleys, which likewise harassed the Bay of Naples.* In this squadron, which loyally adhered to him, until he ultimately abandoned this unfortunate enterprise, Columbus is stated to have served.

No. IX.

CAPTURE OF THE VENETIAN GALLEYS, BY COLOMBO THE YOUNGER.

As the account of the sea-fight by which Fernando Columbus asserts that his father was first thrown upon the shores of Portugal, has been adopted by various respectable historians, it is proper to give particular reasons for discrediting it.

* Colenuccio, Hist. Nap., lib. vii. cap. 17.

Fernando expressly says, that it was an action mentioned by Marco Antonio Sabelico, in the eighth book of his tenth Decade; that the squadron in which Columbus served was commanded by a famous corsair, called Columbus the younger (Colombo el mozo), and that an embassy was sent from Venice to thank the king of Portugal for the succor he afforded to the Venetian captains and crews. All this is certainly recorded in Sabellicus, but the battle took place in 1485, after Columbus had *left* Portugal. Zurita in his Annals of Arragon, under the date of 1685, mentions this same action. He says, "at this time four Venetian galleys sailed from the island of Cadiz, and took the route for Flanders; they were laden with merchandise from the Levant, especially from the island of Sicily, and passing by Cape St. Vincent, they were attacked by a French corsair, son of Captain Colon (Colombo), who had seven vessels in his armada; and the galleys were captured the twenty-first of August."*

A much fuller account is given in the life of King John II. of Portugal, by Garcia de Resende, who likewise records it as happening in 1485. He says the Venetian galleys were taken and robbed by the French, and the captains and crews, wounded, plundered, and maltreated, were turned on shore at Cascoes. Here they were succored by Doña Maria de Meneses, countess of Monsanto.

When King John II. heard of the circumstance, being much grieved that such an event should have happened on his coast, and being disposed to show his friendship for the Republic of Venice, he ordered that the Venetian captains should be furnished with rich raiment of silks and costly cloths, and provided with horses and mules, that they might make their appearance before him in a style befitting themselves and their country. He received them with great kindness and distinction, expressing himself with princely courtesy, both as to themselves and the Republic of Venice; and having heard their account of the battle, and of their destitute situation, he assisted them with a large sum of money to ransom their galleys from the French cruisers. The latter took all the merchan-

* Zurita, Anales de Arragon, lib. xx. cap. 64.

dises on board of their ships, but King John prohibited any of the spoil from being purchased within his dominions. Having thus generously relieved and assisted the captains, and administered to the necessities of their crews, he enabled them all to return in their own galleys to Venice.

The dignitaries of the republic were so highly sensible of this munificence, on the part of King John, that they sent a stately embassy to that monarch, with rich presents and warm expressions of gratitude. Geronimo Donate was charged with this mission, a man eminent for learning and eloquence ; he was honorably received and entertained by King John, and dismissed with royal presents, among which were jenets and mules, with sumptuous trappings and caparisons, and many negro slaves richly clad.*

The following is the account of this action as given by Sabellicus, in his history of Venice: †

Erano andate quattro Galee delle quali Bartolommeo Minio era capitano. Queste navigando per l'Iberico mare, Colombo il più giovane, nipote di quel Colombo famoso corsale, fecesi incontro a' Veniziani di notte, appresso il sacro Promontorio, che chiamasi ora capo di san Vincenzo, con sette navi guernite da combattere. Egli quantunque nel primo incontro avesse seco disposto d' opprimere le navi Veniziane, si ritenne però dal combattere sin al giorno: tuttavia per esser alla battaglia più acconcio così le seguia, che le prode del corsale toccavano le poppe de Veniziani. Venuto il giorno incontanente i Barbari diedero l' assalto. Sostennero i Veniziani allora l' empito del nemico, per numero di navi e di combattenti superiore, e durò il conflitto atroce per molte ore. Rare fiate fu combattuto contro simili nemici con tanta uccisione, perchè a pena si costuma d' attaccarsi contro di loro, se non per occasione. Affermano alcuni, che

* Obras de Garcia de Resende, cap. 58, Avora, 1554.

† Marco Antonio Coccio, better known under the name of Sabellicus, a cognomen which he adopted on being crowned poet in the pedantic academy of Pomponius Lætus. He was a contemporary of Columbus, and makes brief mention of his discoveries in the eighth book of the tenth Ennead of his universal history. By some writers he is called the Livy of his time; others accuse him of being full of misrepresentations in favor of Venice. The older Scaliger charges him with venality, and with being swayed by Venetian gold.

vi furono presenti, esser morte delle ciurme Veniziane da trecento uomini. Altri dicono che fu meno: morì in quella zuffa Lorenzo Michele capitano d' una galera e Giovanni Delfino, d' altro capitano fratello. Era durata la zuffa dal fare del giorno fin' ad ore venti, e erano le genti Veneziane mal trattate. Era gia la nave Delfina in potere de' nemici quando le altre ad una ad una si renderono. Narrano alcuni, che furono di quel aspro conflitto partecipi, aver numerato nelle loro navi da prode a poppe ottanta valorosi uomini estinti, i quali dal nemico veduti lo mossero a gemere e dire con sdegno, che così avevano voluto, i Veniziani. I corpi morti furono gettati nel mare, e i feriti posti nel lido. Quei che rimasero vivi seguirono con e naovi il capitan vittorioso sin' a Lisbona e ivi furono tutti licenziati. . . . . Quivi furono i Veniziani benignamente ricevuti dal Re, gli infermi furono medicati, gli altri ebbero abiti e denari secondo la loro condizione. . . . . Oltre ciò vietò in tutto il Regno, che alcuno non comprasse della preda Veniziana, portata dai corsali. La nuova dell' avuta rovina non poco afflisse la città, erano perduti in quella mercatanzia da ducento mila ducati; ma il danno particolare degli uomini uccisi diede maggior afflizione.

Marc. Ant. Sabelico, Hist. Venet., decad. iv. lib. iii.

No. X.

AMERIGO VESPUCCI.

Among the earliest and most intelligent of the voyagers who followed the track of Columbus, was Amerigo Vespucci. He has been considered by many as the first discoverer of the southern continent, and by a singular caprice of fortune, his name has been given to the whole of the New World. It has been strenuously insisted, however, that he had no claim to the title of a discoverer ; that he merely sailed in a subordinate capacity in a squadron commanded by others ; that the account of his first voyage is a fabrication ; and that he did not visit the main-land

until after it had been discovered and coasted by Columbus. As this question has been made a matter of warm and voluminous controversy, it is proper to take a summary view of it in the present work.

Amerigo Vespucci was born in Florence, March 9th, 1451, of a noble, but not at that time a wealthy family; his father's name was Anastatio; his mother's was Elizabetta Mini. He was the third of their sons, and received an excellent education under his uncle, Georgio Antonio Vespucci, a learned friar of the fraternity of San Marco, who was instructor to several illustrious personages of that period.

Amerigo Vespucci visited Spain, and took up his residence in Seville, to attend to some commercial transactions on account of the family of the Medici of Florence, and to repair, by his ingenuity, the losses and misfortunes of an unskillful brother.*

The date of his arrival in Spain is uncertain, but from comparing dates and circumstances mentioned in his letters, he must have been at Seville when Columbus returned from his first voyage.

Padre Stanislaus Canovai, Professor of Mathematics at Florence, who has published the life and voyages of Amerigo Vespucci, says that he was commissioned by King Ferdinand, and sent with Columbus in his second voyage in 1493. He states this on the authority of a passage in the Cosmography of Sebastian Munster, published at Basle in 1550;† but Munster mentions Vespucci as having accompanied Columbus in his first voyage; the reference of Canovai is therefore incorrect; and the suggestion of Munster is disproved by the letters of Vespucci, in which he states his having been stimulated by the accounts brought of the newly discovered regions. He never mentions such a voyage in any of his letters; which he most probably would have done, or rather would have made it the subject of a copious letter, had he actually performed it.

The first notice of a positive form which we have of Vespucci, as resident in Spain, is early in 1496. He appears, from documents in the royal archives at Seville, to have acted as agent or factor for the house of Juanoto Berardi, a rich Florentine merchant, resident in Seville; who had

* Bandini vita d'Amerigo Vespucci.
† Cosm. Munst., p. 1108.

contracted to furnish the Spanish sovereigns with three several armaments, of four vessels each, for the service of the newly discovered countries. He may have been one of the principals in this affair, which was transacted in the name of this established house. Berardi died in December, 1495, and in the following January we find Amerigo Vespucci attending to the concerns of the expeditions, and settling with the masters of the ships for their pay and maintenance, according to the agreements made between them and the late Juanoto Berardi. On the 12th January, 1496, he received on this account 10,000 maravedis from Bernardo Pinelo the royal treasurer. He went on preparing all things for the despatch of four caravels to sail under the same contract between the sovereigns and the house of Berardi, and sent them to sea on the 3d February, 1496; but on the 8th they met with a storm and were wrecked; the crews were saved with the loss of only three men.* While thus employed, Amerigo Vespucci, of course, had occasional opportunity of conversing with Columbus, with whom, according to the expression of the admiral himself, in one of his letters to his son Diego, he appears to have been always on friendly terms. From these conversations, and from his agency in these expeditions, he soon became excited to visit the newly discovered countries, and to participate in enterprises, which were the theme of every tongue. Having made himself well acquainted with geographical and nautical science, he prepared to launch into the career of discovery. It was not very long before he carried this design into execution.

In 1498, Columbus, in his third voyage, discovered the coast of Paria, on Terra Firma; which he at that time imagined to be a great island, but that a vast continent lay immediately adjacent. He sent to Spain specimens of pearls found on this coast, and gave the most sanguine accounts of the supposed riches of the country.

In 1499, an expedition of four vessels under command of Alonzo de Ojeda, was fitted out from Spain, and sailed for Paria, guided by charts and letters sent to the government by Columbus. These were communicated to Ojeda, by his patron, the Bishop Fonseca, who had the superin-

* These particulars are from manuscript memoranda, extracted from the royal archives, by the last accurate historian Muñoz.

tendence of India affairs, and who furnished him also with a warrant to undertake the voyage.

It is presumed that Vespucci aided in fitting out the armament, and sailed in a vessel belonging to the house of Berardi, and in this way was enabled to take a share in the gains and losses of the expedition ; for Isabella, as queen of Castile, had rigorously forbidden all strangers to trade with her transatlantic possessions, not even excepting the natives of the kingdom of Aragon.

This squadron visited Paria and several hundred miles of the coast, which they ascertained to be Terra Firma. They returned in June, 1500; and on the 18th of July, in that year, Amerigo Vespucci wrote an account of his voyage to Lorenzo de Pier Francisco de Medici of Florence, which remained concealed in manuscript, until brought to light and published by Bandini in 1745.

In his account of this voyage, and in every other narrative of his different expeditions, Vespucci never mentions any other person concerned in the enterprise. He gives the time of his sailing, and states that he went with two caravels, which were probably his share of the expedition, or rather vessels sent by the house of Berardi. He gives an interesting narrative of the voyage, and of the various transactions with the natives, which corresponds, in many substantial points, with the accounts furnished by Ojeda and his mariners of their voyage, in a lawsuit hereafter mentioned.

In May, 1501, Vespucci, having suddenly left Spain, sailed in the service of Emanuel, king of Portugal; in the course of which expedition he visited the coast of Brazil. He gives an account of this voyage in a second letter to Lorenzo de Pier Francisco de Medici, which also remained in manuscript until published by Bartolozzi in 1789.*

No record nor notice of any such voyage undertaken by Amerigo Vespucci, at the command of Emanuel, is to be found in the archives of the Torre do Tombo, the general archives of Portugal, which have been repeatedly and diligently searched for the purpose. It is singular also that

Bartolozzi, Recherche Historico. Firenze, 1789.

his name is not to be found in any of the Portuguese historians, who in general were very particular in naming all navigators who held any important station among them, or rendered any distinguished services. That Vespucci did sail along the coasts, however, is not questioned. His nephew, after his death, in the course of evidence on some points in dispute, gave the correct latitude of Cape St. Augustine, which he said he had extracted from his uncle's journal.

In 1504, Vespucci wrote a third letter to the same Lorenzo de Medici, containing a more extended account of the voyage just alluded to in the service of Portugal. This was the first of his narratives that appeared in print. It appears to have been published in Latin, at Strasburgh, as early as 1505, under the title "Americus Vesputius de Orbe Antarctica per Regem Portugalliæ pridem inventa." *

An edition of this letter was printed in Vicenza in 1507, in an anonymous collection of voyages edited by Francanzio di Monte Alboddo, an inhabitant of Vicenza. It was reprinted in Italian in 1508, at Milan, and also in Latin, in a book entitled Itinerarium Portugalensium. In making the present illustration, the Milan edition in Italian † has been consulted, and also a Latin translation of it by Simon Grinæus, in his Novus Orbis, published at Basle in 1532. It relates entire the first voyage of Vespucci from Lisbon to the Brazils in 1501.

It is from this voyage to the Brazils that Amerigo Vespucci was first considered the discoverer of Terra Firma; and his name was at first ap-

* Panzer, tom. vi. p. 33, apud Esame Critico, p. 88, Anotazione 1.

† This rare book, in the possession of O. Rich, Esq., is believed to be the oldest printed collection of voyages extant. It has not the pages numbered, the sheets are merely marked with a letter of the alphabet at the foot of each eighth page. It contains the earliest account of the voyages of Columbus, from his first departure until his arrival at Cadiz in chains. The letter of Vespucci to Lorenzo de Medici occupies the fifth book of this little volume. It is stated to have been originally written in Spanish and translated into Italian by a person of the name of Jocondo. An earlier edition is stated to have been printed in Venice by Alberto Vercellese, in 1504. The author is said to have been Angelo Trivigiani, secretary to the Venetian ambassador in Spain. This Trivigiani appears to have collected many of the particulars of the voyages of Columbus from the manuscript decades of Peter Martyr, who erroneously lays the charge of the plagiarism to Aloysius Cadamosto, whose voyages are inserted in the same collection. The book was entitled "*Libretto di tutta la navigazione del Re de Espagna, delle Isole e terreni nuovamente trovati.*"

plied to these southern regions, though afterwards extended to the whole continent. The merits of his voyage were, however, greatly exaggerated. The Brazils had been previously discovered, and formally taken possession of for Spain in 1500, by Vincente Yañez Pinzon; and also in the same year, by Pedro Alvarez Cabral, on the part of Portugal; circumstances unknown however to Vespucci and his associates. The country remained in possession of Portugal, in conformity to the line of demarcation agreed on between the two nations.

Vespucci made a second voyage in the service of Portugal. He says that he commanded a caravel in a squadron of six vessels destined for the discovery of Malacca, which they had heard to be the great depot and magazine of all the trade between the Ganges and the Indian sea. Such an expedition did sail about this time, under the command of Gonzalo Coelho. The squadron sailed, according to Vespucci, on the 10th of May, 1503. It stopped at the Cape de Verde Islands for refreshments, and afterwards sailed by the coast of Sierra Leone, but was prevented from landing by contrary winds and a turbulent sea. Standing to the south-west, they ran three hundred leagues until they were three degrees to the southward of the equinoctial line, where they discovered an uninhabited island, about two leagues in length and one in breadth. Here, on the 10th of August, by mismanagement, the commander of the squadron ran his vessel on a rock and lost her. While the other vessels were assisting to save the crew and property from the wreck, Amerigo Vespucci was despatched in his caravel to search for a safe harbor in the island. He departed in his vessel without his long-boat, and with less than half of his crew, the rest having gone in the boat to the assistance of the wreck. Vespucci found a harbor, but waited in vain for several days for the arrival of the ships. Standing out to sea he met with a solitary vessel, and learnt that the ship of the commander had sunk, and the rest had proceeded onwards. In company with this vessel he stood for the Brazils, according to the command of the king, in case that any vessel should be parted from the fleet. Arriving on the coast he discovered the famous Bay of All Saints, where he remained upwards of two months, in hopes of being joined by the rest of the fleet. He at length ran 260

leagues farther south, where he remained five months building a fort and taking in a cargo of Brazil-wood. Then, leaving in the fortress a garrison of 24 men with arms and ammunition, he set sail for Lisbon, where he arrived in June, 1504.* The commander of the squadron and the other four ships were never heard of afterwards.

Vespucci does not appear to have received the reward from the king of Portugal that his services merited, for we find him at Seville early in 1505, on his way to the Spanish court, in quest of employment: and he was bearer of a letter from Columbus to his son Diego, dated February 5, which, while it speaks warmly of him as a friend, intimates his having been unfortunate. The following is the letter:—

My dear Son,—Diego Mendez departed hence on Monday, the third of this month. After his departure I conversed with Amerigo Vespucci, the bearer of this, who goes there (to court) summoned on affairs of navigation. Fortune has been adverse to him as to many others. His labors have not profited him as much as they reasonably should have done. He goes on my account, and with much desire to do something that may result to my advantage, if within his power. I cannot ascertain here in what I can employ him, that will be serviceable to me, for I do not know what may be there required. He goes with the determination to do all that is possible for me ; see in what he may be of advantage and coöperate with him, that he may say and do everything, and put his plans in operation ; and let all be done secretly, that he may not be suspected. I have said everything to him that I can say touching the business, and have informed him of the pay I have received, and what is due, &c.†

About this time Amerigo Vespucci received letters of naturalization from King Ferdinand, and shortly afterwards he and Vincente Yañez Pinzon were named captains of an armada about to be sent out in the spice trade and to make discoveries. There is a royal order, dated Toro, 11th April, 1507, for 12,000 maravedis for an outfit for "Americo de Vespuche, resident of Seville." Preparations were made for this voyage, and

* Letter of Vespucci to Soderini or Renato—Edit. of Canovai.

† Navarrete, Colec. Viag., tom. i. p. 351.

vessels procured and fitted out, but it was eventually abandoned. There are memoranda existing concerning it, dated in 1506, 1507, and 1508, from which it appears that Amerigo Vespucci remained at Seville, attending to the fluctuating concerns of this squadron, until the destination of the vessels was changed, their equipments were sold, and the accounts settled. During this time he had a salary of 30,000 maravedis. On the 22d of March, 1508, he received the appointment of principal pilot, with a salary of 70,000 maravedis. His chief duties were to prepare charts, examine pilots, superintend the fitting out of expeditions, and prescribe the route that vessels were to pursue in their voyages to the New World. He appears to have remained at Seville, and to have retained this office until his death, on the 22d of February, 1512. His widow, Maria Corezo, enjoyed a pension of 10,000 maravedis. After his death, his nephew, Juan Vespucci, was nominated pilot with a salary of 20,000 mavaredis, commencing on the 22d of May, 1512. Peter Martyr speaks with high commendation of this young man. "Young Vesputius is one to whom Americus Vesputius his uncle left the exact knowledge of the mariner's faculties, as it were by inheritance, after his death; for he was a very expert master in the knowledge of his carde, his compasse, and the elevation of the pole starre by the quadrant. . . . . Vesputius is my very familiar friend, and a wittie young man, in whose company I take great pleasure, and therefore use him oftentymes for my guest. He hath also made many voyages into these coasts, and diligently noted such things as he hath seen."*

Vespucci, the nephew, continued in this situation during the life-time of Fonseca, who had been the patron of his uncle and his family. He was divested of his pay and his employ by a letter of the council dated the 18th of March, 1525, shortly after the death of the bishop. No further notice of Vespucci is to be found in the archives of the Indies.

Such is a brief view of the career of Amerigo Vespucci; it remains to notice the points of controversy. Shortly after his return from his last expedition to the Brazils, he wrote a letter dated Lisbon, 4th September,

* Peter Martyr, decad. iii. lib. v. Eden's English trans.

1504, containing a summary account of all his voyages. This letter is of special importance to the matters under investigation, as it is the only one known that relates to the disputed voyage, which would establish him as the discoverer of Terra Firma. It is presumed to have been written in Latin, and was addressed to René Duke of Lorraine, who assumed the title of king of Sicily and Jerusalem.

The earliest known edition of this letter was published in Latin, in 1507, at St. Diez in Lorraine. A copy of it has been found in the library of the Vatican (No. 9688) by the Abbe Cancellieri. In preparing the present illustration, a reprint of this letter in Latin has been consulted, inserted in the Novus Orbis of Grinæus, published at Bath in 1532. The letter contains a spirited narrative of four voyages which he asserts to have made to the New World. In the prologue he excuses the liberty of addressing King René by calling to his recollection the ancient intimacy of their youth, when studying the rudiments of science together, under the paternal uncle of the voyager; and adds that if the present narrative should not altogether please his Majesty, he must plead to him, as Pliny said to Mæcenas, that he used formerly to be amused with his triflings.

In the prologue to this letter, he informs King René that affairs of commerce had brought him to Spain, where he had experienced the various changes of fortune attendant on such transactions, and was induced to abandon that pursuit and direct his labors to objects of a more elevated and stable nature. He therefore purposed to contemplate various parts of the world, and to behold the marvels which it contains. To this object both time and place were favorable; for King Ferdinand was then preparing four vessels for the discovery of new lands in the west, and appointed him among the number of those who went in the expedition. "We departed," he adds, "from the port of Cadiz, May 20, 1497, taking our course on the great gulf of ocean; in which voyage we employed eighteen months, discovering many lands and innumerable islands, chiefly inhabited, of which our ancestors make no mention."

A duplicate of this letter appears to have been sent at the same time (written, it is said, in Italian) to Piere Soderini, afterwards Gonfalonier of Florence, which was some years subsequently published in Italy, not

earlier than 1510, and entitled "Lettera de Amerigo Vespucci delle Isole nuovamente trovate in quatro suoi viaggi." We have consulted the edition of this letter in Italian, inserted in the publication of Padre Stanislaus Canovai, already referred to.

It has been suggested by an Italian writer, that this letter was written by Vespucci to Soderini only, and the address altered to King René through the flattery or mistake of the Lorraine editor, without perceiving how unsuitable the reference to former intimacy, intended for Soderini, was, when applied to a sovereign. The person making this remark can hardly have read the prologue to the Latin edition, in which the title of "your majesty" is frequently repeated, and the term "illustrious king" employed. It was first published also in Lorraine, the domains of René, and the publisher would not probably have presumed to take such a liberty with his sovereign's name. It becomes a question whether Vespucci addressed the same letter to King René and to Piere Soderini, both of them having been educated with him, or whether he sent a copy of this letter to Soderini, which subsequently found its way into print. The address to Soderini may have been substituted, through mistake, by the Italian publisher. Neither of the publications could have been made under the supervision of Vespucci.

The voyage specified in this letter as having taken place in 1497, is the great point in controversy. It is strenuously asserted that no such voyage took place ; and that the first expedition of Vespucci to the coast of Paria was in the enterprise commanded by Ojeda, in 1499. The books of the armadas existing in the archives of the Indies at Seville, have been diligently examined, but no record of such voyage has been found, nor any official documents relating to it. Those most experienced in Spanish colonial regulations insist that no command like that pretended by Vespucci could have been given to a stranger, till he had first received letters of naturalization from the sovereigns for the kingdom of Castile, and he did not obtain such till 1505, when they were granted to him as preparatory to giving him the command in conjunction with Pinzon.

His account of a voyage made by him in 1497, therefore, is alleged to be a fabrication for the purpose of claiming the discovery of Paria ; or

rather it is affirmed that he has divided the voyage which he actually made with Ojeda, in 1499, into two ; taking a number of incidents from his real voyage, altering them a little, and enlarging them with descriptions of the countries and people, so as to make a plausible narrative, which he gives as a distinct voyage ; and antedating his departure to 1497, so as to make himself appear the first discoverer of Paria.

In support of this charge various coineidences have been pointed out between his voyage said to have taken place in 1497, and that described in his first letter to Lorenzo de Medici in 1499. These coincidences are with respect to places visited, transactions and battles with the natives, and the number of Indians carried to Spain and sold as slaves.

But the credibility of this voyage has been put to a stronger test. About 1503 a suit was instituted against the crown of Spain by Don Diego, son and heir of Columbus, for the government of certain parts of Terra Firma, and for a share in the revenue arising from them, conformably to the capitulations made between the sovereigns and his father. It was the object of the crown to disprove the discovery of the coast of Paria and the Pearl Islands by Columbus ; as it was maintained, that unless he had discovered them, the claim of his heir with respect to them would be of no validity.

In the course of this suit, a particular examination of witnesses took place in 1512–13 in the fiscal court. Alonzo de Ojeda, and nearly a hundred other persons, were interrogated on oath; that voyager having been the first to visit the coast of Paria after Columbus had left it, and that within a very few months. The interrogatories of these witnesses, and their replies, are still extant, in the archives of the Indies at Seville, in a packet of papers entitled "Papers belonging to the admiral Don Luis Colon, about the conservation of his privileges, from ann. 1515 to 1564." The author of the present work has two several copies of these interrogatories lying before him. One made by the late historian Muñoz, and the other made in 1826, and signed by Don Jose de la Higuera y Lara, keeper of the general archives of the Indies in Seville. In the course of this testimony, the fact that Amerigo Vespucci accompanied Ojeda in this voyage of 1499, appears manifest, first from the deposition of Ojeda him-

self. The following are the words of the record : "In this voyage which this said witness made, he took with him Juan de la Cosa and Morego Vespuche [Amerigo Vespucci] and other pilots."* Secondly, from the coincidence of many parts of the narrative of Vespucci with events in this voyage of Ojeda.

Among these coincidences, one is particularly striking. Vespucci, in his letter to Lorenzo de Medici, and also in that to René or Soderini, says, that his ships, after leaving the coast of Terra Firma, stopped at Hispaniola, where they remained about two months and a half, procuring provisions, during which time, he adds, "we had many perils and troubles with the very Christians who were in that island with Columbus, and I believe through envy." †

Now it is well known that Ojeda passed some time on the western end of the island victualing his ships; and that serious dissensions took place between him and the Spaniards in those parts, and the party sent by Columbus under Roldan to keep a watch upon his movements. If then Vespucci, as is stated upon oath, really accompanied Ojeda in this voyage, the inference appears almost irresistible, that he had not made the previous voyage of 1497, for the fact would have been well known to Ojeda; he would have considered Vespucci as the original discoverer, and would have had no motive for depriving him of the merit of it, to give it to Columbus, with whom Ojeda was not upon friendly terms.

Ojeda, however, expressly declares that the coast had been discovered by Columbus. On being asked how he knew the fact, he replied, because he saw the chart of the country discovered, which Columbus sent at the time to the king and queen, and that he came off immediately on a voyage of discovery, and found what was therein set down as discovered by the admiral was correct.‡

* En este viage que este dicho testigo hizo trujo consigo a Juan de la Cosa, piloto, e Morego Vespuche, e otros pilotos.

† Per la necessita del mantenimento fummo all' Isola d' Antiglia (Hispaniola) che é questa che descoperse Cristoval Colombo piú anni fa, dove facemmo molto mantenimento, e stemmo due mesi e 17 giorni ; dove passammo moti pericoli e travagli con li medesimi christiani que in questa isola stavanno col Colombo (credo per invidia). Letter of Vespucci—Edit. of Canovai.

‡ Preguntado como lo sabe ; dijo--que lo sabe porque vió este testigo la figura que el

Another witness, Bernaldo de Haro, states that he had been with the admiral, and had written (or rather copied) a letter for the admiral to the king and queen, designating, in an accompanying sea-chart, the courses and steerings and winds by which he had arrived at Paria; and that this witness had heard that from this chart others had been made, and that Pedro Alonzo Niño and Ojeda, and others, who had since visited these countries, had been guided by the same.*

Francisco de Molares, one of the best and most credible of all the pilots, testified that he saw a sea-chart which Columbus had made of the coast of Paria, *and he believed that all governed themselves by it.*†

Numerous witnesses in this process testify to the fact that Paria was first discovered by Columbus. Las Casas, who has been at the pains of counting them, says that the fact was established by twenty-five eye-witnesses and sixty ear-witnesses. Many of them testify also that the coast south of Paria, and that extending west of the Island of Margarita, away to Venezuela, which Vespucci states to have been discovered by himself in 1407, was now first discovered by Ojeda, and had never before been visited either by the admiral "or any other Christian whatever."

Alonzo Sanchez de Carvajal says that all the voyages of discovery which were made to the Terra Firma, were made by persons who had sailed with the admiral, or been benefited by his instructions and directions, following the course he had laid down ;‡ and the same is testified by many other pilots and mariners of reputation and experience.

dicho Almirante al dicho tiempo embió á Castilla al Rey e Reyna, nuestros Señores de lo que habia descubierto, y porque este testigo luego vino a descubrir y halló que era verdad lo que dicho tiene que el dicho Almirante descubrio. MS. Process of D. Diego Colon, pregunta 2.

* Este testigo escrivió úna carta que el Almirante escriviera al Rey a Reyna N. N. S. S. haciendo les saber las perlas e cosas que habia hallado, y le embió señalado con la dicha carta, en una carta de marear, los rumbos y vientos por donde habia llegado á la Paria, e que este testigo oyó decir como pr. aquella carte se habian hecho otras e por ellas habian venido Pedro Alonzo Merino [Niño] e Ojeda e otros que despues han ido á aquellas partes. Idem, pregunta 9.

† Process of D. Diego Colon, pregunta 10.

‡ Que en todos los viages que algunos hicieron descubriendo en la dicha tierra, ivan personas que ovieron navegado con el dicho Almirante, y a ellos mostró muchas cosas de marear, y ellos por mitacion é industria del dicho Almirante las aprendian y aprendieron, e seguendo ag°. que el dicho Almirante les habia mostrado, hicieron los viages que descubrieron en la Tierra Firma. Process, pregunta 10.

It would be a singular circumstance, if none of these witnesses, many of whom must have sailed in the same squadron with Vespucci along this coast in 1499, should have known that he had discovered and explored it two years previously. If that had really been the case, what motive could he have for concealing the fact ? and why, if they knew it, should they not proclaim it ? Vespucci states his voyage in 1497 to have been made with four caravels ; that they returned in October, 1498, and that he sailed again with two caravels in May, 1499 (the date of Ojeda's departure). Many of the mariners would therefore have been present in both voyages. Why, too, should Ojeda and the other pilots guide themselves by the charts of Columbus, when they had a man on board so learned in nautical science, and who, from his own recent observations, was practically acquainted with the coast ? Not a word, however, is mentioned of the voyage and discovery of Vespucci by any of the pilots, though every other voyage and discovery is cited ; nor does there even a seaman appear who has accompanied him in his asserted voyage.

Another strong circumstance against the reality of this voyage is, that it was not brought forward in this trial to defeat the claims of the heirs of Columbus. Vespucci states the voyage to have been undertaken with the knowledge and countenance of King Ferdinand; it must, therefore, have been avowed and notorious. Vespucci was living at Seville in 1508, at the time of the commencement of this suit, and for four years afterward, a salaried servant of the crown. Many of the pilots and mariners must have been at hand, who sailed with him in his pretended enterprise. If this voyage had once been proved, it would completely have settled the question, as far as concerned the coast of Paria, in favor of the crown. Yet no testimony appears ever to have been taken from Vespucci while living ; and when the interrogatories were made in the fiscal court in 1512–13, not one of his seamen is brought up to give evidence. A voyage so important in its nature, and so essential to the question in dispute, is not even alluded to, while useless pains are taken to wrest evidence from the voyage of Ojeda, undertaken at a subsequent period.

It is a circumstance worthy of notice, that Vespucci commences his first letter to Lorenzo de Medici in 1500, within a month after his return

from the voyage he had actually made to Paria, and apologizes for his long silence, by saying that nothing had occurred worthy of mention ("e gran tempo che non ho scritto á vostra magnifizensa, e non lo ha causato altra cosa ne nessuna salvo non mi essere occorso cosa degna di memoria"), and proceeds eagerly to tell him the wonders he had witnessed in the expedition from which he had but just returned. It would be a singular forgetfulness to say that nothing had occurred of importance, if he had made a previous voyage of eighteen months in 1497–8 to this newly discovered world; and it would be almost equally strange that he should not make the slightest allusion to it in this letter.

It has been the endeavor of the author to examine this question dispassionately; and after considering the statements and arguments advanced on either side, he cannot resist a conviction, that the voyage stated to have been made in 1497 did not take place, and that Vespucci has no title to the first discovery of the coast of Paria.

The question is extremely perplexing from the difficulty of assigning sufficient motives for so gross a deception. When Vespucci wrote his letters there was no doubt entertained but that Columbus had discovered the main-land in his first voyage; Cuba being always considered the extremity of Asia, until circumnavigated in 1508. Vespucci may have supposed Brazil, Paria, and the rest of that coast, part of a distinct continent, and have been anxious to arrogate to himself the fame of its discovery. It has been asserted, that, on his return from his voyage to the Brazils, he prepared a maritime chart, in which he gave his name to that part of the main-land; but this assertion does not appear to be well substantiated. It would rather seem that his name was given to that part of the continent by others, as a tribute paid to his supposed merit, in consequence of having read his own account of his voyages.*

* The first suggestion of the name appears to have been in the Latin work already cited, published in St. Diez, in Lorraine, in 1507, in which was inserted the letter of Vespucci to King René. The author, after speaking of the other three parts of the world, Asia, Africa, and Europe, recommends that the fourth shall be called Amerigo, or America, after Vespucci, whom he imagined its discoverer.

Note to the Revised Edition, 1848.—Humboldt, in his EXAMEN CRITIQUE, published in Paris, in 1837, says: "I have been so happy as to discover, very recently, the name and

It is singular that Fernando, the son of Columbus, in his biography of his father, should bring no charge against Vespucci of endeavoring to supplant the admiral in this discovery. Herrera has been cited as the first to bring the accusation, in his history of the Indies, first published in 1601, and has been much criticised in consequence, by the advocates of Vespucci, as making the charge on his mere assertion. But, in fact, Herrera did but copy what he found written by Las Casas, who had the proceedings of the fiscal court lying before him, and was moved to indignation against Vespucci, by what he considered proofs of great imposture.

It has been suggested that Vespucci was instigated to this deception at the time when he was seeking employment in the colonial service of Spain; and that he did it to conciliate the Bishop Fonseca, who was desirous of anything that might injure the interests of Columbus. In corroboration of this opinion, the patronage is cited which was ever shown by Fonseca to Vespucci and his family. This is not, however, a satisfactory reason, since it does not appear that the bishop ever made any use of the fabrication. Perhaps some other means might be found of accounting for this spurious narration, without implicating the veracity of Vespucci. It may have been the blunder of some editor, or the interpolation of some book-maker, eager, as in the case of Trivigiani with the manuscripts of Peter Martyr, to gather together disjointed materials, and fabricate a work to gratify the prevalent passion of the day.

In the various editions of the letters of Vespucci, the grossest variations and inconsistencies in dates will be found, evidently the errors of hasty and careless publishers. Several of these have been corrected by the

the literary relations of the mysterious personage who (in 1507) was the first to propose the name of America to designate the new continent, and who concealed himself under the Grecianized name of Hylacomylas." He then, by a long and ingenious investigation, shows that the real name of this personage was Martin Waldseemüller, of Fribourg, an eminent cosmographer, patronized by René, Duke of Lorraine; who no doubt put in his hands the letter received by him from Amerigo Vespucci. The geographical works of Waldseemüller, under the assumed name of Hylacomylas, had a wide circulation, went through repeated editions, and propagated the use of the name America throughout the world. There is no reason to suppose that this application of the name was in any wise suggested by Amerigo Vespucci. It appears to have been entirely gratuitous on the part of Waldseemüller.

modern authors who have inserted these letters in their works.* The same disregard to exactness which led to these blunders, may have produced the interpolation of this voyage, garbled out of the letters of Vespucci and the accounts of other voyagers. This is merely suggested as a possible mode of accounting for what appears so decidedly to be a fabrication, yet which we are loath to attribute to a man of the good sense, the character, and the reputed merit of Vespucci.

After all, this is a question more of curiosity than of real moment, although it is one of those perplexing points about which grave men will continue to write weary volumes, until the subject acquires a fictitious importance from the mountain of controversy heaped upon it. It has become a question of local pride with the literati of Florence; and they emulate each other with patriotic zeal, to vindicate the fame of their distinguished countryman. This zeal is laudable when kept within proper limits, but it is to be regretted that some of them have so far been heated by controversy as to become irascible against the very memory of Columbus, and to seek to disparage his general fame, as if the ruin of it would add anything to the reputation of Vespucci. This is discreditable to their discernment and their liberality; it injures their cause, and shocks the feelings of mankind, who will not willingly see a name like that of Columbus, lightly or petulantly assailed in the course of these literary contests. It is a name consecrated in history and is no longer the property of a city, or a state, or a nation, but of the whole world.

Neither should those who have a proper sense of the merit of Columbus put any part of his great renown at issue upon this minor dispute. Whether or not he was the discoverer of Paria, was a question of interest

* An instance of these errors may be cited in the edition of the letter of Amerigo Vespucci to King René, inserted by Grinæus in his Novus Orbis, in 1532. In this Vespucci is made to state that he sailed from Cadiz May 20, MCCCCXCVII. (1497,) that he was eighteen months absent, and returned to Cadiz, October 15, MCCCCXCIX. (1499,) which would constitute an absence of 29 months. He states his departure from Cadiz, on his second voyage, Sunday, May 11th, MCCCCLXXXIX. (1489,) which would have made his second voyage precede his first by eight years If we substitute 1499 for 1489, the departure of his second voyage would still precede his return from his first by five months. Canovai, in his edition, has altered the date of the first return to 1498, to limit the voyage to eighteen months.

to his heirs, as a share of the government and revenues of that country depended upon it ; but it is of no importance to his fame. In fact, the European who first reached the main-land of the New World was most probably Sebastian Cabot, a native of Venice, sailing in the employ of England. In 1497 he coasted its shores from Labrador to Florida ; yet the English have never set up any pretensions on his account.

The glory of Columbus does not depend upon the parts of the country he visited or the extent of coast along which he sailed ; it embraces the discovery of the whole western world. With respect to him, Vespucci is as Yañez Pinzon, Bastides, Ojeda, Cabot, and the crowd of secondary discoverers, who followed in his track, and explored the realms to which he had led the way. When Columbus first touched a shore of the New World, even though a frontier island, he had achieved his enterprises ; he had accomplished all that was necessary to his fame : the great problem of the ocean was solved ; the world which lay beyond its western waters was discovered.

No. XI.

MARTIN ALONZO PINZON.

In the course of the trial in the fiscal court, between Don Diego and the crown, an attempt was made to depreciate the merit of Columbus, and to ascribe the success of the great enterprise of discovery to the intelligence and spirit of Martin Alonzo Pinzon. It was the interest of the crown to do so, to justify itself in withholding from the heirs of Columbus the extent of his stipulated reward. The examinations of witnesses in this trial were made at various times and places, and upon a set of interrogatories formally drawn up by order of the fiscal. They took place upwards of twenty years after the first voyage of Columbus, and the witnesses testified from recollection.

In reply to one of the interrogatories, Arias Perez Pinzon, son of Martin Alonzo, declared, that, being once in Rome with his father on com-

mercial affairs, before the time of the discovery, they had frequent conversations with a person learned in cosmography who was in the service of Pope Innocent VIII., and that being in the library of the pope, this person showed them many manuscripts, from one of which his father gathered intimation of these new lands ; for there was a passage by an historian as old as the time of Solomon, which said, "Navigate the Mediterranean Sea to the end of Spain and thence toward the setting sun, in a direction between north and south, until ninety-five degrees of longitude, and you will find the land of Cipango, fertile and abundant, and equal in greatness to Africa and Europe." A copy of this writing, he added, his father brought from Rome with an intention of going in search of that land, and frequently expressed such determination ; and that, when Columbus came to Palos with his project of discovery, Martin Alonzo Pinzon showed him the manuscript, and ultimately gave it to him just before they sailed.

It is extremely probable that this manuscript, of which Arias Perez gives so vague an account from recollection, but which he appears to think the main thing that prompted Columbus to his undertaking, was no other than the work of Marco Polo, which, at that time, existed in manuscript in most of the Italian libraries. Martin Alonzo was evidently acquainted with the work of the Venetian, and it would appear, from various circumstances, that Columbus had a copy of it with him in his voyages, which may have been the manuscript above mentioned. Columbus had long before, however, had a knowledge of the work, if not by actual inspection, at least through his correspondence with Toscanelli in 1474, and had derived from it all the light it was capable of furnishing, before he ever came to Palos. It is questionable, also, whether the visit of Martin Alonzo to Rome, was not after his mind had been heated by conversations with Columbus in the convent of La Rabida. The testimony of Arias Perez is so worded as to leave it in doubt whether the visit was not in the very year prior to the discovery : "Fue el dicho su padre á Roma aquel dicho año antes que fuese a descubrir." Arias Perez always mentions the manuscript as having been imparted to Columbus, after he had come to Palos with an intention of proceeding on the discovery.

Certain witnesses who were examined on behalf of the crown, and to whom specific interrogatories were put, asserted, as has already been mentioned in a note to this work, that had it not been for Martin Alonzo Pinzon and his brothers, Columbus would have turned back for Spain, after having run seven or eight hundred leagues ; being disheartened at not finding land, and dismayed by the mutiny and menaces of his crew. This is stated by two or three as from personal knowledge, and by others from hearsay. It is said especially to have occurred on the 6th of October. On this day, according to the journal of Columbus, he had some conversation with Martin Alonzo, who was anxious that they should stand more to the south-west. The admiral refused to do so, and it is very probable that some angry words may have passed between them. Various disputes appear to have taken place between Columbus and his colleagues respecting their route, previous to the discovery of land ; in one or two instances he acceded to their wishes, and altered his course, but in general he was inflexible in standing to the west. The Pinzons also, in all probability, exerted their influence in quelling the murmurs of their townsmen and encouraging them to proceed, when ready to rebel against Columbus. These circumstances may have become mixed up in the vague recollections of the seamen who gave the foregoing extravagant testimony, and who were evidently disposed to exalt the merits of the Pinzons at the expense of Columbus. They were in some measure prompted also in their replies by the written interrogatories put by order of the fiscal, which specified the conversations said to have passed between Columbus and the Pinzons, and notwithstanding these guides they differed widely in their statements, and ran into many absurdities. In a manuscript record in possession of the Pinzon family, I have even read the assertion of an old seaman, that Columbus, in his eagerness to compel the Pinzons to turn back to Spain, *fired upon their ships*, but, they continuing on, he was obliged to follow, and within two days afterwards discovered the island of Hispaniola.

It is evident the old sailor, if he really spoke conscientiously, mingled in his cloudy remembrance the disputes in the early part of the voyage, about altering their course to the south-west, and the desertion of Martin

Alonzo, subsequent to the discovery of the Lucayos and Cuba, when, after parting company with the admiral, he made the island of Hispaniola.

The witness most to be depended upon as to these points of inquiry, is the physician of Palos, Garcia Fernandez, a man of education, who sailed with Martin Alonzo Pinzon as steward of his ship, and of course was present at all the conversations which passed between the commanders. He testifies that Martin Alonzo urged Columbus to stand more to the south-west, and that the admiral at length complied, but, finding no land in that direction, they turned again to the west ; a statement which completely coincides with the journal of Columbus. He adds that the admiral continually comforted and animated Martin Alonzo, and all others in his company. (Siempre los consolaba el dicho Almirante esforzandolos al dicho Martin Alonzo e á todos los que en su compania iban.) When the physician was specifically questioned as to the conversations pretended to have passed between the commanders, in which Columbus expressed a desire to turn back to Spain, he referred to the preceding statement, as the only answer he had to make to these interrogatories.

The extravagant testimony before mentioned appears never to have had any weight with the fiscal; and the accurate historian Muñoz, who extracted all these points of evidence from the papers of the lawsuit, has not deemed them worthy of mention in his work. As these matters, however, remain on record in the archives of the Indies, and in the archives of the Pinzon family, in both of which I have had a full opportunity of inspecting them, I have thought it advisable to make these few observations on the subject; lest, in the rage for research, they might hereafter be drawn forth as a new discovery, on the strength of which to impugn the merits of Columbus.

No. XII.

RUMOR OF THE PILOT SAID TO HAVE DIED IN THE HOUSE OF COLUMBUS.

Among the various attempts to injure Columbus by those who were envious of his fame, was one intended to destroy all his merit as an original

discoverer. It was said that he had received information of the existence of land in the western parts of the ocean from a tempest-tossed pilot who had been driven there by violent easterly winds, and who, on his return to Europe, had died in the house of Columbus, leaving in his possession the chart and journal of his voyage, by which he was guided to his discovery.

This story was first noticed by Oviedo, a contemporary of Columbus, in his history of the Indies, published in 1535. He mentions it as a rumor circulating among the vulgar, without foundation in truth.

Fernando Lopez de Gomara first brought it forward against Columbus. In his history of the Indies, published in 1552, he repeats the rumor in the vaguest terms, manifestly from Oviedo, but without the contradiction given to it by that author. He says that the name and country of the pilot were unknown, some terming him an Andalusian, sailing between the Canaries and Madeira, others a Biscayan, trading to England and France; and others a Portuguese, voyaging between Lisbon and Mina, on the coast of Guinea. He expresses equal uncertainty whether the pilot brought the caravel to Portugal, to Madeira, or to one of the Azores. The only point on which the circulators of the rumor agreed was, that he died in the house of Columbus. Gomara adds that by this event Columbus was led to undertake his voyage to the new countries.*

The other early historians who mention Columbus and his voyages, and were his contemporaries, viz.: Sabellicus, Peter Martyr, Giustiniani, Bernaldes, commonly called the curate of Los Palacios, Las Casas, Fernando, the son of the admiral, and the anonymous author of a voyage of Columbus, translated from the Italian into Latin by Madrignano,† are all silent in regard to this report.

Benzoni, whose history of the New World was published in 1565, repeats the story from Gomara, with whom he was contemporary; but decidedly expresses his opinion, that Gomara had mingled up much falsehood with some truth, for the purpose of detracting from the fame of

* Gomara, Hist. Ind., cap. 14.

† Navigatio Christophori Columbi, Madrignano Interprete. It is contained in a collection of voyages called Novus Orbis Regionum, edition of 1555, but was originally published in Italian as written by Montalbodo Francanzano (or Francapano de Montaldo), in a collection of voyages entitled Nuovo Mundo, in Vicenza, 1507.

Columbus, through jealousy that any one but a Spaniard should enjoy the honor of the discovery.*

Acosta notices the circumstance slightly in his Natural and Moral History of the Indies, published in 1591, and takes it evidently from Gomara.†

Mariana, in his history of Spain, published in 1592, also mentions it, but expresses a doubt of its truth, and derives his information manifestly from Gomara.‡

Herrera, who published his history of the Indies in 1601, takes no notice of the story. In not noticing it, he may be considered as rejecting it; for he is distinguished for his minuteness, and was well acquainted with Gomara's history, which he expressly contradicts on a point of considerable interest.§

Garcilaso de la Vega, a native of Cusco in Peru, revived the tale with very minute particulars, in his Commentaries of the Incas, published in 1609. He tells it smoothly and circumstantially; fixes the date of the occurrence 1484, "one year more or less;" states the name of the unfortunate pilot, Alonzo Sanchez de Huelva; the destination of his vessel, from the Canaries to Madeira; and the unknown land to which they were driven, the island of Hispaniola. The pilot, he says, landed, took an altitude, and wrote an account of all he saw, and all that had occurred in the voyage. He then took in wood and water, and set out to seek his way home. He succeeded in returning, but the voyage was long and tempestuous, and twelve died of hunger and fatigue, out of seventeen, the original number of the crew. The five survivors arrived at Tercera, where they were hospitably entertained by Columbus, but all died in his house in consequence of the hardships they had sustained; the pilot was the last that died, leaving his host heir to his papers. Columbus kept them profoundly secret, and by pursuing the route therein prescribed, obtained the credit of discovering the New World.‖

* Girolamo Benzoni, Hist. del Nuevo Mundo, lib. i. fo. 12. In Venetia, 1572.
† Padre Joseph de Acosta, Hist. Ind., lib. i. cap. 19.
‡ Juán de Mariana, Hist. España, lib. xxvi. cap. 3.
§ Herrera, Hist. Ind., decad. ii. lib. iii. cap. i.
‖ Commentarios de los Incas, lib. i. cap. 3.

Such are the material points of the circumstantial relation furnished by Garcilaso de la Vega, one hundred and twenty years after the event. In regard to authority, he recollects to have heard the story when he was a child, as a subject of conversation between his father and the neighbors, and he refers to the histories of the Indies, by Acosta and Gomara, for confirmation. As the conversations to which he listened, must have taken place sixty or seventy years after the date of the report, there had been sufficient time for the vague rumors to become arranged into a regular narrative, and thus we have not only the name, country, and destination of the pilot, but also the name of the unknown land to which his vessel was driven.

This account given by Garcilaso de la Vega, has been adopted by many old historians, who have felt a confidence in the peremptory manner in which he relates it, and in the authorities to whom he refers.* These have been echoed by others of more recent date; and thus a weighty charge of fraud and imposture has been accumulated against Columbus, apparently supported by a crowd of respectable accusers. The whole charge is to be traced to Gomara, who loosely repeated a vague rumor, without noticing the pointed contradiction given to it seventeen years before, by Oviedo, an ear-witness, from whose book he appears to have actually gathered the report.

It is to be remarked that Gomara bears the character, among historians, of inaccuracy, and of great credulity in adopting unfounded stories.†

* Names of historians who either adopted this story in detail, or the charge against Columbus, drawn from it.

Bernardo Aldrete, Antiguedad, de España, lib. iv. cap. 17. p. 567.
Roderigo Caro, Antiguedad, lib. iii. cap. 76.
Juan de Solorzano, Ind. Jure, tom. i. lib. i. cap. 5.
Fernando Pizarro, Varones Illust. del Nuevo Mundo, cap. 2.
Agostino Torniel, Annal. Sacr., tom. i. ann. Mund., 1931, No. 48.
Pet. Damarez or De Mariz, Dial. iv. de Var. Hist., cap. 4.
Gregorio Garcia, Orig. de los Indios, lib. i. cap. 4, § 1.
Juan de Torquemanda, Monarch, Ind., lib. xviii. cap. 1.
John Baptiste Riccioli, Geograf. Reform., lib. iii.
To this list of old authors may be added many others of more recent date.

† "Francisco Lopez de Gomara, Presbitero, Sevillano, escribio con elegante estilo acerca de las cosas de las Indies, pero dexandose llevar de falsas narraciones." Hi-

It is unnecessary to give further refutation to this charge, especially as it is clear that Columbus communicated his idea of discovery to Paulo Toscanelli of Florence, in 1474, ten years previous to the date assigned by Garcilaso de la Vega for this occurrence.

No. XIII.

MARTIN BEHEM.

THIS able geographer was born in Nuremburg, in Germany, about the commencement of the year 1430. His ancestors were from the circle of Pilsner, in Bohemia, hence he is called by some writers Martin of Bohemia, and the resemblance of his own name to that of the country of his ancestors frequently occasions a confusion in the appellation.

It has been said by some that he studied under Philip Bervalde the elder, and by others under John Muller, otherwise called Regiomontanus, though De Murr, who has made diligent inquiry into his history, discredits both assertions. According to a correspondence between Behem and his uncle, discovered of late years by De Murr, it appears that the early part of his life was devoted to commerce. Some have given him the credit of discovering the island of Fayal, but this is an error, arising probably from the circumstance that Job de Huertar, father-in-law of Behem, colonized that island in 1466.

He is supposed to have arrived at Portugal in 1481, while Alphonso V.

jos de Sevilla, Numero ii. p. 42, Let. F. The same is stated in Bibliotheca Hispaña Nova, lib. i. p. 437.

"El Francisco Lopez de Gomara escrivio tantos borrones é cosas que no son verdaderas, de que ha hecho mucho daño a muchos escritores e coronistas, que despues del Gomara han escrito en las cosas de la Nueva España . . . . es porque les ha hecho errar el Gomara." Bernal Diaz del Castillo, Hist. de la Conquest de la Nueva España, Fin de cap. 18.

"Tenia Gomara doctrina y estilo . . . pero empleose en ordinar sin discernimiento lo que nadó escrito por sus antecesores, y dió credito á petrañas no solo falsas sino inverisimiles." Juan Bautista Muñoz, Hist. N. Mundo, Prologo, p. 18.

was still on the throne ; it is certain that shortly afterwards he was in high repute for his science in the court of Lisbon, insomuch that he was one of the council appointed by King John II. to improve the art of navigation, and by some he has received the whole credit of the memorable service rendered to commerce by that council, in the introduction of the astrolabe into nautical use.

In 1484 King John sent an expedition under Diego Cam, as Barros calls him, Cano according to others, to prosecute discoveries along the coast of Africa. In this expedition Behem sailed as cosmographer. They crossed the equinoctial line, discovered the coast of Congo, advanced to twenty-two degrees forty-five minutes of south latitude,* and erected two columns, on which were engraved the arms of Portugal, in the mouth of the river Zagra, in Africa, which thence, for some time, took the name of the River of Columns.†

For the services rendered on this and on previous occasions, it is said that Behem was knighted by King John in 1485, though no mention is made of such a circumstance in any of the contemporary historians. The principal proof of his having received this mark of distinction, is his having given himself the title on his own globe of *Eques Lusitanus.*

In 1486 he married at Fayal the daughter of Job de Huertar, and is supposed to have remained there for some few years, where he had a son named Martin, born in 1489. During his residence at Lisbon and Fayal, it is probable the acquaintance took place between him and Columbus, to which Herrera and others allude ; and the admiral may have heard from him some of the rumors circulating in the islands, of indications of western lands floating to their shores.

In 1491 he returned to Nuremburg to see his family, and while there, in 1492, he finished a terrestrial globe, considered a masterpiece in those days, which he had undertaken at the request of the principal magistrates of his native city.

In 1493 he returned to Portugal, and from thence proceeded to Fayal.

In 1494 King John II., who had a high opinion of him, sent him to

* Vasconcelos, lib. 4.

† Murr, Notice sur M. Behaim.

Flanders to his natural son Prince George, the intended heir of his crown. In the course of his voyage Behem was captured and carried to England, where he remained for three months detained by illness. Having recovered, he again put to sea, but was captured by a corsair and carried to France. Having ransomed himself, he proceeded to Antwerp and Bruges, but returned almost immediately to Portugal. Nothing more is known of him for several years, during which time it is supposed he remained with his family in Fayal, too old to make further voyages. In 1506 he went from Fayal to Lisbon, where he died.

The assertion that Behem had discovered the western world previous to Columbus, in the course of the voyage with Cam, was founded on a misinterpretation of a passage interpolated in the chronicle of Hartmann Schedel, a contemporary writer. This passage mentions, that when the voyagers were in the Southern Ocean not far from the coast, and had passed the line, they came into another hemisphere, where, when they looked towards the east, their shadows fell towards the south, on their right hand ; that here they discovered a new world, unknown until then, and which for many years had never been sought except by the Genoese, and by them unsuccessfully.

"Hi duo, bono deorum auspicio, mare meridionale sulcantes, a littore non longo evagantes, superato circulo equinoctiali, in alterum orbem excepti sunt. Ubi ipsis stantibus orientem versus, umbra ad meridiem et dextram projiciebatur. Aperuêre igitur sua industria, alium orbem hactenus nobis incognitum et multis annis, a nullis quam Januensibus, licet frustra temptatum."

These lines are part of a passage which it is said is interpolated by a different hand, in the original manuscript of the chronicle of Schedel. De Murr assures us that they are not to be found in the German translation of the book by George Alt, which was finished the 5th October, 1493. But even if they were, they relate merely to the discovery which Diego Cam made of the southern hemisphere, previously unknown, and of the coast of Africa beyond the equator, all which appeared like a new world, and as such was talked of at the time.

The Genoese alluded to, who had made an unsuccessful attempt, were

Antonio de Nolle with Bartholomeo his brother, and Raphael de Nolle his nephew. Antonio was of a noble family, and, for some disgust, left his country and went to Lisbon with his before-mentioned relatives in two caravels ; sailing whence in the employ of Portugal, they discovered the island of St. Jago, &c.*

This interpolated passage of Schedel was likewise inserted into the work De Europâ sub Frederico III., of Æneas Silvius, afterwards Pope Pius II., who died in 1464, long before the voyage in question. The misinterpretation of the passage first gave rise to the incorrect assertion that Behem had discovered the New World prior to Columbus ; as if it were possible such a circumstance could have happened without Behem's laying claim to the glory of the discovery, and without the world immediately resounding with so important an event. This error had been adopted by various authors without due examination ; some of whom had likewise taken from Magellan the credit of having discovered the strait which goes by his name, and had given it to Behem. The error was too palpable to be generally prevalent, but was suddenly revived in the year 1786, by a French gentleman of highly respectable character of the name of Otto, then resident in New York, who addressed a letter to Dr. Franklin to be submitted to the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, in which he undertook to establish the title of Behem to the discovery of the New World. His memoir was published in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, vol. ii., for 1786, article No. 35, and has been copied into the journals of most of the nations of Europe.

The authorities cited by M. Otto in support of his assertion are generally fallacious, and for the most part given without particular specification. His assertion has been diligently and satisfactorily refuted by Don Christoval Cladera.†

The grand proof of M. Otto is a globe which Behem made during his residence in Nuremburg, in 1492, the very year that Columbus set out on his first voyage of discovery. This globe, according to M. Otto, is still preserved in the library of Nuremburg, and on it are painted all the

* Barros, decad. i. lib. ii. cap. 1. Lisbon, 1852.
† Investigaciones Historicas. Madrid, 1794.

discoveries of Behem, which are so situated that they can be no other than the coast of Brazil, and the Straits of Magellan. This authority staggered many, and, if supported, would demolish the claims of Columbus.

Unluckily for M. Otto, in his description of the globe, he depended on the inspection of a correspondent. The globe in the library of Nuremburg was made in 1520, by John Schoener, professor of mathematics,* long after the discoveries and death of Columbus and Behem. The real globe of Behem, made in 1492, does not contain any of the islands or shores of the New World, and thus proves that he was totally unacquainted with them. A copy, or planisphere, of Behem's globe is given by Cladera in his investigations.

No. XIV.

VOYAGES OF THE SCANDINAVIANS.

Many elaborate dissertations have been written to prove that discoveries were made by the Scandinavians on the northern coast of America long before the era of Columbus ; but the subject appears still to be wrapped in much doubt and obscurity.

It has been asserted that the Norwegians, as early as the ninth century, discovered a great tract of land to the west of Iceland, which they called Grand Iceland ; but this has been pronounced a fabulous tradition. The most plausible account is one given by Snorro Sturleson, in his Saga or Chronicle of King Olaus. According to this writer, one Biorn of Iceland sailing to Greenland in search of his father, from whom he had been separated by a storm, was driven by tempestuous weather far to the southwest, until he came in sight of a low country, covered with wood, with an island in its vicinity. The weather becoming favorable, he turned to

* Cladera, Investig. Hist., p. 115.

the north-east without landing, and arrived safe at Greenland. His account of the country he had beheld, it is said, excited the enterprise of Leif, son of Eric Rauda (or Redhead), the first settler of Greenland. A vessel was fitted out, and Leif and Biorn departed alone in quest of this unknown land. They found a rocky and sterile island, to which they gave the name of Helleland ; also a low sandy country covered with wood, to which they gave the name of Markland ; and, two days afterwards, they observed a continuance of the coast, with an island to the north of it. This last they described as fertile, well wooded, producing agreeable fruits, and particularly grapes, a fruit with which they were unacquainted. On being informed by one of their companions, a German, of its qualities and name, they called the country, from it, Vinland. They ascended a river, well stored with fish, particularly salmon, and came to a lake from which the river took its origin, where they passed the winter. The climate appeared to them mild and pleasant ; being accustomed to the rigorous climates of the north. On the shortest day the sun was eight hours above the horizon. Hence it has been concluded that the country was about the 49th degree of north latitude, and was either Newfoundland, or some part of the coast of North America, about the Gulf of St. Lawrence.* It is added that the relatives of Leif made several voyages to Vinland ; that they traded with the natives for furs ; and that, in 1121, a bishop named Eric went from Greenland to Vinland to convert the inhabitants to Christianity. From this time, says Forster, we know nothing of Vinland, and there is every appearance that the tribe which still exists in the interior of Newfoundland, and which is so different from the other savages of North America, both in their appearance and mode of living, and always in a state of warfare with the Esquimaux of the northern coast, are descendants of the ancient Normans.

The author of the present work has not had the means of tracing this story to its original sources. He gives it on the authority of M. Malte-Brun, and Mr. Forster. The latter extracts it from the Saga or Chronicle of Snorro, who was born in 1179, and wrote in 1215 ; so that his

* Forster's Northern Voyages, book ii. chap. 2.

account was formed long after the event is said to have taken place. Forster says, "the facts which we report have been collected from a great number of Icelandic manuscripts, and transmitted to us by Torfæus in his two works entitled Veteris Grœnlandiæ Descriptio, Hafnia, 1706, and Historia Winlandiæ Antiquæ, Hafnia, 1705." Forster appears to have no doubt of the authenticity of the facts. As far as the author of the present work has had experience in tracing these stories of early discoveries of portions of the New World, he has generally found them very confident deductions drawn from very vague and questionable facts. Learned men are too prone to give substance to mere shadows, when they assist some preconceived theory. Most of these accounts, when divested of the erudite comments of their editors, have proved little better than the traditionary fables, noticed in another part of this work, respecting the imaginary islands of St. Borondon, and of the Seven Cities.

There is no great improbability, however, that such enterprising and roving voyagers as the Scandinavians, may have wandered to the northern shores of America, about the coast of Labrador, or the shores of Newfoundland ; and if the Icelandic manuscripts said to be of the thirteenth century can be relied upon as genuine, free from modern interpolation, and correctly quoted, they would appear to prove the fact. But granting the truth of the alleged discoveries, they led to no more result than would the interchange of communication between the natives of Greenland and the Esquimaux. The knowledge of them appears not to have extended beyond their own nation, and to have been soon neglected and forgotten by themselves.

Another pretension to an early discovery of the American continent has been set up, founded on an alleged map and narrative of two brothers of the name of Zeno, of Venice ; but it seems more invalid than those just mentioned. The following is the substance of this claim.

Nicolo Zeno, a noble Venetian, is said to have made a voyage to the north in 1380, in a vessel fitted out at his own cost, intending to visit England and Flanders ; but meeting with a terrible tempest, was driven for many days he knew not whither, until he was cast away upon Friseland, an island much in dispute among geographers, but supposed to be

the archipelago of the Ferroe Islands. The shipwrecked voyagers were assailed by the natives; but rescued by Zichmni, a prince of the islands, lying on the south side of Friseland, and duke of another district lying over against Scotland. Zeno entered into the service of this prince, and aided him in conquering Friseland, and other northern islands. He was soon joined by his brother Antonio Zeno, who remained fourteen years in those countries.

During his residence in Friseland, Antonio Zeno wrote to his brother Carlo, in Venice, giving an account of a report brought by a certain fisherman, about a land to the westward. According to the tale of this mariner, he had been one of a party who sailed from Friseland about twenty-six years before, in four fishing-boats. Being overtaken by a mighty tempest, they were driven about the sea for many days, until the boat containing himself and six companions was cast upon an island called Estotiland, about one thousand miles from Friseland. They were taken by the inhabitants, and carried to a fair and populous city, where the king sent for many interpreters to converse with them, but none that they could understand, until a man was found who had likewise been cast away upon the coast, and who spoke Latin. They remained several days upon the island, which was rich and fruitful, abounding with all kinds of metals, and especially gold.* There was a high mountain in the centre, from which flowed four rivers which watered the whole country. The inhabitants were intelligent and acquainted with the mechanical arts of Europe. They cultivated grain, made beer, and lived in houses built of stone. There were Latin books in the king's library, though the inhabitants had no knowledge of that language. They had many cities and castles, and carried on a trade with Greenland for pitch, sulphur, and peltry. Though much given to navigation, they were ignorant of the use of the compass, and finding the Friselanders acquainted with it, held them in great esteem; and the king sent them with twelve barks to visit a country to the south, called Drogeo. They had nearly perished in

* This account is taken from Hackluyt, vol. iii. p. 123. The passage about gold and other metals is not to be found in the original Italian of Ramusio (tom. ii. p. 23), and is probably an interpolation.

a storm, but were cast away upon the coast of Drogeo. They found the people to be cannibals, and were on the point of being killed and devoured, but were spared on account of their great skill in fishing.

The fishermen described this Drogeo as being a country of vast extent, or rather a new world ; that the inhabitants were naked and barbarous ; but that far to the south-west there was a more civilized region, and temperate climate, where the inhabitants had a knowledge of gold and silver, lived in cities, erected splendid temples to idols, and sacrificed human victims to them, which they afterwards devoured.

After the fisherman had resided many years on this continent, during which time he had passed from the service of one chieftain to another, and traversed various parts of it, certain boats of Estotiland arrived on the coast of Drogeo. The fisherman went on board of them, acted as interpreter, and followed the trade between the main-land and Estotiland for some time, until he became very rich : then he fitted out a bark of his own, and with the assistance of some of the people of the island, made his way back, across the thousand intervening miles of ocean, and arrived safe at Friseland. The account he gave of these countries, determined Zichmni, the prince of Friseland, to send an expedition thither, and Antonio Zeno was to command it. Just before sailing, the fisherman, who was to have acted as guide, died ; but certain mariners, who had accompanied him from Estotiland, were taken in his place. The expedition sailed under command of Zichmni ; the Venetian, Zeno, merely accompanied it. It was unsuccessful. After having discovered an island called Icaria, where they met with a rough reception from the inhabitants, and were obliged to withdraw, the ships were driven by a storm to Greenland. No record remains of any further prosecution of the enterprise.

The countries mentioned in the account of Zeno, were laid down on a map originally engraved on wood. The island of Estotiland has been supposed by M. Malte-Brun to be Newfoundland ; its partially civilized inhabitants the descendants of the Scandinavian colonists of Vinland ; and the Latin books in the king's library to be the remains of the library of the Greenland bishop, who emigrated thither in 1121. Drogeo, accord-

ing to the same conjecture, was Nova Scotia and New England. The civilized people to the south-west, who sacrificed human victims in rich temples, he surmises to have been the Mexicans, or some ancient nation of Florida or Louisiana.

The premises do not appear to warrant this deduction. The whole story abounds with improbabilities ; not the least of which is the civilization prevalent among the inhabitants ; their houses of stone, their European arts, the library of their king ; no traces of which were to be found on their subsequent discovery. Not to mention the information about Mexico penetrating through the numerous savage tribes of a vast continent. It is proper to observe that this account was not published until 1558, long after the discovery of Mexico. It was given to the world by Francisco Marcolini, a descendant of the Zeni, from the fragments of letters said to have been written by Antonio Zeno to Carlo his brother. "It grieves me," says the editor, "that the book, and divers other writings concerning these matters, are miserably lost ; for being but a child when they came to my hands, and not knowing what they were, I tore them and rent them in pieces, which now I cannot call to remembrance but to my exceeding great grief." *

This garbled statement by Marcolini, derived considerable authority by being introduced by Abraham Ortelius, an able geographer, in his Theatrum Orbis ; but the whole story has been condemned by able commentators as a gross fabrication. Mr. Forster resents this, as an instance of obstinate incredulity, saying that it is impossible to doubt the existence of the country of which Carlo, Nicolo, and Antonio Zeno talk ; as original acts in the archives of Venice prove that the chevalier undertook a voyage to the north ; that his brother Antonio followed him ; that Antonio traced a map, which he brought back and hung up in his house, where it remained subject to public examination, until the time of Marcolini, as an incontestable proof of the truth of what he advanced. Granting all this, it merely proves that Antonio and his brother were at Friseland and Greenland. Their letters never assert that Zeno made the

* Hackluyt, Collect. vol. iii. p. 127.

voyage to Estotiland. The fleet was carried by a tempest to Greenland, after which we hear no more of him ; and his account of Estotiland and Drogeo rests simply on the tale of the fisherman, after whose descriptions his map must have been conjecturally projected. The whole story resembles much the fables circulated shortly after the discovery of Columbus, to arrogate to other nations and individuals the credit of the achievement.

M. Malte-Brun intimates that the alleged discovery of Vinland may have been known to Columbus when he made a voyage in the North Sea in 1477,* and that the map of Zeno, being in the national library at London, in a Danish work, at the time when Bartholomew Columbus was in that city, employed in making maps, he may have known something of it, and have communicated it to his brother.† Had M. Malte-Brun examined the history of Columbus with his usual accuracy, he would have perceived, that, in his correspondence with Paulo Toscanelli in 1474, he had expressed his intention of seeking India by a route directly to the west. His voyage to the north did not take place until three years afterwards. As to the residence of Bartholomew in London, it was not until after Columbus had made his propositions of discovery to Portugal, if not to the courts of other powers. Granting, therefore, that he had subsequently heard the dubious stories of Vinland, and of the fisherman's adventures, as related by Zeno, or at least by Marcolini, they evidently could not have influenced him in his great enterprise. His route had no reference to them, but was a direct western course, not toward Vinland, and Estotiland, and Drogeo, but in search of Cipango, and Cathay, and the other countries described by Marco Polo, as lying at the extremity of India.

* Malte-Brun, Hist. de Geog. tom. i. lib. xvii.

† Idem, Geog. Universelle, tom. xiv. Note sur la decouverte de l'Amérique.

No. XV.

CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF AFRICA BY THE ANCIENTS.

THE knowledge of the ancients with respect to the Atlantic coast of Africa is considered by modern investigators much less extensive than had been imagined; and it is doubted whether they had any practical authority for the belief that Africa was circumnavigable. The alleged voyage of Eudoxus of Cyzicus, from the Red Sea to Gibraltar, though recorded by Pliny, Pomponius Mela, and others, is given entirely on the assertion of Cornelius Nepos, who does not tell from whence he derived his information. Posidonius (cited by Strabo) gives an entirely different account of his voyage and rejects it with contempt.*

The famous voyage of Hanno, the Carthaginian, is supposed to have taken place about a thousand years before the Christian era. The Periplus Hannonis remains, a brief and obscure record of this expedition, and a subject of great comment and controversy. By some it has been pronounced a fictitious work, fabricated among the Greeks, but its authenticity has been ably vindicated. It appears to be satisfactorily proved, however, that the voyage of this navigator has been greatly exaggerated, and that he never circumnavigated the extreme end of Africa. Mons. de Bougainville † traces his route to a promontory which he named the West Horn, supposed to be Cape Palmas, about five or six degrees north of the equinoctial line, whence he proceeded to another promontory, under the same parallel, which he called the South Horn, supposed to be Cape de Tres Puntas. Mons. Gosselin, however, in his Researches into the Geography of the Ancients, (Tom. i. p. 162, &c.) after a rigid examination of the Periplus of Hanno, determines that he had not sailed farther south than Cape Non. Pliny, who makes Hanno range the whole coast of Africa, from the straits to the confines of Arabia, had never seen his

* Gosselin, Recherches sur la Geographie des Anciens, tom. i. p. 162, &c.
† Memoirs de l'Acad. des Inscript. tom. xxvi.

Periplus, but took his idea from the works of Xenophon of Lampsaco. The Greeks surcharged the narration of the voyager with all kinds of fables, and on their unfaithful copies, Strabo founded many of his assertions. According to M. Gosselin, the itineraries of Hanno, of Scylax, Polybius, Statius, Sebosus and Juba; the recitals of Plato, of Aristotle, of Pliny, of Plutarch, and the tables of Ptolemy, all bring us to the same results, and, notwithstanding their apparent contradictions, fix the limit of southern navigation about the neighborhood of Cape Non, or Cape Bojador.

The opinion that Africa was a peninsula, which existed among the Persians, the Egyptians, and perhaps the Greeks, several centuries prior to the Christian era, was not, in his opinion, founded upon any known facts; but merely on conjecture, from considering the immensity and unity of the ocean; or perhaps on more ancient traditions; or on ideas produced by the Carthaginian discoveries beyond the Straits of Gibraltar, and those of the Egyptians beyond the Gulf of Arabia. He thinks that there was a very remote period, when geography was much more perfect than in the time of the Phœnicians and the Greeks, whose knowledge was but confused traces of what had previously been better known.

The opinion that the Indian Sea joined the ocean was admitted among the Greeks, and in the school of Alexandria, until the time of Hipparchus. It seemed authorized by the direction which the coast of Africa took after Cape Aromata, always tending westward, as far as it had been explored by navigators.

It was supposed that the western coast of Africa rounded off to meet the eastern, and that the whole was bounded by the ocean, much to the northward of the equator. Such was the opinion of Crates, who lived in the time of Alexander; of Aratus, of Cleanthes, of Cleomedes, of Strabo, of Pomponius Mela, of Macrobius, and many others.

Hipparchus proposed a different system, and led the world into an error, which for a long time retarded the maritime communication of Europe and India. He supposed that the seas were separated into distinct basins, and that the eastern shores of Africa made a circuit round the

Indian Sea, so as to join those of Asia beyond the mouth of the Ganges. Subsequent discoveries, instead of refuting this error, only placed the junction of the continents at a greater distance. Marinus of Tyre, and Ptolemy, adopted this opinion in their works, and illustrated it in their maps, which for centuries controlled the general belief of mankind, and perpetuated the idea that Africa extended onward to the south pole, and that it was impossible to arrive by sea at the coasts of India. Still there were geographers who leaned to the more ancient idea of a communication between the Indian Sea and the Atlantic Ocean. It had its advocates in Spain, and was maintained by Pomponius Mela and by Isidore of Seville. It was believed also by some of the learned in Italy, in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries ; and thus was kept alive until it was acted upon so vigorously by Prince Henry of Portugal, and at length triumphantly demonstrated by Vasco de Gama, in his circumnavigation of the Cape of Good Hope.

No. XVI.

OF THE SHIPS OF COLUMBUS.

In remarking on the smallness of the vessels with which Columbus made his first voyage, Dr. Robertson observes, that, "in the fifteenth century, the bulk and construction of vessels were accommodated to the short and easy voyages along the coast, which they were accustomed to perform." We have many proofs, however, that even anterior to the fifteenth century, there were large ships employed by the Spaniards, as well as by other nations. In an edict published in Barcelona, in 1354, by Pedro IV., enforcing various regulations for the security of commerce, mention is made of Catalonian merchant ships of two and three decks and from 8,000 to 12,000 quintals burden.

In 1419, Alonzo of Aragon hired several merchant ships to transport artillery, horses, &c., from Barcelona to Italy, among which were two,

each carrying one hundred and twenty horses, which it is computed would require a vessel of at least 600 tons.

In 1463, mention is made of a Venetian ship of 700 tons which arrived at Barcelona from England, laden with wheat.

In 1497, a Castilian vessel arrived there, being of 12,000 quintals burden. These arrivals incidentally mentioned among others of similar size, as happening at one port, show that large ships were in use in those days.* Indeed, at the time of fitting out the second expedition of Columbus, there were prepared in the port of Bermeo, a caracca of 1,250 tons, and four ships, of from 150 to 450 tons burden. Their destination, however, was altered, and they were sent to convoy Muley Boabdil, the last Moorish king of Granada, from the coast of his conquered territory to Africa.†

It was not for want of large vessels in the Spanish ports, therefore, that those of Columbus were of so small a size. He considered them best adapted to voyages of discovery, as they required but little depth of water, and therefore could more easily and safely coast unknown shores, and explore bays and rivers. He had some purposely constructed of a very small size for this service ; such was the caravel, which in his third voyage he despatched to look out for an opening to the sea at the upper part of the Gulf of Paria, when the water grew too shallow for his vessel of one hundred tons burden.

The most singular circumstance with respect to the ships of Columbus is that they should be open vessels: for it seems difficult to believe that a voyage of such extent and peril should be attempted in barks of so frail a construction. This, however, is expressly mentioned by Peter Martyr, in his Decades written at the time; and mention is made occasionally, in the memoirs relative to the voyages written by Columbus and his son, of certain of his vessels being without decks. He sometimes speaks of the same vessel as a ship, and a caravel. There has been some discussion of late as to the precise meaning of the term caravel. The Chevalier Bossi, in his dissertations on Columbus, observes, that in the Mediterranean,

* Capmany, Questiones Criticas. Quest. 6.
† Archives de Ind. en Sevilla.

caravel designates the largest class of ships of war among the Mussulmans, and that in Portugal, it means a small vessel of from 120 to 140 tons burden; but Columbus sometimes applies it to a vessel of 40 tons.

Du Cange, in his glossary, considers it a word of Italian origin. Bossi thinks it either Turkish or Arabic, and probably introduced into the European languages by the Moors. Mr. Edward Everett, in a note to his Plymouth oration, considers that the true origin of the word is given in "Ferrarii Origines Linguæ Italicæ," as follows: "Caravela, navigii minoris genus. Lat. Carabus : Græce Karabron."

That the word caravel was intended to signify a vessel of a small size is evident from a naval classification made by King Alonzo in the middle of the thirteenth century. In the first class he enumerates *Naos*, or large ships which go only with sails, some of which have two masts, and others but one. In the second class smaller vessels as Carracas, Fustas, Bellenares, Pinazas, *Carabelas*, &c. In the third class vessels with sails and oars as Galleys, Galeots, Tardantes, and Saetias.*

Bossi gives a copy of a letter written by Columbus to Don Raphael Xansis, treasurer of the King of Spain; an edition of which exists in the public library at Milan. With this letter he gives several wood-cuts of sketches made with a pen, which accompanied this letter, and which he supposes to have been from the hand of Columbus. In these are represented vessels which are probably caravels. They have high bows and sterns, with castles on the latter. They have short masts with large square sails. One of them, besides sails, has benches of oars, and is probably intended to represent a galley. They are all evidently vessels of small size, and light construction.

In a work called "Recherches sur le Commerce," published in Amsterdam, 1779, is a plate representing a vessel of the latter part of the fifteenth century. It is taken from a picture in the church of St. Giovanni e Paolo in Venice. The vessel bears much resemblance to those said to have been sketched by Columbus ; it has two masts, one of which is extremely small, with a latine sail. The mainmast has a large square

* Capmany, Quest. Crit.

sail. The vessel has a high poop and prow, is decked at each end, and is open in the centre.

It appears to be the fact, therefore, that most of the vessels with which Columbus undertook his long and perilous voyages, were of this light and frail construction; and little superior to the small craft which ply on rivers and along coasts in modern days.

No. XVII.

ROUTE OF COLUMBUS IN HIS FIRST VOYAGE.*

It has hitherto been supposed that one of the Bahama Islands, at present bearing the name of San Salvador, and which is also known as Cat Island, was the first point where Columbus came in contact with the New World. Navarrete, however, in his introduction to the "Collection of Spanish Voyages and Discoveries" recently published at Madrid, has endeavored to show that it must have been Turk's Island, one of the same group, situated about 100 leagues (of 20 to the degree) S. E. of San Salvador. Great care has been taken to examine candidly the opinion of Navarrete, comparing it with the journal of Columbus, as published in the above-mentioned work, and with the personal observations of the writer of this article, who has been much among these islands.

Columbus describes Guanahani, on which he landed, and to which he gave the name of San Salvador, as being a beautiful island, and very large; as being level, and covered with forests, many of the trees of which bore fruit; as having abundance of fresh water, and a large lake in the centre; that it was inhabited by a numerous population; that he proceeded for a considerable distance in his boats along the shore, which

* The author of this work is indebted for this able examination of the route of Columbus to an officer of the navy of the United States, whose name he regrets the not being at liberty to mention. He has been greatly benefited, in various parts of this history, by nautical information from the same intelligent source.

trended to the N. N. E., and as he passed, was visited by the inhabitants of several villages. Turk's Island does not answer to this description.

Turk's Island is a low key composed of sand and rocks, and lying north and south, less than two leagues in extent. It is utterly destitute of wood, and has not a single tree of native growth. It has no fresh water, the inhabitants depending entirely on cisterns and casks in which they preserve the rain ; neither has it any lake, but several salt ponds, which furnish the sole production of the island. Turk's Island cannot be approached on the east or north-east side, in consequence of the reef that surrounds it. It has no harbor, but has an open road on the west side, which vessels at anchor there have to leave and put to sea whenever the wind comes from any other quarter than that of the usual trade breeze of N. E. which blows over the island; for the shore is so bold that there is no anchorage except close to it ; and when the wind ceases to blow from the land, vessels remaining at their anchors would be swung against the rocks, or forced high upon the shore, by the terrible surf that then prevails. The unfrequented road of the Hawk's Nest, at the south end of the island, is even more dangerous. This island, which is not susceptible of the slightest cultivation, furnishes a scanty subsistence to a few sheep and horses. The inhabitants draw all their consumption from abroad, with the exception of fish and turtle, which are taken in abundance, and supply the principal food of the slaves employed in the salt-works. The whole wealth of the island consists in the produce of the salt-ponds, and in the salvage and plunder of the many wrecks which take place in the neighborhood. Turk's Island, therefore, would never be inhabited in a savage state of society, where commerce does not exist, and where men are obliged to draw their subsistence from the spot which they people.

Again : when about to leave Guanahani, Columbus was at a loss to choose which to visit of a great number of islands in sight. Now there is no land visible from Turk's Island, excepting the two salt keys which lie south of it, and with it form the group known as Turk's Islands. The journal of Columbus does not tell us what course he steered in going from Guanahani to Concepcion, but he states, that it was five leagues distant

from the former, and that the current was against him in sailing to it; whereas the distance from Turk's Island to the Gran Caico, supposed by Navarrete to be the Concepcion of Columbus, is nearly double, and the current sets constantly to the W. N. W. among these islands, which would be favorable in going from Turk's Island to the Caicos.

From Concepcion Columbus went next to an island which he saw nine leagues off in a westerly direction, to which he gave the name of Fernandina. This Navarrete takes to be Little Inagua, distant no less than twenty-two leagues from Gran Caico. Besides, in going to Little Inagua, it would be necessary to pass quite close to three islands, each larger than Turk's Island, none of which are mentioned in the journal. Columbus describes Fernandina as stretching twenty-eight leagues S. E. and N. W., whereas Little Inagua has its greatest length of four leagues in a S. W. direction. In a word, the description of Fernandina has nothing in common with Little Inagua. From Fernandina Columbus sailed S. E. to Isabella, which Navarrete takes to be Great Inagua; whereas this latter bears S. W. from Little Inagua, a course differing 90° from the one followed by Columbus. Again: Columbus, on the 20th of November, takes occasion to say that Guanahani was distant eight leagues from Isabella: whereas Turk's Island is thirty-five leagues from Great Inagua.

Leaving Isabella, Columbus stood W. S. W. for the island of Cuba, and fell in with the Islas Arenas. This course drawn from Great Inagua, would meet the coast of Cuba about Port Nipe: whereas Navarrete supposes that Columbus next fell in with the keys south of the Jumentos, and which bear W. N. W. from Inagua: a course differing 45° from the one steered by the ships. After sailing for some time in the neighborhood of Cuba, Columbus finds himself, on the 14th of November, in the Sea of Nuestra Señora, surrounded by so many islands that it was impossible to count them: whereas, on the same day, Navarrete places him off Cape Moa, where there is but one small island, and more than fifty leagues distant from any group that can possibly answer the description.

Columbus informs us that San Salvador was distant from Port Principe forty-five leagues: whereas Turk's Island is distant from the point, supposed by Navarrete to be the same, eighty leagues.

On taking leave of Cuba, Columbus remarks that he had followed its coast for an extent of 120 leagues. Deducting twenty leagues for his having followed its windings, there still remain 100. Now, Navarrete only supposes him to have coasted this island an extent of seventy leagues.

Such are the most important difficulties which the theory of Navarrete offers, and which appear insurmountable. Let us now take up the route of Columbus as recorded in his journal, and, with the best charts before us, examine how it agrees with the popular and traditional opinion, that he first landed on the island of San Salvador.

We learn from the journal of Columbus, that, on the 11th of October, 1492, he continued steering W. S. W. until sunset, when he returned to his old course of west, the vessels running at the rate of three leagues an hour. At ten o'clock he and several of his crew saw a light, which seemed like a torch carried about on land. He continued running on four hours longer, and had made a distance of twelve leagues farther west, when at two in the morning land was discovered ahead, distant two leagues. The twelve leagues which they ran since ten o'clock, with the two leagues' distance from the land, form a total corresponding essentially with the distance and situation of Watling's Island from San Salvador; and it is thence presumed, that the light seen at that hour was on Watling's Island, which they were then passing. Had the light been seen on land ahead, and they had kept running on four hours, at the rate of three leagues an hour, they must have run high and dry on shore. As the admiral himself received the royal reward for having seen this light, as the first discovery of land, Watling's Island is believed to be the point for which this premium was granted.

On making land, the vessels were hove to until daylight of the same 12th of October ; they then anchored off an island of great beauty, covered with forests, and extremely populous.

It was called Guanahani by the natives, but Columbus gave it the name of San Salvador. Exploring its coast, where it ran to the N. N. E. he found a harbor capable of sheltering any number of ships. This description corresponds minutely with the S. E. part of the island known as San Salvador, or Cat Island, which lies east and west, bending at its eastern

extremity to the N. N. E., and has the same verdant and fertile appearance. The vessels had probably drifted into this bay at the S. E. side of San Salvador, on the morning of the 12th, while lying to for daylight; nor did Columbus, while remaining at the island, or when sailing from it, open the land so as to discover that what he had taken for its whole length was but a bend at one end of it, and that the main body of the island lay behind, stretching far to the N. W. From Guanahani, Columbus saw so many other islands that he was at a loss which next to visit. The Indians signified that they were innumerable, and mentioned the names of above a hundred. He determined to go to the largest in sight, which appeared to be about five leagues distant; some of the others were nearer, and some further off. The island thus selected, it is presumed, was the present island of Concepcion ; and that the others were that singular belt of small islands, known as La Cadena (or the chain), stretching past the island of San Salvador in a S. E. and N. W. direction: the nearest of the group being nearer than Concepcion, while the rest are more distant.

Leaving San Salvador in the afternoon of the 14th for the island thus selected, the ships lay by during the night, and did not reach it until late in the following day, being retarded by adverse currents. Columbus gave this island the name of Santa Maria de la Concepcion : he does not mention either its bearings from San Salvador, or the course which he steered in going to it. We know that in all this neighborhood the current sets strongly and constantly to the W. N. W.; and since Columbus had the current against him, he must have been sailing in an opposite direction, or to the E. S. E. Besides, when near Concepcion, Columbus sees another island to the westward, the largest he had yet seen ; but he tells us that he anchored off Concepcion, and did not stand for this larger island, because he could not have sailed to the west. Hence it is rendered certain that Columbus did not sail westward in going from San Salvador to Concepcion ; for, from the opposition of the wind, as there could be no other cause, he could not sail towards that quarter. Now, on reference to the chart, we find the island at present known as Concepcion situated E. S. E. from San Salvador, and at a corresponding distance of five leagues.

Leaving Concepcion on the 16th October, Columbus steered for a very large island seen to the westward nine leagues off, and which extended itself twenty-eight leagues in a S. E. and N. W. direction. He was becalmed the whole day, and did not reach the island until the following morning, 17th October. He named it Fernandina. At noon he made sail again, with a view to run round it, and reach another island called Samoet ; but the wind being at S. E. by S., the course he wished to steer, the natives signified that it would be easier to sail round this island by running to the N. W. with a fair wind. He therefore bore up to the N. W., and having run two leagues found a marvelous port, with a narrow entrance, or rather with two entrances, for there was an island which shut it in completely, forming a noble basin within. Sailing out of this harbor by the opposite entrance at the N. W., he discovered that part of the island which runs east and west. The natives signified to him that this island was smaller than Samoet, and that it would be better to return towards the latter. It had now become calm, but shortly after there sprung up a breeze from W. N. W., which was ahead for the course they had been steering ; so they bore up and stood to the E. S. E., in order to get an offing ; for the weather threatened a storm, which however dissipated itself in rain. The next day, being the 18th October, they anchored opposite the extremity of Fernandina.

The whole of this description answers most accurately to the island of Exuma, which lies south from San Salvador, and S. W. by S. from Concepcion. The only inconsistency is, that Columbus states that Fernandina bore nearly west from Concepcion, and was twenty-eight leagues in extent. This mistake must have proceeded from his having taken the long chain of keys called La Cadena for part of the same Exuma ; which continuous appearance they naturally assume when seen from Concepcion, for they run in the same S. E. and N. W. direction. Their bearings, when seen from the same point, are likewise westerly as well as southwesterly. As a proof that such was the case, it may be observed, that, after having approached these islands, instead of the extent of Fernandina being increased to his eye, he now remarks that it was twenty leagues long, whereas before it was estimated by him at twenty-eight ; he now

discovers that instead of one island there were many, and alters his course southerly to reach the one that was most conspicuous.

The identity of the island here described with Exuma is irresistibly forced upon the mind. The distance from Concepcion, the remarkable port with an island in front of it, and farther on its coast turning off to the westward, are all so accurately delineated, that it would seem as though the chart had been drawn from the description of Columbus.

On the 19th October the ships left Fernandina, steering S. E. with the wind at north. Sailing three hours on this course, they discovered Samoet to the east, and steered for it, arriving at its north point before noon. Here they found a little island surrounded by rocks, with another reef of rocks lying between it and Samoet. To Samoet Columbus gave the name of Isabella, and to the point of it opposite the little island, that of Cabo del Isleo ; the cape at the S. W. point of Samoet Columbus called Cabo de Laguna, and off this last his ships were brought to anchor. The little island lay in the direction from Fernandina to Isabella, east and west. The coast from the small island lay westerly twelve leagues to a cape, which Columbus called Formosa from its beauty ; this he believed to be an island apart from Samoet or Isabella, with another one between them. Leaving Cabo Laguna, where he remained until the 20th October, Columbus steered to the N. E. towards Cabo del Isleo, but meeting with shoals inside the small island, he did not come to anchor until the day following. Near this extremity of Isabella they found a lake, from which the ships were supplied with water.

This island of Isabella, or Samoet, agrees so accurately in its description with Isla Larga, which lies east of Exuma, that it is only necessary to read it with the chart unfolded to become convinced of the identity.

Having resolved to visit the island which the natives called Cuba, and described as bearing W. S. W. from Isabella, Columbus left Cabo del Isleo at midnight, the commencement of the 24th October, and shaped his course accordingly to the W. S. W. The wind continued light, with rain, until noon, when it freshened up, and in the evening Cape Verde, the S. W. point of Fernandina, bore N. W. distant seven leagues. As

the night became tempestuous, he lay to until morning, drifting according to the reckoning two leagues.

On the morning of the 25th he made sail again to W. S. W., until nine o'clock, when he had run five leagues ; he then steered west until three, when he had run eleven leagues, at which hour land was discovered, consisting of seven or eight keys lying north and south, and distant five leagues from the ships. Here he anchored the next day, south of these islands, which he called Islas de Arena ; they were low, and five or six leagues in extent.

The distances run by Columbus, added to the departure taken from Fernandina and the distance from these islands of Arena at the time of discovering, give a sum of thirty leagues. This sum of thirty leagues is about three less than the distance from the S. W. point of Fernandina or Exuma, whence Columbus took his departure, to the group of Mucaras, which lie east of Cayo Lobo on the grand bank of Bahama, and which correspond to the description of Columbus. If it were necessary to account for the difference of three leagues in a reckoning, where so much is given on conjecture, it would readily occur to a seaman, that an allowance of two leagues for drift during a long night of blowy weather, is but a small one. The course from Exuma to the Mucaras is about S. W. by W. The course followed by Columbus differs a little from this, but as it was his intention, on setting sail from Isabella, to steer W. S. W., and since he afterwards altered it to west, we may conclude that he did so in consequence of having been run out of his course to the southward, while lying to the night previous.

Oct. 27.—At sunrise Columbus set sail from the Isles Arenas or Mucaras, for an island called Cuba, steering S. S. W. At dark, having made seventeen leagues on that course, he saw the land, and hove his ships to until morning. On the 28th he made sail again at S. S. W., and entered a beautiful river with a fine harbor, which he named San Salvador. The journal in this part does not describe the localities with the minuteness with which everything has hitherto been noted; the text also is in several places obscure.

This port of San Salvador we take to be the one now known as Carave-

las Grandes, situated eight leagues west of Nuevitas del Principe. Its bearings and distance from the Mucaras coincide exactly with those run by Columbus ; and its description agrees, as far as can be ascertained by charts, with the port which he visited.

Oct. 29.—Leaving this port, Columbus stood to the west, and having sailed six leagues, he came to a point of the island running N. W., which we take to be the Punta Gorda ; and, ten leagues farther, another stretching easterly, which will be Punta Curiana. One league farther he discovered a small river, and beyond this another very large one, to which he gave the name of Rio de Mares. This river emptied into a fine basin resembling a lake, and having a bold entrance : it had for landmarks two round mountains at the S. W., and to the W. N. W. a bold promontory, suitable for a fortification, which projected far into the sea This we take to be the fine harbor and river situated west of Point Curiana ; its distance corresponds with that run by Columbus from Caravelas Grandes, which we have supposed identical with Port San Salvador. Leaving Rio de Mares the 30th of October, Columbus stood to the N. W. for fifteen leagues, when he saw a cape, to which he gave the name of Cabo de Palmas. This, we believe, is the one which forms the eastern entrance to Laguna de Moron. Beyond this cape was a river, distant, according to the natives, four days' journey from the town of Cuba ; Columbus determined therefore to make it.

Having lain to all night, he reached the river on the 31st October, but found that it was too shallow to admit his ships. This is supposed to be what is now known as Laguna de Moron. Beyond this was a cape surrounded by shoals, and another projected still farther out. Between these two capes was a bay capable of receiving small vessels. The identity here of the description with the coast near Laguna de Moron seems very clear. The cape east of Laguna de Moron coincides with Cape Palmas, the Laguna de Moron with the shoal river described by Columbus : and in the western point of entrance, with the island of Cabrion opposite it, we recognize the two projecting capes he speaks of, with what appears to be a bay between them. This all is a remarkable combination, difficult to be found anywhere but in the same spot which Columbus visited

and described. Further, the coast from the port of San Salvador had run west to Rio de Mares, a distance of seventeen leagues, and from Rio de Mares it had extended N. W. fifteen leagues to Cabo de Palmas ; all of which agrees fully with what has been here supposed. The wind having shifted to north, which was contrary to the course they had been steering, the vessels bore up and returned to Rio de Mares.

On the 12th of November the ships sailed out of Rio de Mares to go in quest of Babeque, an island believed to abound in gold, and to lie E. by S. from that port. Having sailed eight leagues with a fair wind, they came to a river, in which may be recognized the one which lies just west of Punta Gorda. Four leagues farther they saw another, which they called Rio del Sol. It appeared very large, but they did not stop to examine it, as the wind was fair to advance. This we take to be the river now known as Sabana. Columbus was now retracing his steps, and had made twelve leagues from Rio de Mares, but in going west from Port San Salvador to Rio de Mares, he had run seventeen leagues. San Salvador, therefore, remains five leagues east of Rio del Sol, and, accordingly, on reference to the chart, we find Caravelas Grandes situated a corresponding distance from Sabana.

Having run six leagues from Rio del Sol, which makes in all eighteen leagues from Rio de Mares, Columbus came to a cape which he called Cabo de Cuba, probably from supposing it to be the extremity of that island. This corresponds precisely in distance from Punta Curiana with the lesser island of Guajava, situated near Cuba, and between which and the greater Guajava Columbus must have passed in running in for Port San Salvador. Either he did not notice it, from his attention being engrossed by the magnificent island before him, or, as is also possible, his vessels may have been drifted through the passage, which is two leagues wide, while lying to the night previous to their arrival at Port San Salvador.

On the 13th of November, having hove to all night, in the morning the ships passed a point two leagues in extent, and then entered into a gulf that made into the S. S. W., and which Columbus thought separated Cuba from Bohio. At the bottom of the gulf was a large basin between

two mountains. He could not determine whether or not this was an arm of the sea ; for not finding shelter from the north wind, he put to sea again. Hence it would appear that Columbus must have partly sailed round the smaller Guajava, which he took to be the extremity of Cuba, without being aware that a few hours' sail would have taken him, by this channel, to Port San Salvador, his first discovery in Cuba, and so back to the same Rio del Sol which he had passed the day previous. Of the two mountains seen on both sides of this entrance, the principal one corresponds with the peak called Alto de Juan Daune, which lies seven leagues west of Punta de Maternillos. The wind continuing north, he stood east fourteen leagues from Cape Cuba, which we have supposed the lesser island of Guajava. It is here rendered sure that the point of little Guajava was believed by him to be the extremity of Cuba ; for he speaks of the land mentioned as lying to leeward of the above-mentioned gulf as being the island of Bohio, and says that he discovered twenty leagues of it running E. S. E. and W. N. W.

On the 14th November, having lain to all night with a N. E. wind, he determined to seek a port, and if he found none, to return to those which he had left in the island of Cuba ; for it will be remembered that all east of little Guajava he supposed to be Bohio. He steered E. by S. therefore six leagues, and then stood in for the land. Here he saw many ports and islands ; but as it blew fresh, with a heavy sea, he dared not enter, but ran the coast down N. W. by W. for a distance of eighteen leagues, where he saw a clear entrance and a port, in which he stood S. S. W. and afterwards S. E., the navigation being all clear and open. Here Columbus beheld so many islands that it was impossible to count them. They were very lofty, and covered with trees. Columbus called the neighboring sea Mar de Nuestra Señora, and to the harbor near the entrance to these islands he gave the name of Puerto del Principe. This harbor he says he did not enter until the Sunday following, which was four days after. This part of the text of Columbus's journal is confused, and there are also anticipations, as if it had been written subsequently, or mixed together in copying. It appears evident, that while lying to the night previous, with the wind at N. E., the ships had drifted to the N. W.,

and been carried by the powerful current of the Bahama channel far in the same direction. When they bore up, therefore, to return to the ports which they had left in the island of Cuba, they fell in to leeward of them, and now first discovered the numerous group of islands of which Cayo Romano is the principal. The current of this channel is of itself sufficient to have carried the vessels to the westward a distance of 20 leagues, which is what they had run easterly since leaving Cape Cuba, or Guajava, for it had acted upon them during a period of thirty hours. There can be no doubt as to the identity of these keys with those about Cayo Romano ; for they are the only ones in the neighborhood of Cuba that are not of a low and swampy nature, but large and lofty. They inclose a free, open navigation, and abundance of fine harbors, in late years the resort of pirates, who found security and concealment for themselves and their prizes in the recesses of these lofty keys. From the description of Columbus, the vessels must have entered between the islands of Baril and Pacedon, and sailing along Cayo Romano on a S. E. course, have reached in another day their old cruising ground in the neighborhood of lesser Guajava. Not only Columbus does not tell us here of his having changed his anchorage amongst these keys, but his journal does not even mention his having anchored at all, until the return from the ineffectual search after Babeque. It is clear, from what has been said, that it was not in Port Principe that the vessels anchored on this occasion ; but it could not have been very distant, since Columbus went from the ships in his boats on the 18th November, to place a cross at its entrance. He had probably seen the entrance from without, when sailing east from Guajava on the 13th of November. The identity of this port with the one now known as Nuevitas el Principe seems certain, from the description of its entrance. Columbus, it appears, did not visit its interior.

On the 19th November the ships sailed again, in quest of Babeque. At sunset Port Principe bore S. S. W. distant seven leagues, and having sailed all night at N. E. by N. and until ten o'clock of the next day (20th November), they had run a distance of fifteen leagues on that course. The wind blowing from E. S. E., which was the direction in which Babeque was supposed to lie, and the weather being foul, Columbus deter-

mined to return to Port Principe, which was then distant twenty-five leagues. He did not wish to go to Isabella, distant only twelve leagues, lest the Indians whom he had brought from San Salvador, which lay eight leagues from Isabella, should make their escape. Thus, in sailing N. E. by N. from near Port Principe, Columbus had approached within a short distance of Isabella. That island was then, according to his calculations, thirty-seven leagues from Port Principe; and San Salvador was forty-five leagues from the same point. The first differs but eight leagues from the truth, the latter nine ; or from the actual distance of Nuevitas el Principe from Isla Larga and San Salvador. Again, let us now call to mind the course made by Columbus in going from Isabella to Cuba; it was first W. S. W., then west, and afterwards S. S. W. Having consideration for the different distances run on each, these yield a medium course not materially different from S. W. Sailing then S. W. from Isabella, Columbus had reached Port San Salvador, on the coast of Cuba. Making afterwards a course of N. E. by N, from off Port Principe, he was going in the direction of Isabella. Hence we deduce that Port San Salvador, on the coast of Cuba, lay west of Port Principe, and the whole combination is thus bound together and established. The two islands seen by Columbus at ten o'clock of the same 20th November, must have been some of the keys which lie west of the Jumentos. Running back towards Port Principe, Columbus made it at dark, but found that he had been carried to the westward by the currents. This furnishes a sufficient proof of the strength of the current in the Bahama channel; for it will be remembered that he ran over to Cuba with a fair wind. After contending for four days, until the 24th November, with light winds against the force of these currents, he arrived at length opposite the level island whence he had set out the week before when going to Babeque.

We are thus accidentally informed that the point from which Columbus started in search of Babeque was the same island of Guajava the lesser, which lies west of Nuevitas el Principe. Further: at first he dared not enter into the opening between the two mountains, for it seemed as though the sea broke upon them ; but having sent the boat ahead, the vessels followed in at S. W. and then W. into a fine harbor.

The level island lay north of it, and with another island formed a secure basin capable of sheltering all the navy of Spain. This level island resolves itself then into our late Cape Cuba, which we have supposed to be little Guajava, and the entrance east of it becomes identical with the gulf above mentioned which lay between two mountains, one of which we have supposed the Alto de Juan Daune, and which gulf appeared to divide Cuba from Bohio. Our course now becomes a plain one. On the 26th of November, Columbus sailed from Santa Catalina (the name given by him to the port last described) at sunrise, and stood for the cape at the S. E. which he called Cabo de Pico. In this it is easy to recognize the high peak already spoken of as the Alto de Juan Daune. Arrived off this he saw another cape, distant fifteen leagues, and still farther another five leagues beyond it, which he called Cabo de Campana. The first must be that now known as Point Padre, the second Point Mulas: their distances from Alto de Juan Daune are underrated; but it requires no little experience to estimate correctly the distance of the bold headlands of Cuba, as seen through the pure atmosphere that surrounds the island.

Having passed Point Mulas in the night, on the 27th, Columbus looked into the deep bay that lies S. E. of it, and seeing the bold projecting headland that makes out between Port Nipe and Port Banes, with those deep bays on each side of it, he supposed it to be an arm of the sea dividing one land from another with an island between them.

Having landed at Taco for a short time, Columbus arrived in the evening of the 27th at Baracoa, to which he gave the name of Puerto Santo. From Cabo del Pico to Puerto Santo, a distance of sixty leagues, he had passed no fewer than nine good ports and five rivers to Cape Campana, and thence to Puerto Santo eight more rivers, each with a good port; all of which may be found on the chart between Alto de Juan Daune and Baracoa. By keeping near the coast he had been assisted to the S. E. by the eddy current of the Bahama Channel. Sailing from Puerto Santo or Baracoa on the 4th of December, he reached the extremity of Cuba the following day, and striking off upon a wind to the S. E. in search of Babeque, which lay to the N. E., he came in sight of Bohio, to which he gave the name of Hispaniola.

On taking leave of Cuba, Columbus tells us that he had coasted it a distance of 120 leagues. Allowing twenty leagues of this distance for his having followed the undulations of the coast, the remaining 100 measured from Point Maysi fall exactly upon Cabrion Key, which we have supposed the western boundary of his discoveries.

The astronomical observations of Columbus form no objection to what has been here advanced; for he tells us that the instrument which he made use of to measure the meridian altitudes of the heavenly bodies was out of order and not to be depended upon. He places his first discovery, Guanahani, in the latitude of Ferro, which is about 27° 30′ north. San Salvador we find in 24° 30′ and Turk's Island in 21° 30′: both are very wide of the truth, but it is certainly easier to conceive an error of three than one of six degrees.

Laying aside geographical demonstrations, let us now examine how historical records agree with the opinion here supported, that the island of San Salvador was the first point where Columbus came in contact with the New World. Herrera, who is considered the most faithful and authentic of Spanish historians, wrote his History of the Indies towards the year 1600. In describing the voyage of Juan Ponce de Leon, made to Florida in 1512, he makes the following remarks:* "Leaving Aguada in Porto Rico, they steered to the N. W. by N., and in five days arrived at an island called El Viejo, in latitude 22° 30′ north. The next day they arrived at a small island of the Lucayos, called Caycos. On the eighth day they anchored at another island called Yaguna in 24°, on the eighth day out from Porto Rico. Thence they passed to the island of Manuega, in 24° 30′, and on the eleventh day they reached Guanahani, which is 25° 40′ north. This island of Guanahani was the first discovered by Columbus on his first voyage, and which he called San Salvador." This is the substance of the remarks of Herrera, and is entirely conclusive as to the location of San Salvador. The latitudes, it is true, are all placed higher than we now know them to be; that of San Salvador being such as to correspond with no other land than that now known as the

* Herrera, Hist. Ind., decad. i. lib. ix. cap. 10.

Berry Islands, which are seventy leagues distant from the nearest coast of Cuba: whereas Columbus tells us that San Salvador was only forty-five leagues from Port Principe. But in those infant days of navigation, the instruments for measuring the altitudes of the heavenly bodies, and the tables of declinations for deducing the latitude, must have been so imperfect as to place the most scientific navigator of the time below the most mechanical one of the present.

The second island arrived at by Ponce de Leon, in his north-western course, was one of the Caycos; the first one, then, called El Viejo, must have been Turk's Island, which lies S. E. of the Caycos. The third island they came to was probably Mariguana; the fourth, Crooked Island; and the fifth, Isla Larga. Lastly they came to Guanahani, the San Salvador of Columbus. If this be supposed identical with Turk's Island, where do we find the succession of islands touched at by Ponce de Leon on his way from Porto Rico to San Salvador?* No stress has been laid, in these remarks, on the identity of name which has been preserved to San Salvador, Concepcion, and Port Principe, with those given by Columbus, though traditional usage is of vast weight in such matters. Geographical proof, of a conclusive kind it is thought, has been advanced, to enable the world to remain in its old hereditary belief that the present island of San Salvador is the spot where Columbus first set foot upon the New World. Established opinions of the kind should not be lightly molested. It is a good old rule, that ought to be kept in mind in curious research as well as territorial dealings, "Do not disturb the ancient landmarks."

Note to the Revised Edition of 1848.—The Baron de Humboldt, in his "Examen critique de l'Histoire de la Geographie du Nouveau Continent," published in 1837, speaks repeatedly in high terms of the ability displayed in the above examination of the route of Columbus, and argues at great length and quite conclusively in support of the opinion contained in it. Above all, he produces a document hitherto unknown, and the great importance of which had been discovered by M. Valeknaer and himself in 1832. This is a map made in 1500 by that able mariner Juan de la Cosa, who accompanied Colum-

* In the first chapter of Herrera's description of the Indies, appended to his history, is another scale of the Bahama Islands, which corroborates the above. It begins at the opposite end, at the N. W., and runs down to the S. E. It is thought unnecessary to cite it particularly.

bus in his second voyage and sailed with other of the discoverers. In this map, of which the Baron de Humboldt gives an engraving, the islands as laid down agree completely with the bearings and distances given in the journal of Columbus, and establishes the identity of San Salvador, or Cat Island, and Guanahani.

"I feel happy," says M. de Humboldt, "to be enabled to destroy the incertitudes (which rested on this subject) by a document as ancient as it is unknown; a document which confirms irrevocably the arguments which Mr. Washington Irving has given in his work against the hypotheses of the Turk's Island."

In the present revised edition, the author feels at liberty to give the merit of the very masterly paper on the route of Columbus, where it is justly due. It was furnished him at Madrid by the late commander Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, of the United States navy, whose modesty shrunk from affixing his name to an article so calculated to do him credit, and which has since challenged the high eulogiums of men of nautical science.

No. XVIII.

PRINCIPLES UPON WHICH THE SUMS MENTIONED IN THIS WORK HAVE BEEN REDUCED INTO MODERN CURRENCY.

In the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the mark of silver, which was equal to 8 ounces or to 50 castillanos was divided into 65 reals, and each real into 34 maravedis ; so that there were 2210 maravedis in the mark of silver. Among other silver coins there was the real of 8, which consisting of 8 reals, was, within a small fraction, the eighth part of a mark of silver, or one ounce. Of the gold coins then in circulation the castillano or *doblo de la vanda* was worth 490 maravedis, and the ducado 383 maravedis.

If the value of the maravedi had remained unchanged in Spain down to the present day, it would be easy to reduce a sum of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella into a correspondent sum of current money ; but by the successive depreciations of the coin of Vellon, or mixed metals, issued since that period, the *real* and maravedi of Vellon, which had replaced the ancient currency, were reduced towards the year 1700, to about a third of the old *real* and maravedi, now known as the *real* and maravedi of silver. As, however, the ancient piece of 8 reals was equal ap-

proximately to the ounce of silver, and the duro, or dollar of the present day, is likewise equal to an ounce, they may be considered identical. Indeed, in Spanish America, the dollar, instead of being divided into 20 reals, as in Spain, is divided into only 8 parts called reals, which evidently represent the real of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, as the dollar does the real of 8. But the ounce of silver was anciently worth 276¼ maravedis; the dollar, therefore, is likewise equal to 276¼ maravedis. By converting then the sums mentioned in this work into maravedis, they have been afterwards reduced into dollars by dividing by 276¼

There is still, however, another calculation to be made, before we can arrive at the actual value of any sum of gold and silver mentioned in former times. It is necessary to notice the variation which has taken place in the value of the metals themselves. In Europe, previous to the discovery of the New World, an ounce of gold commanded an amount of food or labor which would cost three ounces at the present day; hence an ounce of gold was then estimated at three times its present value. At the same time an ounce of silver commanded an amount which at present costs 4 ounces of silver. It appears from this, that the value of gold and silver varied with respect to each other, as well as with respect to all other commodities. This is owing to there having been much more silver brought from the New World, with respect to the quantity previously in circulation, than there has been of gold. In the fifteenth century one ounce of gold was equal to about 12 of silver; and now, in the year 1827, it is exchanged against 16.

Hence giving an idea of the relative value of the sums mentioned in this work, it has been found necessary to multiply them by three when in gold, and by four when expressed in silver.*

It is expedient to add that the dollar is reckoned in this work at 100 cents of the United States of North America, and four shillings and sixpence of England.

* See Caballero Pesos y Medidas. J. B. Say, Economie Politique.

No. XIX.

PRESTER JOHN :

SAID to be derived from the Persian *Prestegani* or *Perestigani*, which signifies apostolique ; or *Preschtak-Gehan*, angel of the world. It is the name of a potent Christian monarch of shadowy renown, whose dominions were placed by writers of the Middle Ages sometimes in the remote parts of Asia and sometimes in Africa, and of whom such contradictory accounts were given by the travellers of those days that the very existence either of him or his kingdom came to be considered doubtful. It now appears to be admitted, that there really was such a potentate in a remote part of Asia. He was of the Nestorian Christians, a sect spread throughout Asia, and taking its name and origin from Nestorius, a Christian patriarch of Constantinople.

The first vague reports of a Christian potentate in the interior of Asia, or as it was then called India, were brought to Europe by the Crusaders, who it is supposed gathered them from the Syrian merchants who traded to the very confines of China.

In subsequent ages, when the Portuguese in their travels and voyages discovered a Christian king among the Abyssinians, called Baleel-Gian, they confounded him with the potentate already spoken of. Nor was the blunder extraordinary, since the original Prester John was said to reign over a remote part of India ; and the ancients included in that name Ethiopia and all the regions of Africa and Asia bordering on the Red Sea and on the commercial route from Egypt to India.

Of the Prester John of India we have reports furnished by William Ruysbrook, commonly called Rubruquis, a Franciscan friar sent by Louis IX. about the middle of the thirteenth century to convert the Grand Khan. According to him, Prester John was originally a Nestorian priest, who on the death of the sovereign made himself king of the Naymans, all Nestorian Christians. Carpini, a Franciscan friar, sent by Pope Innocent

in 1245 to convert the Mongols of Persia, says, that Ocoday, one of the sons of Genghis Khan of Tartary, marched with an army against the Christians of Grand India. The king of that country, who was called Prester John, came to their succor. Having had figures of men made of bronze, he had them fastened on the saddles of horses, and put fire within, with a man behind with a bellows. When they came to battle these horses were put in the advance, and the men who were seated behind the figures, threw something into the fire, and blowing with their bellows, made such a smoke that the Tartars were quite covered with it. They then fell on them, despatched many with their arrows, and put the rest to flight.

Marco Polo (1271) places Prester John near the great wall of China, to the north of Chan-si, in Teudich, a populous region full of cities and castles.

Mandeville (1332) makes Prester sovereign of Upper India (Asia), with four thousand islands tributary to him.

When John II. of Portugal, was pushing his discoveries along the African coast, he was informed that 350 leagues to the east of the kingdom of Benin in the profound depths of Africa, there was a puissant monarch, called Ogave, who had spiritual and temporal jurisdiction over all the surrounding kings.

An African prince assured him, also, that to the east of Timbuctoo there was a sovereign who professed a religion similar to that of the Christians, and was king of a Mosaic people.

King John now supposed he had found traces of the real Prester John, with whom he was eager to form an alliance religious as well as commercial. In 1487 he sent envoys by land in quest of him. One was a gentleman of his household, Pedro de Covilham; the other, Alphonso de Paiva. They went by Naples to Rhodes, thence to Cairo, thence to Aden on the Arabian Gulf above the mouth of the Red Sea.

Here they separated with an agreement to rendezvous at Cairo. Alphonso de Paiva sailed direct for Ethiopia; Pedro de Covilham for the Indies. The latter passed to Calicut and Goa, where he embarked for Sofala on the eastern coast of Africa, thence returned to Aden, and made

his way back to Cairo. Here he learned that his coadjutor, Alphonso de Paiva, had died in that city. He found two Portuguese Jews waiting for him with fresh orders from King John not to give up his researches after Prester John until he found him. One of the Jews he sent back with a journal and verbal accounts of his travels. With the other he set off again for Aden; thence to Ormuz, at the entrance of the Gulf of Persia, where all the rich merchandise of the East was brought to be transported thence by Syria and Egypt into Europe.

Having taken note of everything here, he embarked on the Red Sea, and arrived at the court of an Abyssinian prince named Escander (the Arabic version of Alexander), whom he considered the real Prester John. The prince received him graciously, and manifested a disposition to favor the object of his embassy, but died suddenly, and his successor, Naut, refused to let Covilham depart, but kept him for many years about his person, as his prime councillor, lavishing on him wealth and honors. After all, this was not the real Prester John; who, as has been observed, was an Asiatic potentate.

No. XX.

MARCO POLO.*

THE travels of Marco Polo, or Paolo, furnish a key to many parts of the voyages and speculations of Columbus, which without it would hardly be comprehensible.

Marco Polo was a native of Venice, who, in the thirteenth century, made a journey into the remote, and, at that time, unknown regions of

* In preparing the first edition of this work for the press, the author had not the benefit of the English translation of Marco Polo, published a few years since, with admirable commentaries, by William Marsden, F. R. S. He availed himself, principally of an Italian version in the Venetian edition of Ramusio (1606), the French translation by Bergeron, and an old and very incorrect Spanish translation. Having since procured the work of Mr. Marsden he has made considerable alterations in these notices of Marco Polo.

the East, and filled all Christendom with curiosity by his account of the countries he had visited. He was preceded in his travels by his father Nicholas and his uncle Maffeo Polo. These two brothers were of an illustrious family in Venice, and embarked about the year 1255, on a commercial voyage to the East. Having traversed the Mediterranean and through the Bosphorus, they stopped for a short time at Constantinople, which city had recently been wrested from the Greeks by the joint arms of France and Venice. Here they disposed of their Italian merchandise, and, having purchased a stock of jewelry, departed on an adventurous expedition to trade with the western Tartars, who, having overrun many parts of Asia and Europe, were settling and forming cities in the vicinity of the Wolga. After traversing the Euxine to Soldaia (at present Sudak), a port in the Crimea, they continued on, by land and water, until they reached the military court, or rather camp of a Tartar prince, named Barkah, a descendant of Genghis Khan, into whose hands they confided all their merchandise. The barbaric chieftain, while he was dazzled by their precious commodities, was flattered by the entire confidence in his justice manifested by these strangers. He repaid them with princely munificence, and loaded them with favors during a year that they remained at his court. A war breaking out between their patron and his cousin Hulagu, chief of the eastern Tartars, and Barkah being defeated, the Polos were embarrassed how to extricate themselves from the country and return home in safety. The road to Constantinople being cut off by the enemy, they took a circuitous route, round the head of the Caspian Sea, and through the deserts of Transoxiana, until they arrived in the city of Bokhara, where they resided for three years.

While here there arrived a Tartar nobleman who was on an embassy from the victorious Hulagu to his brother the Grand Khan. The ambassador became acquainted with the Venetians, and finding them to be versed in the Tartar tongue and possessed of curious and valuable knowledge he prevailed upon them to accompany him to the court of the emperor, situated, as they supposed, at the very extremity of the East.

After a march of several months, being delayed by snow-storms and inundations, they arrived at the court of Cublai, otherwise called the

Great Khan, which signifies King of Kings, being the sovereign potentate of the Tartars. This magnificent prince received them with great distinction ; he made inquiries about the countries and princes of the West, their civil and military government, and the manners and customs of the Latin nation. Above all, he was curious on the subject of the Christian religion. He was so much struck by their replies, that after holding a council with the chief persons of his kingdom, he entreated the two brothers to go on his part as ambassadors to the pope, to entreat him to send a hundred learned men well instructed in the Christian faith, to impart a knowledge of it to the sages of his empire. He also entreated them to bring him a little oil from the lamp of our Saviour, in Jerusalem, which he concluded must have marvelous virtues. It has been supposed, and with great reason, that under this covert of religion, the shrewd Tartar sovereign veiled motives of a political nature. The influence of the pope in promoting the crusades had caused his power to be known and respected throughout the East ; it was of some moment, therefore, to conciliate his good will. Cublai Khan had no bigotry nor devotion to any particular faith, and probably hoped, by adopting Christianity to make it a common cause between himself and the warlike princes of Christendom, against his and their inveterate enemies, the soldan of Egypt and the Saracens.

Having written letters to the pope in the Tartar language, he delivered them to the Polos, and appointed one of the principal noblemen of his court to accompany them in their mission. On their taking leave he furnished them with a tablet of gold on which was engraved the royal arms ; this was to serve as a passport, at sight of which the governors of the various provinces were to entertain them, to furnish them with escorts through dangerous places, and render them all other necessary services at the expense of the Great Khan.

They had scarce proceeded twenty miles, when the nobleman who accompanied them fell ill, and they were obliged to leave him, and continue on their route. Their golden passport procured them every attention and facility throughout the dominions of the Great Khan. They arrived safely at Acre, in April, 1269. Here they received news of the recent

death of pope Clement IV., at which they were much grieved, fearing it would cause delay in their mission. There was at that time in Acre a legate of the holy chair, Tebaldo di Vesconti, of Placentia, to whom they gave an account of their embassy. He heard them with great attention and interest, and advised them to await the election of a new pope, which must soon take place, before they proceeded to Rome on their mission. They determined in the interim to make a visit to their families, and accordingly departed for Negropont, and thence to Venice, where great changes had taken place in their domestic concerns, during their long absence. The wife of Nicholas, whom he had left pregnant, had died, in giving birth to a son, who had been named Marco.

As the contested election for the new pontiff remained pending for two years, they were uneasy, lest the emperor of Tartary should grow impatient at so long a postponement of the conversion of himself and his people; they determined, therefore, not to wait the election of a pope, but to proceed to Acre, and get such despatches and such ghostly ministry for the Grand Khan, as the legate could furnish. On the second journey Nicholas Polo took with him his son Marco, who afterwards wrote an account of these travels.

They were again received with great favor by the legate Tebaldo, who, anxious for the success of their mission, furnished them with letters to the Grand Khan, in which the doctrines of the Christian faith were fully expounded. With these, and with a supply of the holy oil from the sepulchre, they once more set out in September, 1271, for the remote parts of Tartary. They had not long departed, when missives arrived from Rome, informing the legate of his own election to the holy chair. He took the name of Gregory X., and decreed that in future, on the death of a pope, the cardinals should be shut up in conclave until they elected a successor; a wise regulation, which has since continued, enforcing a prompt decision, and preventing intrigue.

Immediately on receiving intelligence of his election, he despatched a courier to the king of Armenia, requesting that the two Venetians might be sent back to him, if they had not departed. They joyfully returned, and were furnished with new letters to the Khan. Two eloquent friars,

also, Nicholas Vincenti and Gilbert de Tripoli, were sent with them, with powers to ordain priests and bishops and to grant absolution. They had presents of crystal vases, and other costly articles to deliver to the Grand Khan ; and thus well provided, they once more set forth on their journey.*

Arriving in Armenia, they ran great risk of their lives from the war which was raging, the soldan of Babylon having invaded the country. They took refuge for some time with the superior of a monastery. Here the two reverend fathers, losing all courage to prosecute so perilous an enterprise, determined to remain, and the Venetians continued their journey. They were a long time on the way, and exposed to great hardships and sufferings from floods and snow-storms, it being the winter season. At length they reached a town in the dominions of the Khan. That potentate sent officers to meet them at forty days' distance from the court, and to provide quarters for them during their journey.† He received them with great kindness, was highly gratified with the result of their mission and with the letters of the pope, and having received from them some oil from the lamp of the holy sepulchre, he had it locked up, and guarded it as a precious treasure.

The three Venetians, father, brother, and son, were treated with such distinction by the Khan, that the courtiers were filled with jealousy. Marco soon, however, made himself popular, and was particularly esteemed by the emperor. He acquired the four principal languages of the country, and was of such remarkable capacity, that, notwithstanding his youth, the Khan employed him in missions and services of importance, in various parts of his dominions, some to the distance of even six months' journey. On these expeditions he was industrious in gathering all kinds of information respecting that vast empire ; and from notes and minutes made for the satisfaction of the Grand Khan, he afterwards composed the history of his travels.

* Ramusio, tom. iii.

† Bergeron, by blunder in the translation from the original Latin, has stated that the Khan sent 40,000 men to escort them. This has drawn the ire of the critics upon Marco Polo, who have cited it as one of his monstrous exaggerations.

After about seventeen years' residence in the Tartar court the Venetians felt a longing to return to their native country. Their patron was advanced in age and could not survive much longer, and after his death, their return might be difficult if not impossible. They applied to the Grand Khan for permission to depart, but for a time met with a refusal, accompanied by friendly upbraidings. At length a singular train of events operated in their favor ; an embassy arrived from a Mogul Tartar prince, who ruled in Persia, and who was grand-nephew to the emperor. The object was to entreat, as a spouse, a princess of the imperial lineage. A granddaughter of Cublai Khan, seventeen years of age, and of great beauty and accomplishments, was granted to the prayer of the prince, and departed for Persia with the ambassadors, and with a splendid retinue, but after travelling for some months, was obliged to return on account of the distracted state of the country.

The ambassador despaired of conveying the beautiful bride to the arms of her expecting bridegroom, when Marco Polo returned from a voyage to certain of the Indian islands. His representations of the safety of a voyage in those seas, and his private instigations, induced the ambassadors to urge the Grand Khan for permission to convey the princess by sea to the Gulf of Persia, and that the Christians might accompany them, as being best experienced in maritime affairs. Cublai Khan consented with great reluctance, and a splendid fleet was fitted out and victualed for two years, consisting of fourteen ships of four masts, some of which had crews of two hundred and fifty men.

On parting with the Venetians the munificent Khan gave them rich presents of jewels, and made them promise to return to him after they had visited their families. He authorized them to act as his ambassadors to the principal courts of Europe, and, as on a former occasion, furnished them with tablets of gold, to serve, not merely as passports, but as orders upon all commanders in his territories for accommodations and supplies.

They set sail therefore in the fleet with the Oriental princess and her attendants and the Persian ambassadors. The ships swept along the coast of Cochin China, stopped for three months at a port of the island of Sumatra near the western entrance of the Straits of Malacca, waiting for

the change of the monsoon to pass the Bay of Bengal. Traversing this vast expanse they touched at the island of Ceylon and then crossed the strait to the southern part of the great peninsula of India. Thence sailing up the Pirate coast, as it is called, the fleet entered the Persian Gulf and arrived at the famous port of Ormuz, where it is presumed the voyage terminated, after eighteen months spent in traversing the Indian seas.

Unfortunately for the royal bride who was the object of this splendid naval expedition, her bridegroom, the Mogul king, had died some time before her arrival, leaving a son named Ghazan, during whose minority the government was administered by his uncle Kai-Khatu. According to the directions of the regent, the princess was delivered to the youthful prince, son of her intended spouse. He was at that time at the head of an army on the borders of Persia. He was of a diminutive stature but of a great soul, and, on afterwards ascending the throne, acquired renown for his talents and virtues. What became of the eastern bride, who had travelled so far in quest of a husband, is not known; but everything favorable is to be inferred from the character of Ghazan.

The Polos remained some time in the court of the regent, and then departed, with fresh tablets of gold given by that prince, to carry them in safety and honor through his dominions. As they had to traverse many countries where the traveller is exposed to extreme peril, they appeared on their journeys as Tartars of low condition, having converted all their wealth into precious stones and sewn them up in the folds and linings of their coarse garments. They had a long, difficult, and perilous journey to Trebizond, whence they proceeded to Constantinople, thence to Negropont, and, finally, to Venice, where they arrived in 1295, in good health, and literally laden with riches. Having heard during their journey of the death of their old benefactor Cublai Khan, they considered their diplomatic functions at an end, and also that they were absolved from their promise to return to his dominions.

Ramusio, in his preface to the narrative of Marco Polo, gives a variety of particulars concerning their arrival, which he compares to that of Ulysses. When they arrived at Venice, they were known by nobody. So

many years had elapsed since their departure without any tidings of them, that they were either forgotten or considered dead. Besides, their foreign garb, the influence of southern suns, and the similitude which men acquire to those among whom they reside for any length of time, had given them the look of Tartars rather than Italians.

They repaired to their own house, which was a noble palace, situated in the street of St. Giovanne Chrisostomo, and was afterwards known by the name of la Corte de la Milione. They found several of their relatives still inhabiting it ; but they were slow in recollecting the travellers, not knowing of their wealth, and probably considering them, from their coarse and foreign attire, poor adventurers returned to be a charge upon their families. The Polos, however, took an effectual mode of quickening the memories of their friends, and insuring themselves a loving reception. They invited them all to a grand banquet. When their guests arrived, they received them richly dressed in garments of crimson satin of Oriental fashion. When water had been served for the washing of hands, and the company were summoned to table, the travellers, who had retired, appeared again in still richer robes of crimson damask. The first dresses were cut up and distributed among the servants, being of such length that they swept the ground, which, says Ramusio, was the mode in those days with dresses worn within doors. After the first course, they again retired and came in dressed in crimson velvet ; the damask dresses being likewise given to the domestics, and the same was done at the end of the feast with their velvet robes, when they appeared in the Venetian dress of the day. The guests were lost in astonishment, and could not comprehend the meaning of this masquerade. Having dismissed all the attendants, Marco Polo brought forth the coarse Tartar dresses in which they had arrived. Slashing them in several places with a knife, and ripping open the seams and lining, there tumbled forth rubies, sapphires, emeralds, diamonds, and other precious stones, until the whole table glittered with inestimable wealth, acquired from the munificence of the Grand Khan, and conveyed in this portable form through the perils of their long journey.

The company, observes Ramusio, were out of their wits with amaze-

ment, and now clearly perceived what they had at first doubted, that these in very truth were those honored and valiant gentlemen the Polos, and, accordingly, paid them great respect and reverence.

The account of this curious feast is given by Ramusio, on traditional authority, having heard it many times related by the illustrious Gasparo Malipiero, a very ancient gentleman, and a senator, of unquestionable veracity, who had it from his father, who had it from his grandfather, and so on up to the fountain-head.

When the fame of this banquet and of the wealth of the travellers came to be divulged throughout Venice, all the city, noble and simple, crowded to do honor to the extraordinary merit of the Polos. Maffeo, who was the eldest, was admitted to the dignity of the magistracy. The youth of the city came every day to visit and converse with Marco Polo, who was extremely amiable and communicative. They were insatiable in their inquiries about Cathay and the Grand Khan, which he answered with great courtesy, giving details with which they were vastly delighted, and, as he always spoke of the wealth of the Grand Khan in round numbers, they gave him the name of Messer Marco Milioni.

Some months after their return, Lampa Doria, commander of the Genoese navy, appeared in the vicinity of the island of Curzola with seventy galleys. Andrea Dandolo, the Venetian admiral, was sent against him. Marco Polo commanded a galley of the fleet. His usual good fortune deserted him. Advancing the first in the line with his galley, and not being properly seconded, he was taken prisoner, thrown in irons, and carried to Genoa. Here he was detained for a long time in prison, and all offers of ransom rejected. His imprisonment gave great uneasiness to his father and uncle, fearing that he might never return. Seeing themselves in this unhappy state, with so much treasure and no heirs, they consulted together. They were both very old men ; but Nicolo, observes Ramusio, was of a galliard complexion : it was determined he should take a wife. He did so ; and, to the wonder of his friends, in four years had three children.

In the meanwhile, the fame of Marco Polo's travels had circulated in Genoa. His prison was daily crowded with nobility, and he was supplied

with everything that could cheer him in his confinement. A Genoese gentleman, who visited him every day, at length prevailed upon him to write an account of what he had seen. He had his papers and journals sent to him from Venice, and with the assistance of his friend, or, as some will have it, his fellow-prisoner, produced the work which afterwards made such noise throughout the world.

The merit of Marco Polo at length procured him his liberty. He returned to Venice, where he found his father with a house full of children. He took it in good part, followed the old man's example, married, and had two daughters, Moretta and Fantina. The date of the death of Marco Polo is unknown; he is supposed to have been, at the time, about seventy years of age. On his death-bed he is said to have been exhorted by his friends to retract what he had published, or, at least, to disavow those parts commonly regarded as fictions. He replied indignantly that so far from having exaggerated, he had not told one half of the extraordinary things of which he had been an eye-witness.

Marco Polo died without male issue. Of the three sons of his father by the second marriage, one only had children, viz.: five sons and one daughter. The sons died without leaving issue; the daughter inherited all her father's wealth and married into the noble and distinguished house of Trevesino. Thus the male line of the Polos ceased in 1417, and the family name was extinguished.

Such are the principal particulars known of Marco Polo; a man whose travels for a long time made a great noise in Europe, and will be found to have had a great effect on modern discovery. His splendid account of the extent, wealth, and population of the Tartar territories filled every one with admiration. The possibility of bringing all those regions under the dominion of the Church, and rendering the Grand Khan an obedient vassal to the holy chair, was for a long time a favorite topic among the enthusiastic missionaries of Christendom, and there were many saints-errant who undertook to effect the conversion of this magnificent infidel.

Even at the distance of two centuries, when the enterprises for the discovery of the new route to India had set all the warm heads of Europe madding about these remote regions of the East, the conversion of the

Grand Khan became again a popular theme ; and it was too speculative and romantic an enterprise not to catch the vivid imagination of Columbus. In all his voyages, he will be found continually to be seeking after the territories of the Grand Khan, and even after his last expedition, when nearly worn out by age, hardships, and infirmities, he offered, in a letter to the Spanish monarchs, written from a bed of sickness, to conduct any missionary to the territories of the Tartar emperor, who would undertake his conversion.

No. XXI.

THE WORK OF MARCO POLO.

THE work of Marco Polo is stated by some to have been originally written in Latin,* though the most probable opinion is that it was written in the Venetian dialect of the Italian. Copies of it in manuscript were multiplied and rapidly circulated ; translations were made into various languages, until the invention of printing enabled it to be widely diffused throughout Europe. In the course of these translations and successive editions, the original text, according to Purchas, has been much vitiated, and it is probable many extravagances in numbers and measurements with which Marco Polo is charged may be the errors of translators and printers.

When the work first appeared, it was considered by some as made up of fictions and extravagances, and Vossius assures us that even after the death of Marco Polo he continued to be a subject of ridicule among the light and unthinking, insomuch that he was frequently personated at masquerades by some wit or droll, who, in his feigned character, related all kinds of extravagant fables and adventures. His work, however, excited great attention among thinking men, containing evidently a fund

* Hist. des Voyages, tom. xxvii. lib. iv. cap. 3. Paris, 1549.

of information concerning vast and splendid countries, before unknown to the European world. Vossius assures us that it was at one time highly esteemed by the learned. Francis Pepin, author of the Brandenburgh version, styles Polo a man commendable for his piety, prudence, and fidelity. Athanasius Kircher, in his account of China, says that none of the ancients have described the kingdoms of the remote East with more exactness. Various other learned men of past times, have borne testimony to his character, and most of the substantial parts of his work have been authenticated by subsequent travellers. The most able and ample vindication of Marco Polo, however, is to be found in the English translation of his work, with copious notes and commentaries, by William Marsden, F. R. S. He has diligently discriminated between what Marco Polo relates from his own observation, and what he relates as gathered from others ; he points out the errors that have arisen from misinterpretations, omissions, or interpretation of translators, and he claims all proper allowance for the superstitious coloring of parts of the narrative from the belief, prevalent among the most wise and learned of his day, in miracles and magic. After perusing the work of Mr. Marsden, the character of Marco Polo rises in the estimation of the reader. It is evident that his narration, as far as related from his own observations, is correct, and that he had really traversed a great part of Tartary and China, and navigated in the Indian seas. Some of the countries and many of the islands, however, are evidently described from accounts given by others, and in these accounts are generally found the fables which have excited incredulity and ridicule. As he composed his work after his return home, partly from memory and partly from memorandums, he was liable to confuse what he had heard with what he had seen, and thus to give undue weight to many fables and exaggerations which he had received from others.

Much has been said of a map brought from Cathay by Marco Polo, which was conserved in the convent of San Michale de Murano in the vicinity of Venice, and in which the Cape of Good Hope, and the island of Madagascar were indicated ; countries which the Portuguese claim the merit of having discovered two centuries afterwards. It has been suggested

also that Columbus had visited the convent and examined this map, whence he derived some of his ideas concerning the coast of India. According to Ramusio, however, who had been at the convent, and was well acquainted with the prior, the map preserved there was one copied by a friar from the original one of Marco Polo, and many alterations and additions had since been made by other hands, so that for a long time it lost all credit with judicious people, until on comparing it with the work of Marco Polo it was found in the main to agree with his descriptions.* The Cape of Good Hope was doubtless among the additions made subsequent to the discoveries of the Portuguese.† Columbus makes no mention of this map, which he most probably would have done had he seen it. He seems to have been entirely guided by the one furnished by Paulo Toscanelli, and which was apparently projected after the original map, or after the descriptions of Marco Polo, and the maps of Ptolemy.

When the attention of the world was turned towards the remote parts of Asia in the fifteenth century, and the Portuguese were making their attempts to circumnavigate Africa, the narration of Marco Polo again rose to notice. This, with the travels of Nicolo le Comte, the Venetian, and of Hieronimo da San Stefano, a Genoese, are said to have been the principal lights by which the Portuguese guided themselves in their voyages.‡

Above all, the influence which the work of Marco Polo had over the mind of Columbus, gives it particular interest and importance. It was evidently an oracular work with him. He frequently quotes it, and on his voyages, supposing himself to be on the Asiatic coast, he is continually endeavoring to discover the islands and main-lands described in it, and to find the famous Cipango.

It is proper, therefore, to specify some of those places, and the manner in which they are described by a Venetian traveller that the reader may more fully understand the anticipations which were haunting the mind

* Ramusio, vol. ii. p. 17.

† Mr. Marsden, who has inspected a splendid fac-simile of this map preserved in the British Museum, objects even to the fundamental part of it: "where," he observes, "situations are given to places that seem quite inconsistent with the descriptions in the travels and cannot be attributed to their author, although inserted on the supposed authority of his writings." Marsden's M. Polo, Introd. p. xlii.

‡ Hist. des Voyages, tom. xl. lib. xi. ch. 4.

of Columbus in his voyages among the West Indian islands, and along the coast of Terra Firma.

The winter residence of the Great Khan, according to Marco Polo, was in the city of Cambalu, or Kanbalu (since ascertained to be Pekin), in the province of Cathay. This city, he says, was twenty-four miles square, and admirably built. It was impossible, according to Marco Polo, to describe the vast amount and variety of merchandise and manufactures brought there ; it would seem they were enough to furnish the universe. "Here are to be seen in wonderful abundance the precious stones, the pearls, the silks, and the diverse perfumes of the East ; scarce a day passes that there does not arrive nearly a thousand cars laden with silk, of which they make admirable stuffs in this city."

The palace of the Great Khan is magnificently built, and four miles in circuit. It is rather a group of palaces. In the interior it is resplendent with gold and silver ; and in it are guarded the precious vases and jewels of the sovereign. All the appointments of the Khan for war, for the chase, for various festivities, are described in gorgeous terms. But though Marco Polo is magnificent in his description of the provinces of Cathay, and its imperial city of Cambalu, he outdoes himself when he comes to describe the province of Mangi. This province is supposed to be the southern part of China. It contains, he says, twelve hundred cities. The capital, Quinsai, (supposed to be the city of Hang-cheu), was twenty-five miles from the sea, but communicated by a river with a port situated on the sea-coast, and had great trade with India.

The name Quinsai, according to Marco Polo, signifies the city of heaven ; he says he has been in it and examined it diligently, and affirms it to be the largest in the world ; and so undoubtedly it is if the measurement of the traveller is to be taken literally, for he declares that it is one hundred miles in circuit. This seeming exaggeration has been explained by supposing him to mean Chinese miles or *li*, which are to the Italian miles in the proportion of three to eight ; and Mr. Marsden observes that the walls even of the modern city, the limits of which have been considerably contracted, are estimated by travellers at sixty *li*. The ancient city has evidently been of immense extent, and as Marco Polo

could not be supposed to have measured the walls himself, he has probably taken the loose and incorrect estimates of the inhabitants. He describes it also as built upon little islands like Venice, and has twelve thousand stone bridges,* the arches of which are so high that the largest vessels can pass under them without lowering their masts. It has, he affirms, three thousand baths, and six hundred thousand families, including domestics. It abounds with magnificent houses, and has a lake thirty miles in circuit within its walls, on the banks of which are superb palaces of people of rank.† The inhabitants of Quinsai are very voluptuous, and indulge in all kinds of luxuries and delights, particularly the women, who are extremely beautiful. There are many merchants and artisans, but the masters do not work, they employ servants to do all their labor. The province of Mangi was conquered by the Great Khan, who divided it into nine kingdoms, appointing to each a tributary king. He drew from it an immense revenue, for the country abounded in gold, silver, silks, sugar, spices, and perfumes.

ZIPANGU, ZIPANGRI, OR CIPANGO.

Fifteen hundred miles from the shores of Mangi, according to Marco Polo, lay the great island of Zipangu, by some written Zipangri, and by Columbus Cipango.‡ Marco Polo describes it as abounding in gold

* Another blunder in translation has drawn upon Marco Polo the indignation of George Hornius, who (in his Origin of America, IV. 3.) exclaims: "Who can believe all that he says of the city of Quinsai? as for example, that it has stone bridges twelve thousand miles high!" &c. It is probable that many of the exaggerations in the accounts of Marco Polo are in fact the errors of his translators.

Mandeville, speaking of this same city, which he calls Causai, says it is built on the sea like Venice, and has twelve hundred bridges.

† Sir George Staunton mentions this lake as being a beautiful sheet of water, about three or four miles in diameter; its margin ornamented with houses and gardens of Mandarines, together with temples, monasteries for the priests of Fo, and an imperial palace.

‡ Supposed to be those islands collectively called Japan. They are named by the Chinese Ge-pen, the terminating syllable *gu* added by Marco Polo, is supposed to be the Chinese word *kue*, signifying kingdom, which is commonly annexed to the names of

which, however, the king seldom permits to be transported out of the island. The king has a magnificent palace covered with plates of gold, as in other countries the palaces are covered with sheets of lead or copper. The halls and chambers are likewise covered with gold, the windows adorned with it, sometimes in plates of the thickness of two fingers. The island also produces vast quantities of the largest and finest pearls, together with a variety of precious stones ; so that, in fact, it abounds in riches. The Great Khan made several attempts to conquer this island, but in vain ; which is not to be wondered at, if it be true what Marco Polo relates, that the inhabitants had certain stones of a charmed virtue inserted between the skin and flesh of their right arms, which, through the power of diabolical enchantments, rendered them invulnerable. This island was an object of diligent search to Columbus.

About the island of Zipangu or Cipango, and between it and the coast of Mangi, the sea, according to Marco Polo, is studded with small islands to the number of seven thousand four hundred and forty, of which the greater part are inhabited. There is not one which does not produce odoriferous trees and perfumes in abundance. Columbus thought himself at one time in the midst of these islands.

These are the principal places described by Marco Polo, which occur in the letters and journals of Columbus. The island of Cipango was the first land he expected to make, and he intended to visit afterwards the province of Mangi, and to seek the Great Khan in his city of Cambalu, in the province of Cathay. Unless the reader can bear in mind these sumptuous descriptions of Marco Polo, of countries teeming with wealth, and cities where the very domes and palaces flamed with gold, he will have but a faint idea of the splendid anticipations which filled the imagination of Columbus when he discovered, as he supposed, the extremity of Asia. It was his confident expectation of soon arriving at these countries, and realizing the accounts of the Venetian, that induced him to hold forth

foreign countries. As the distance of the nearest part of the southern island from the coast of China near Ning-po, is not more than five hundred Italian miles, Mr. Marsden supposes Marco Polo in stating it to be 1500, means Chinese miles or li, which are in the proportion of somewhat more than one third of the former.

those promises of immediate wealth to the sovereigns, which caused so much disappointment, and brought upon him the frequent reproach of exciting false hopes and indulging in willful exaggeration.

No. XXII.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE.

NEXT to Marco Polo the travels of Sir John Mandeville, and his account of the territories of the Great Khan along the coast of Asia, seem to have been treasured up in the mind of Columbus.

Mandeville was born in the city of St. Albans. He was devoted to study from his earliest childhood, and after finishing his general education, applied himself to medicine. Having a great desire to see the remotest parts of the earth, then known, that is to say, Asia and Africa, and above all, to visit the Holy Land, he left England in 1332, and passing through France embarked at Marseilles. According to his own account, he visited Turkey, Armenia, Egypt, Upper and Lower Libya, Syria, Persia, Chaldea, Ethiopia, Tartary, Amazonia and the Indies, residing in their principal cities. But most he says he delighted in the Holy Land, where he remained for a long time, examining it with the greatest minuteness and endeavoring to follow all the traces of our Saviour. After an absence of thirty-four years he returned to England, but found himself forgotten and unknown by the greater part of his countrymen, and a stranger in his native place. He wrote a history of his travels in three languages, English, French and Latin, for he was master of many tongues. He addressed his work to Edward III. His wanderings do not seem to have made him either pleased with the world at large, or contented with his home. He railed at the age, saying that there was no more virtue extant, that the church was ruined ; error prevalent among the clergy ; simony upon the throne ; and, in a word, that

the devil reigned triumphant. He soon returned to the continent, and died at Liege in 1372. He was buried in the abbey of the Gulielmites, in the suburbs of that city, where Ortelius, in his Itinerarium Belgiæ, says that he saw his monument, on which was the effigy in stone, of a man with a forked beard and his hands raised towards his head (probably folded as in prayer, according to the manner of old tombs) and a lion at his feet. There was an inscription stating his name, quality and calling (namely, professor of medicine), that he was very pious, very learned, and very charitable to the poor, and that after having travelled over the whole world he had died at Liege. The people of the convent showed also his spurs, and the housings of the horses which he had ridden in his travels.

The description given by Mandeville of the Grand Khan, of the province of Cathay, and the city of Cambalu, are no less splendid than those of Marco Polo. The royal palace was more than two leagues in circumference. The grand hall had twenty-four columns of copper and gold. There were more than three hundred thousand men occupied and living in and about the palace, of which more than one hundred thousand were employed in taking care of ten thousand elephants and of a vast variety of other animals, birds of prey, falcons, parrots and paroquets. On days of festival there were even twice the number of men employed. The title of this potentate in his letters was "Khan, the son of God, exalted possessor of all the earth, master of those who are masters of others." On his seal was engraved, "God reigns in heaven, Khan upon earth."

Mandeville has become proverbial for indulging in a traveller's exaggerations; yet his accounts of the countries which he visited have been found far more veracious than had been imagined. His descriptions of Cathay, and the wealthy province of Mangi, agreeing with those of Marco Polo, had great authority with Columbus.

No. XXIII.

THE ZONES.

THE zones were imaginary bands or circles in the heavens producing an effect of climate on corresponding belts on the globe of the earth. The polar circles and the tropics mark these divisions.

The central region, lying beneath the track of the sun, was termed the torrid zone ; the two regions between the tropics and the polar circles, were termed the temperate zones, and the remaining parts, between the polar circles and the poles, the frigid zones.

The frozen regions near the poles were considered uninhabitable and unnavigable on account of the extreme cold. The burning zone, or rather the central part of it, immediately about the equator, was considered uninhabitable, unproductive, and impassable in consequence of the excessive heat. The temperate zones, lying between them, were supposed to be fertile and salubrious, and suited to the purposes of life.

The globe was divided into two hemispheres by the equator, an imaginary line encircling it at equal distance from the poles. The whole of the world known to the ancients was contained in the temperate zone of the northern hemisphere.

It was imagined that if there should be inhabitants in the temperate zone of the southern hemisphere, there could still be no communication with them on account of the burning zone which intervened.

Parmenides, according to Strabo, was the inventor of this theory of the five zones, but he made the torrid zone extend on each side of the equator beyond the tropics. Aristotle supported this doctrine of the zones. In his time nothing was known of the extreme northern parts of Europe and Asia, nor of interior Ethiopia and the southern part of Africa, extending beyond the tropic of Capricorn to the Cape of Good Hope. Aristotle believed that there was habitable earth in the southern hemisphere, but that it was forever divided from the part of the

world already known, by the impassable zone of scorching heat at the equator.*

Pliny supported the opinion of Aristotle concerning the burning zone. "The temperature of the central region of the earth," he observes, "where the sun runs his course, is burnt up as with fire. The temperate zones which lie on either side can have no communication with each other in consequence of the fervent heat of this region." †

Strabo, (lib. xi.,) in mentioning this theory, gives it likewise his support; and others of the ancient philosophers, as well as the poets, might be cited to show the general prevalence of the belief.

It must be observed that, at the time when Columbus defended his proposition before the learned board at Salamanca, the ancient theory of the burning zone had not yet been totally disproved by modern discovery. The Portuguese, it is true, had penetrated within the tropics; but, though the whole of the space between the tropic of Cancer and that of Capricorn, in common parlance, was termed the torrid zone; the uninhabitable and impassable part, strictly speaking, according to the doctrine of the ancients, only extended a limited number of degrees on each side of the equator; forming about a third, or at most, the half of the zone. The proofs which Columbus endeavored to draw therefore from the voyages made to St. George la Mina, were not conclusive with those who were bigoted to the ancient theory, and who placed this scorching region still farther southward, and immediately about the equator.

No. XXIV.

OF THE ATALANTIS OF PLATO.

The island Atalantis is mentioned by Plato in his dialogue of Timæus. Solon, the Athenian lawgiver, is supposed to have travelled into Egypt.

* Aristot., 2 Met. cap. 5.
† Pliny, lib. i. cap. 61.

He is in an ancient city on the Delta, the fertile island formed by the Nile, and is holding converse with certain learned priests on the antiquities of remote ages, when one of them gives him a description of the island of Atalantis, and of its destruction, which he describes as having taken place before the conflagration of the world by Phaeton.

This island, he was told, had been situated in the Western Ocean, opposite to the Straits of Gibraltar. There was an easy passage from it to other islands, which lay adjacent to a large continent, exceeding in size all Europe and Asia. Neptune settled in this island, from whose son Atlas its name was derived, and he divided it among his ten sons. His descendants reigned here in regular succession for many ages. They made irruptions into Europe and Africa, subduing all Libya as far as Egypt, and Europe, to Asia Minor. They were resisted, however, by the Athenians, and driven back to their Atlantic territories. Shortly after this there was a tremendous earthquake, and an overflowing of the sea, which continued for a day and a night. In the course of this the vast island of Atalantis, and all its splendid cities and warlike nations, were swallowed up, and sunk to the bottom of the sea, which, spreading its waters over the chasm, formed the Atlantic Ocean. For a long time, however, the sea was not navigable, on account of rocks and shelves, of mud and slime, and of the ruins of that drowned country.

Many, in modern times, have considered this a mere fable; others suppose that Plato, while in Egypt, had received some vague accounts of the Canary Islands, and on his return to Greece, finding those islands so entirely unknown to his countrymen, had made them the seat of his political and moral speculations. Some, however, have been disposed to give greater weight to this story of Plato. They imagine that such an island may really have existed, filling up a great part of the Atlantic, and that the continent beyond it was America, which, in such case, was not unknown to the ancients. Kircher supposes it to have been an island extending from the Canaries to the Azores; that it was really ingulfed in one of the convulsions of the globe, and that those small islands are mere shattered fragments of it.

As a farther proof that the New World was not unknown to the an-

cients, many have cited the singular passage in the Medea of Seneca, which is wonderfully apposite, and shows, at least, how nearly the warm imagination of a poet may approach to prophecy. The predictions of the ancient oracles were rarely so unequivocal.

> "Venient annis
> Sæcula seris, quibus Oceanus
> Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens
> Pateat tellus, Typhisque novos
> Detegat orbes, nec sit terris
> Ultima Thule."

Gosselin, in his able research into the voyages of the ancients, supposes the Atalantis of Plato to have been nothing more nor less than one of the nearest of the Canaries, viz. Fortaventura or Lancerote.

No. XXV.

THE IMAGINARY ISLAND OF ST. BRANDAN.

One of the most singular geographical illusions on record is that which for a long time haunted the imaginations of the inhabitants of the Canaries. They fancied they beheld a mountainous island about ninety leagues in length, lying far to the westward. It was only seen at intervals, but in perfectly clear and serene weather. To some it seemed one hundred leagues distant, to others forty, to others only fifteen or eighteen.* On attempting to reach it, however, it somehow or other eluded the search, and was nowhere to be found. Still there were so many eye-witnesses of credibility who concurred in testifying to their having seen it, and the testimony of the inhabitants of different islands agreed so well as to its form and position, that its existence was generally believed, and geographers inserted it in their maps. It is laid down on the globe of Martin Behem, projected in 1492, as delineated by M. de

* Feyjoo, Theatro Critico, tom. iv. d. 10, § 29.

Murr, and it will be found in most of the maps of the time of Columbus, placed commonly about two hundred leagues west of the Canaries. During the time that Columbus was making his proposition to the court of Portugal, an inhabitant of the Canaries applied to King John II. for a vessel to go in search of this island. In the archives of the Torre do Tombo* also, there is a record of a contract made by the crown of Portugal with Fernando de Ulmo, cavalier of the royal household, and captain of the island of Tercera, wherein he undertakes to go at his own expense, in quest of an island or islands, or Terra Firma, supposed to be the Island of the Seven Cities, on condition of having jurisdiction over the same for himself and his heirs, allowing one tenth of the revenues to the king. This Ulmo, finding the expedition above his capacity, associated one Juan Alfonso del Estreito in the enterprise. They were bound to be ready to sail with two caravels in the month of March, 1487.† The fate of their enterprise is unknown.

The name of St. Brandan, or Borondon, given to this imaginary island from time immemorial, is said to be derived from a Scotch abbot, who flourished in the sixth century, and who is called sometimes by the foregoing appellations, sometimes St. Blandano, or St. Blandanus. In the Martyrology of the order of St. Augustine, he is said to have been the patriarch of three thousand monks. About the middle of the sixth century, he accompanied his disciple, St. Maclovio, or St. Malo, in search of certain islands possessing the delights of paradise, which they were told existed in the midst of the ocean, and were inhabited by infidels. These most adventurous saints-errant wandered for a long time upon the ocean, and at length landed upon an island called Ima. Here St. Malo found the body of a giant lying in a sepulchre. He resuscitated him, and had much interesting conversation with him, the giant informing him that the inhabitants of that island had some notions of the Trinity, and, moreover, giving him a gratifying account of the torments which Jews and Pagans suffered in the infernal regions. Finding the giant so docile and reasonable, St. Malo expounded to him the doctrines of the Christian

* Lib. iv. de la Chancelaria del Rey Dn. Juan II. fol. 101.
† Torre do Tombo. Lib. das Ylhas, f. 119.

religion, converted him, and baptized him by the name of Mildum. The giant, however, either through weariness of life, or eagerness to enjoy the benefits of his conversion, begged permission, at the end of fifteen days, to die again, which was granted him.

According to another account, the giant told them he knew of an island in the ocean, defended by walls of burnished gold, so resplendent that they shone like crystal, but to which there was no entrance. At their request, he undertook to guide them to it, and taking the cable of their ship, threw himself into the sea. He had not proceeded far, however, when a tempest rose, and obliged them all to return, and shortly after the giant died.* A third legend makes the saint pray to heaven on Easter day, that they may be permitted to find land where they may celebrate the offices of religion with becoming state. An island immediately appears, on which they land, perform a solemn mass, and the sacrament of the Eucharist; after which reëmbarking and making sail, they behold to their astonishment the supposed island suddenly plunge to the bottom of the sea, being nothing else than a monstrous whale.† When the rumor circulated of an island seen from the Canaries, which always eluded the search, the legends of St. Brandan were revived, and applied to this unapproachable land. We are told, also, that there was an ancient Latin manuscript in the archives of the cathedral church of the Grand Canary, in which the adventures of these saints were recorded. Through carelessness, however, this manuscript has disappeared.‡ Some have maintained that this island was known to the ancients, and was the same mentioned by Ptolemy among the Fortunate or Canary islands, by the names of Aprositus,§ or the Inaccessible; and which, according to friar Diego Philipo, in his book on the Incarnation of Christ, shows that it possessed the same quality in ancient times of deluding the eye and being unattainable to the feet of mortals.‖ But whatever belief the ancients may have had on this subject, it is certain that it took a strong hold on the faith of the moderns

* Fr. Gregorio Garcia, Origen de los Indios, lib. i. cap. 9.
† Sigeberto, Epist. ad Tietmar. Abbat.
‡ Nuñez de la Pena. Conquist de la Gran Canaria.
§ Ptolemy, lib. iv. tom. iv.
‖ Fr. D. Philipo, lib. viii. fol. 25.

during the prevalent rage for discovery; nor did it lack abundant testimonials. Don Joseph de Viera y Clavijo says, there never was a more difficult paradox nor problem in the science of geography; since, to affirm the existence of this island, is to trample upon sound criticism, judgment, and reason; and to deny it, one must abandon tradition and experience, and suppose that many persons of credit had not the proper use of their senses.*

The belief in this island has continued long since the time of Columbus. It was repeatedly seen, and by various persons at a time, always in the same place and of the same form. In 1526 an expedition set off for the Canaries in quest of it, commanded by Fernando de Troya and Fernando Alvarez. They cruised in the wonted direction, but in vain, and their failure ought to have undeceived the public. "The phantasm of the island, however," says Viera, "had such a secret enchantment for all who beheld it, that the public preferred doubting the good conduct of the explorers, than their own senses." In 1570 the appearances were so repeated and clear, that there was a universal fever of curiosity awakened among the people of the Canaries, and it was determined to send forth another expedition.

That they might not appear to act upon light grounds, an exact investigation was previously made of all the persons of talent and credibility who had seen these apparitions of land, or who had other proofs of its existence. Alonzo de Espinosa, governor of the island of Ferro, accordingly made a report, in which more than one hundred witnesses, several of them persons of the highest respectability, deposed that they had beheld the unknown island about forty leagues to the north-west of Ferro; that they had contemplated it with calmness and certainty, and had seen the sun set behind one of its points.

Testimonials of still greater force came from the islands of Palma and Teneriffe. There were certain Portuguese who affirmed, that, being driven about by a tempest, they had come upon the island of St. Borondon. Pedro Vello, who was the pilot of the vessel, affirmed, that having anchored in a bay, he landed with several of the crew. They drank fresh

* Hist. Isl. Can., lib. i. cap. 28.

water in a brook, and beheld in the sand the print of footsteps, double the size of those of an ordinary man, and the distance between them was in proportion. They found a cross nailed to a neighboring tree ; near to which were three stones placed in form of a triangle, with signs of fire having been made among them, probably to cook shell-fish. Having seen much cattle and sheep grazing in the neighborhood, two of their party armed with lances went into the woods in pursuit of them. The night was approaching, the heavens began to lower, and a harsh wind arose. The people on board the ship cried out that she was dragging her anchor, whereupon Vello entered the boat and hurried on board. In an instant they lost sight of land ; being as it were swept away in the hurricane. When the storm had passed away, and the sea and sky were again serene, they searched in vain for the island ; not a trace of it was to be seen, and they had to pursue their voyage, lamenting the loss of their two companions who had been abandoned in the wood.*

A learned licentiate, Pedro Ortiz de Funez, inquisitor of the Grand Canary, while on a visit at Teneriffe, summoned several persons before him, who testified having seen the island. Among them was one Marcos Verde, a man well known in those parts. He stated that in returning from Barbary and arriving in the neighborhood of the Canaries, he beheld land, which, according to his maps and calculations, could not be any of the known islands. He concluded it to be the far-famed St. Borondon. Overjoyed at having discovered this land of mystery, he coasted along its spell-bound shores, until he anchored in a beautiful harbor formed at the mouth of a mountain ravine. Here he landed with several of his crew. It was now, he said, the hour of the Ave Maria, or of vespers. The sun being set, the shadows began to spread over the land. The voyagers having separated, wandered about in different directions, until out of hearing of each other's shouts. Those on board, seeing the night approaching, made signal to summon back the wanderers to the ship. They reëmbarked, intending to resume their investigations on the following day. Scarcely were they on board, however, when a whirlwind came

* Nuñez de la Pena, lib. i. cap. 1. Viera, Hist., Isl. Can., tom. i. cap. 28.

rushing down the ravine, with such violence as to drag the vessel from her anchor, and hurry her out to sea; and they never saw anything more of this hidden and inhospitable island.

Another testimony remains on record in manuscript of one Abreu Galindo; but whether taken at this time does not appear. It was that of a French adventurer, who, many years before, making a voyage among the Canaries, was overtaken by a violent storm which carried away his masts. At length the furious winds drove him to the shores of an unknown island covered with stately trees. Here he landed with part of his crew, and choosing a tree proper for a mast, cut it down, and began to shape it for his purpose. The guardian power of the island, however, resented as usual this invasion of his forbidden shores. The heavens assumed a dark and threatening aspect; the night was approaching, and the mariners, fearing some impending evil, abandoned their labor and returned on board. They were borne away as usual from the coast, and the next day arrived at the island of Palma.*

The mass of testimony collected by official authority in 1570 seemed so satisfactory, that another expedition was fitted out in the same year in the island of Palma. It was commanded by Fernando de Villabolos, regidor of the island; but was equally fruitless with the preceding. St. Borondon seemed disposed only to tantalize the world with distant and serene glimpses of his ideal paradise; or to reveal it amid storms to tempest-tossed mariners, but to hide it completely from the view of all who diligently sought it. Still the people of Palma adhered to their favorite chimera. Thirty-four years afterwards, in 1605, they sent another ship on the quest, commanded by Gaspar Perez de Acosta, an accomplished pilot, accompanied by the Padre Lorenzo Pinedo, a holy Franciscan friar, skilled in natural science. St. Borondon, however, refused to reveal his island to either monk or mariner. After cruising about in every direction, sounding, observing the skies, the clouds, the winds, everything that could furnish indications, they returned without having seen anything to authorize a hope.

* Nuñez, Conquist de la Gran Canaria. Viera, Hist., &c.

Upwards of a century now elapsed without any new attempt to seek this fairy island. Every now and then, it is true, the public mind was agitated by fresh reports of its having been seen. Lemons and other fruits, and the green branches of trees which floated to the shores of Gomera and Ferro, were pronounced to be from the enchanted groves of St. Borondon. At length, in 1721, the public infatuation again rose to such a height that a fourth expedition was sent, commanded by Don Gaspar Dominguez, a man of probity and talent. As this was an expedition of solemn and mysterious import, he had two holy friars as apostolical chaplains. They made sail from the island of Teneriffe towards the end of October, leaving the populace in an indescribable state of anxious curiosity mingled with superstition. The ship, however, returned from its cruise as unsuccessful as all its predecessors.

We have no account of any expedition being since undertaken, though the island still continued to be a subject of speculation, and occasionally to reveal its shadowy mountains to the eyes of favored individuals. In a letter written from the island of Gomera, 1759, by a Franciscan monk, to one of his friends, he relates having seen it from the village of Alaxero, at six in the morning of the third of May. It appeared to consist of two lofty mountains, with a deep valley between ; and on contemplating it with a telescope, the valley or ravine appeared to be filled with trees. He summoned the curate, Antonio Joseph Manrique, and upwards of forty other persons, all of whom beheld it plainly.*

Nor is this island delineated merely in ancient maps of the time of Columbus. It is laid down as one of the Canary Islands in a French map published in 1704 ; and Mons. Gautier, in a geographical chart, annexed to his Observations on Natural History, published in 1755, places it five degrees to the west of the island of Ferro, in the 29th deg. of N. latitude.†

Such are the principal facts existing relative to the island of St. Brandan. Its reality was for a long time a matter of firm belief. It was in vain that repeated voyages and investigations proved its non-existence ;

* Viera, Hist. Isl., Can., tom. i. cap. 28.
† Idem.

the public, after trying all kinds of sophistry, took refuge in the supernatural, to defend their favorite chimera. They maintained that it was rendered inaccessible to mortals by Divine Providence, or by diabolical magic. Most inclined to the former. All kinds of extravagant fancies were indulged concerning it ;* some confounded it with the fabled Island of the Seven Cities, situated somewhere in the bosom of the ocean, where in old times seven bishops and their followers had taken refuge from the Moors. Some of the Portuguese imagined it to be the abode of their lost king Sebastian. The Spaniards pretended that Roderick, the last of their Gothic kings, had fled thither from the Moors after the disastrous battle of the Guadalete. Others suggested that it might be the seat of the terrestrial paradise, the place where Enoch and Elijah remained in a state of blessedness until the final day; and that it was made at times apparent to the eyes, but invisible to the search of mortals. Poetry, it is said, has owed to this popular belief one of its beautiful fictions ; and the garden of Armida, where Rinaldo was detained enchanted, and which Tasso places in one of the Canary Islands, has been identified with the imaginary St. Borondon.†

The learned Father Feyjoo‡ has given a philosophical solution to this geographical problem. He attributes all these appearances, which have been so numerous and so well authenticated as not to admit of doubt, to certain atmospherical deceptions, like that of the Fata Morgana, seen at times, in the Straits of Messina, where the city of Reggio and its surrounding country is reflected in the air above the neighboring sea : a phenomenon which has likewise been witnessed in front of the city of Marseilles. As to the tales of the mariners who had landed on these forbidden shores, and been hurried thence in whirlwinds and tempests, he considers them as mere fabrications.

As the populace, however, reluctantly give up anything that partakes of the marvelous and mysterious, and as the same atmospherical phenomena, which first gave birth to the illusion, may still continue, it is

* Viera, Hist. Isl. Can., tom. i. cap. 28.
† Viera, ubi sup.
‡ Theatro Critico, tom. iv. d. x.

not improbable that a belief in the Island of St. Brandan may still exist among the ignorant and credulous of the Canaries, and that they at times behold its fairy mountains rising above the distant horizon of the Atlantic.

No. XXVI.

THE ISLAND OF THE SEVEN CITIES.

One of the popular traditions concerning the ocean, which were current during the time of Columbus, was that of the Island of the Seven Cities. It was recorded in an ancient legend, that at the time of the conquest of Spain and Portugal by the Moors, when the inhabitants fled in every direction to escape from slavery, seven bishops, followed by a great number of their people, took shipping and abandoned themselves to their fate, on the high seas. After tossing about for some time, they landed on an unknown island in the midst of the ocean. Here the bishops burnt the ships, to prevent the desertion of their followers, and founded seven cities. Various pilots of Portugal, it was said, had reached that island at different times, but had never returned to give any information concerning it, having been detained, according to subsequent accounts, by the successors of the bishops to prevent pursuit. At length, according to common report, at the time that Prince Henry of Portugal was prosecuting his discoveries, several seafaring men presented themselves one day before him, and stated that they had just returned from a voyage, in the course of which they had landed upon this island. The inhabitants, they said, spoke their language, and carried them immediately to church, to ascertain whether they were Catholics, and were rejoiced at finding them of the true faith. They then made earnest inquiries, to know whether the Moors still retained possession of Spain and Portugal. While part of the crew were at church, the rest gathered sand on the shore for the use of the kitchen, and found to their surprise that one third of it was

gold. The islanders were anxious that the crew should remain with them a few days, until the return of their governor, who was absent; but the mariners, afraid of being detained, embarked and made sail. Such was the story they told to Prince Henry, hoping to receive reward for their intelligence. The prince expressed displeasure at their hasty departure from the island, and ordered them to return and procure further information; but the men, apprehensive, no doubt, of having the falsehood of their tale discovered, made their escape, and nothing more was heard of them.*

This story had much currency. The Island of the Seven Cities was identified with the island mentioned by Aristotle as having been discovered by the Carthaginians, and was put down in the early maps about the time of Columbus, under the name of Antilla.

At the time of the discovery of New Spain, reports were brought to Hispaniola of the civilization of the country; that the people wore clothing; that their houses and temples were solid, spacious, and often magnificent; and that crosses were occasionally found among them. Juan de Grivalja, being despatched to explore the coast of Yucatan, reported that in sailing along it he beheld, with great wonder, stately and beautiful edifices of lime and stone, and many high towers that shone at a distance.† For a time the old tradition of the Seven Cities was revived, and many thought that they were to be found in the same part of New Spain.

No. XXVII.

DISCOVERY OF THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

The discovery of Madeira by Macham rests principally upon the authority of Francisco Alcaforado, an esquire of Prince Henry of Portu-

* Hist. del Almirante, cap. 10.

† Torquemada Monarquia Indiana, lib. iv. cap. 4. Origen de los Indios, por Fr. Gregorio Garcia, lib. iv. cap. 20.

gal, who composed an account of it for that prince. It does not appear to have obtained much faith among Portuguese historians. No mention is made of it in Barros ; he attributes the first discovery of the island to Juan Gonzalez and Tristram Vaz, who he said descried it from Porto Santo, resembling a cloud on the horizon.*

The Abbé Provost, however, in his general history of voyages, vol. 6, seems inclined to give credit to the account of Alcaforado. "It was composed," he observes, "at a time when the attention of the public would have exposed the least falsities; and no one was more capable than Alcaforado of giving an exact detail of this event, since he was of the number of those who assisted at the second discovery." The narrative, as originally written, was overcharged with ornaments and digressions. It was translated into French and published in Paris, in 1671. The French translator had retrenched the ornaments, but scrupulously retained the facts. The story however is cherished in the island of Madeira, where a painting in illustration of it is still to be seen. The following is the purport of the French translation : I have not been able to procure the original of Alcaforado.

During the reign of Edward the Third of England, a young man of great courage and talent named Robert Macham, fell in love with a young lady of rare beauty, of the name of Anne Dorset. She was his superior in birth, and of a proud and aristocratic family ; but the merit of Macham gained him the preference over all his rivals. The family of the young lady, to prevent her making an inferior alliance, obtained an order from the king to have Macham arrested and confined, until by arbitrary means they married his mistress to a man of quality. As soon as the nuptials were celebrated, the nobleman conducted his beautiful and afflicted bride to his seat near Bristol. Macham was now restored to liberty. Indignant at the wrongs he had suffered, and certain of the affections of his mistress, he prevailed upon several friends to assist him in a project for the gratification of his love and his revenge. They followed hard on the traces of the new married couple to Bristol. One of

* Barros Asia, decad. i. lib. i. cap. 3.

the friends obtained an introduction into the family of the nobleman in quality of a groom. He found the young bride full of tender recollections of her lover, and of dislike to the husband thus forced upon her. Through the means of this friend, Macham had several communications with her, and concerted means for their escape to France, where they might enjoy their mutual love unmolested.

When all things were prepared, the young lady rode out one day accompanied only by the fictitious groom, under pretense of taking the air. No sooner were they out of sight of the house, than they galloped to an appointed place on the shore of the channel, where a boat awaited them. They were conveyed on board a vessel, which lay with anchor atrip, and sails unfurled, ready to put to sea. Here the lovers were once more united. Fearful of pursuit, the ship immediately weighed anchor ; they made their way rapidly along the coast of Cornwall, and Macham anticipated the triumph of soon landing with his beautiful prize on the shores of gay and gallant France. Unfortunately an adverse and stormy wind arose in the night ; at daybreak they found themselves out of sight of land. The mariners were ignorant and inexperienced; they knew nothing of the compass, and it was a time when men were unaccustomed to traverse the high seas. For thirteen days the lovers were driven about on a tempestuous ocean, at the mercy of wind and wave. The fugitive bride was filled with terror and remorse, and looked upon this uproar of the elements as the anger of Heaven directed against her. All the efforts of her lover could not remove from her mind a dismal presage of some approaching catastrophe.

At length the tempest subsided. On the fourteenth day at dawn, the mariners perceived what appeared to be a tuft of wood rising out of the sea. They joyfully steered for it, supposing it to be an island. They were not mistaken. As they drew near, the rising sun shone upon noble forests, the trees of which were of a kind unknown to them. Flights of birds also came hovering about the ship, and perched upon the yards and rigging without any signs of fear. The boat was sent on shore to reconnoitre, and soon returned with such accounts of the beauty of the country, that Macham determined to take his drooping companion to the land,

in hopes her health and spirits might be restored by refreshment and repose. They were accompanied on shore by the faithful friends who had assisted in their flight. The mariners remained on board to guard the ship.

The country was indeed delightful. The forests were stately and magnificent; there were trees laden with excellent fruits, others with aromatic flowers; the waters were cool and limpid, the sky was serene, and there was a balmy sweetness in the air. The animals they met with showed no signs of alarm or ferocity, from which they concluded that the island was uninhabited. On penetrating a little distance they found a sheltered meadow, the green bosom of which was bordered by laurels and refreshed by a mountain brook which ran sparkling over pebbles. In the centre was a majestic tree, the wide branches of which afforded shade from the rays of the sun. Here Macham had bowers constructed, and determined to pass a few days, hoping that the sweetness of the country, and the serene tranquillity of this delightful solitude, would recruit the drooping health and spirits of his companion. Three days, however, had scarcely passed, when a violent storm arose from the north-east, and raged all night over the island. On the succeeding morning Macham repaired to the sea-side, but nothing of his ship was to be seen, and he concluded that it had foundered in the tempest.

Consternation fell upon the little band, thus left in an uninhabited island in the midst of the ocean. The blow fell most severely on the timid and repentant bride. She reproached herself with being the cause of all their misfortunes, and, from the first, had been haunted by dismal forebodings. She now considered them about to be accomplished, and her horror was so great as to deprive her of speech; she expired in three days without uttering a word.

Macham was struck with despair at beholding the tragical end of this tender and beautiful being. He upbraided himself, in the transports of his grief, with tearing her from her home, her country, and her friends, to perish upon a savage coast. All the efforts of his companions to console him were in vain. He died within five days, broken-hearted; begging, as a last request, that his body might be interred beside that of his

mistress, at the foot of a rustic altar which they had erected under the great tree. They set up a large wooden cross on the spot, on which was placed an inscription written by Macham himself, relating in a few words his piteous adventure, and praying any Christians who might arrive there, to build a chapel in the place dedicated to Jesus the Saviour.

After the death of their commander, his followers consulted about means to escape from the island. The ship's boat remained on the shore. They repaired it and put it in a state to bear a voyage, and then made sail, intending to return to England. Ignorant of their situation, and carried about by the winds, they were cast upon the coast of Morocco, where, their boat being shattered upon the rocks, they were captured by the Moors and thrown into prison. Here they understood that their ship had shared the same fate, having been driven from her anchorage in the tempest, and carried to the same inhospitable coast, where all her crew were made prisoners.

The prisons of Morocco were in those days filled with captives of all nations, taken by their cruisers. Here the English prisoners met with an experienced pilot, a Spaniard of Seville, named Juan de Morales. He listened to their story with great interest; inquired into the situation and description of the island they had discovered; and, subsequently, on his redemption from prison, communicated the circumstances, it is said, to Prince Henry of Portugal.

There is a difficulty in the above narrative of Alcaforado in reconciling dates. The voyage is said to have taken place during the reign of Edward III., which commenced in 1327 and ended in 1378. Morales, to whom the English communicated their voyage, is said to have been in the service of the Portuguese, in the second discovery of Madeira, in 1418 and 1420. Even if the voyage and imprisonment had taken place in the last year of King Edward's reign, this leaves a space of forty years.

Hackluyt gives an account of the same voyage, taken from Antonio Galvano. He varies in certain particulars. It happened, he says, in the year 1344, in the time of Peter IV. of Aragon. Macham cast anchor in a bay since called after him Machio.

The lady being ill, he took her on shore, accompanied by some of his

friends, and the ship sailed without them. After the death of the lady, Macham made a canoe out of a tree, and ventured to sea in it with his companions. They were cast upon the coast of Africa, where the Moors, considering it a kind of miracle, carried him to the king of their country, who sent him to the king of Castile. In consequence of the traditional accounts remaining of this voyage, Henry II. of Castile sent people, in 1395, to rediscover the island.

No. XXVIII.

LAS CASAS.

Bartholomew Las Casas, Bishop of Chiapa, so often cited in all histories of the New World, was born at Seville, in 1474, and was of French extraction. The family name was Casaus. The first of the name who appeared in Spain, served under the standard of Ferdinand III., surnamed the Saint, in his wars with the Moors of Andalusia. He was at the taking of Seville from the Moors, when he was rewarded by the king, and received permission to establish himself there. His descendants enjoyed the prerogatives of nobility, and suppressed the letter *u* in their name, to accommodate it to the Spanish tongue.

Antonio, the father of Bartholomew, went to Hispaniola with Columbus in 1493, and returned rich to Seville in 1498.* It has been stated by one of the biographers of Bartholomew Las Casas, that he accompanied Columbus in his third voyage in 1498, and returned with him in 1500.† This, however, is incorrect. He was, during that time, completing his education at Salamanca, where he was instructed in Latin, dialectics, logic, metaphysics, ethics, and physics, after the supposed method and system of Aristotle. While at the university, he had, as a servant, an Indian slave, given him by his father, who had received him from Colum-

* Navarrete, Colec. Viag., tom. i. Introd., p. lxx.

† T. A. Llorente, Œuvres de Las Casas, p. xi. Paris, 1822.

bus. When Isabella, in her transport of virtuous indignation, ordered the Indian slaves to be sent back to their country, this one was taken from Las Casas. The young man was aroused by the circumstance, and, on considering the nature of the case, became inflamed with a zeal in favor of the unhappy Indians, which never cooled throughout a long and active life. It was excited to tenfold fervor, when, at about the age of twenty-eight years, he accompanied the commander Ovando to Hispaniola in 1502, and was an eye-witness to many of the cruel scenes which took place under his administration. The whole of his future life, a space exceeding sixty years, was devoted to vindicating the cause, and endeavoring to meliorate the sufferings of the natives. As a missionary, he traversed the wilderness of the New World in various directions, seeking to convert and civilize them; as a protector and champion, he made several voyages to Spain, vindicated their wrongs before courts and monarchs, wrote volumes in their behalf, and exhibited a zeal, and constancy, and intrepidity worthy of an apostle. He died at the advanced age of ninety-two years, and was buried at Madrid, in the church of the Dominican convent of Atocha, of which fraternity he was a member.

Attempts have been made to decry the consistency, and question the real philanthropy of Las Casas, in consequence of one of the expedients to which he resorted to relieve the Indians from the cruel bondage imposed upon them. This occurred in 1517, when he arrived in Spain, on one of his missions, to obtain measures in their favor from the government. On his arrival in Spain, he found Cardinal Ximenes, who had been left regent on the death of King Ferdinand, too ill to attend to his affairs. He repaired, therefore, to Valladolid, where he awaited the coming of the new monarch Charles, Archduke of Austria, afterwards the Emperor Charles V. He had strong opponents to encounter in various persons high in authority, who, holding estates and repartimientos in the colonies, were interested in the slavery of the Indians. Among these, and not the least animated, was the Bishop Fonseca, president of the council of the Indies.

At length the youthful sovereign arrived, accompanied by various Flemings of his court, particularly his grand chancellor, Doctor Juan de Sel-

vagio, a learned and upright man, whom he consulted on all affairs of administration and justice. Las Casas soon became intimate with the chancellor, and stood high in his esteem; but so much opposition arose on every side that he found his various propositions for the relief of the natives but little attended to. In his doubt and anxiety he had now recourse to an expedient which he considered as justified by the circumstances of the case.* The chancellor Selvagio and other Flemings who had accompanied the youthful sovereign, had obtained from him, before quitting Flanders, licenses to import slaves from Africa to the colonies; a measure which had recently in 1516 been prohibited by a decree of Cardinal Ximenes while acting as regent. The chancellor, who was a humane man, reconciled it to his conscience by a popular opinion that one negro could perform, without detriment to his health, the labor of several Indians, and that therefore it was a great saving of human suffering. So easy is it for interest to wrap itself up in plausible argument! He might, moreover, have thought the welfare of the Africans but little affected by the change. They were accustomed to slavery in their own country, and they were said to thrive in the New World. "The Africans," observes Herrera, "prospered so much in the island of Hispaniola, that it was the opinion unless a negro should happen to be hanged, he would never die; for as yet none had been known to perish from infirmity. Like oranges, they found their proper soil in Hispaniola, and it seemed even more natural to them than their native Guinea.†

Las Casas finding all other means ineffectual, endeavored to turn these interested views of the grand chancellor to the benefit of the Indians. He proposed that the Spaniards, resident in the colonies, might be permitted to procure negroes for the labor of the farms and the mines, and other severe toils, which were above the strength and destructive of the lives of the natives.‡ He evidently considered the poor Africans as little better

* Herrera clearly states this as an expedient adopted when others failed. "Bartolomé de Las Casas, viendo que sus conceptos hallaban en todas partes dificultad, i que las opiniones que tenia, por mucha familiaridad que havia seguido i gran credito con el gran Canciller, no podian haber efecto, *se volvio a otros expedientes*," &c.—Decad. ii. lib. ii. cap. 2.

† Herrera, Hist. Ind., lib. ii. decad. iii. cap. 4.

‡ Herrera, Hist. Ind., decad. ii. lib. ii. cap. 20.

than mere animals ; and he acted like others, on an arithmetical calculation of diminishing human misery, by substituting one strong man for three or four of feebler nature. He, moreover, esteemed the Indians as a nobler and more intellectual race of beings, and their preservation and welfare of higher importance to the general interests of humanity.

It is this expedient of Las Casas which has drawn down severe censure upon his memory. He has been charged with gross inconsistency, and even with having originated this inhuman traffic in the New World. This last is a grievous charge ; but historical facts and dates remove the original sin from his door, and prove that the practice existed in the colonies, and was authorized by royal decree, long before he took a part in the question.

Las Casas did not go to the New World until 1502. By a royal ordinance passed in 1501, negro slaves were permitted to be taken there, provided they had been born among Christians.* By a letter written by Ovando, dated 1503, it appears that there were numbers in the island of Hispaniola at that time, and he entreats that no more might be permitted to be brought.

In 1506 the Spanish government forbade the introduction of negro slaves from the Levant, or those brought up with the Moors ; and stipulated that none should be taken to the colonies but those from Seville, who had been instructed in the Christian faith, that they might contribute to the conversion of the Indians.† In 1510, King Ferdinand, being informed of the physical weakness of the Indians, ordered fifty Africans to be sent from Seville to labor in the mines.‡ In 1511, he ordered that a great number should be procured from Guinea, and transported to Hispaniola, understanding that one negro could perform the work of four Indians.§ In 1512 and '13 he signed further orders relative to the same subject. In 1516, Charles V. granted licenses to the Flemings to import negroes to the colonies. It was not until the year 1517, that Las Casas

* Herrera, Hist. Ind., decad. ii. lib. iii. cap. 8.
† Idem, d. i. lib. vi. cap. 20.
‡ Idem, d. i. lib. viii. cap. 9.
§ Idem, d. i. lib. ix. cap. 5.

gave his sanction to the traffic. It already existed, and he countenanced it solely with a view to having the hardy Africans substituted for the feeble Indians. It was advocated at the same time, and for the same reasons, by the Jeronimite friars, who were missionaries in the colonies. The motives of Las Casas were purely benevolent, though founded on erroneous notions of justice. He thought to permit evil that good might spring out of it; to choose between two existing abuses, and to eradicate the greater by resorting to the lesser. His reasoning, however fallacious it may be, was considered satisfactory and humane by some of the most learned and benevolent men of the age, among whom was the Cardinal Adrian, afterwards elevated to the papal chair, and characterized by gentleness and humanity. The traffic was permitted; inquiries were made as to the number of slaves required, which was limited to four thousand, and the Flemings obtained a monopoly of the trade, which they afterwards farmed out to the Genoese.

Dr. Robertson, in noticing this affair, draws a contrast between the conduct of the Cardinal Ximenes and that of Las Casas, strongly to the disadvantage of the latter. "The cardinal," he observes, "when solicited to encourage this commerce, peremptorily rejected the proposition, because he perceived the iniquity of reducing one race of men to slavery, when he was consulting about the means of restoring liberty to another; but Las Casas, from the inconsistency natural to men who hurry with headlong impetuosity towards a favorite point, was incapable of making this distinction. In the warmth of his zeal to save the Americans from the yoke, he pronounced it to be lawful and expedient to impose one still heavier on the Africans." *

This distribution of praise and censure is not perfectly correct. Las Casas had no idea that he was imposing a heavier, nor so heavy, a yoke upon the Africans. The latter were considered more capable of labor, and less impatient of slavery. While the Indians sunk under their tasks, and perished by thousands in Hispaniola, the negroes, on the contrary, thrived there. Herrera, to whom Dr. Robertson refers as his authority,

* Robertson, Hist. America, p. 3.

assigns a different motive, and one of mere finance for the measures of Cardinal Ximenes. He says that he ordered that no one should take negroes to the Indies, because, as the natives were decreasing, and it was known that one negro did more work than four of them, there would probably be a great demand for African slaves, and a tribute might be imposed upon the trade, from which would result profit to the royal treasury.* This measure was presently after carried into effect, though subsequent to the death of the cardinal, and licenses were granted by the sovereign for pecuniary considerations. Flechier, in his life of Ximenes, assigns another but a mere political motive for this prohibition. The cardinal, he says, objected to the importation of negroes into the colonies, as he feared they would corrupt the natives, and by confederacies with them render them formidable to government. De Marsolier, another biographer of Ximenes, gives equally politic reasons for this prohibition. He cites a letter written by the cardinal on the subject, in which he observed that he knew the nature of the negroes; they were a people capable, it was true, of great fatigue, but extremely prolific and enterprising; and that if they had time to multiply in America, they would infallibly revolt, and impose on the Spaniards the same chains which they had compelled them to wear.† These facts, while they take from the measure of the cardinal that credit for exclusive philanthropy which has been bestowed upon it, manifest the clear foresight of that able politician; whose predictions with respect to negro revolt have been so strikingly fulfilled in the island of Hispaniola.

Cardinal Ximenes, in fact, though a wise and upright statesman, was not troubled with scruples of conscience on these questions of natural right; nor did he possess more toleration than his contemporaries towards savage and infidel nations. He was grand inquisitor of Spain, and was very efficient during the latter years of Ferdinand in making slaves of the refractory Moors of Granada. He authorized, by express

* Porque como iban faltando los Indios i se conocia que un negro trabajaba mas que quatro, por lo qual habia gran demanda de ellos, parecia que se podia poner algun tributo en la saca, de que resultaria provecho á la Rl. Hacienda. Herrera, decad. ii lib. ii. cap. 8.

† De Marsolier, Hist. du Ministere Cardinal Ximenes, lib. vi. Toulouse, 1694.

instructions, expeditions to seize and enslave the Indians of the Caribbee Islands, whom he termed only suited to labor, enemies of the Christians, and cannibals. Nor will it be considered a proof of gentle or tolerant policy, that he introduced the tribunal of the Inquisition into the New World. These circumstances are cited not to cast reproach upon the character of Cardinal Ximenes, but to show how incorrectly he has been extolled at the expense of Las Casas. Both of them must be judged in connection with the customs and opinions of the age in which they lived.

Las Casas was the author of many works, but few of which have been printed. The most important is a general history of the Indies, from the discovery to the year 1520, in three volumes. It exists only in manuscript, but is the fountain from which Herrera, and most of the other historians of the New World, have drawn large supplies. The work, though prolix, is valuable, as the author was an eye-witness of many of the facts, had others from persons who were concerned in the transactions recorded, and possessed copious documents. It displays great erudition, though somewhat crudely and diffusely introduced. His history was commenced in 1527, at fifty-three years of age, and was finished in 1559, when eighty-five. As many things are set down from memory there is occasional inaccuracy, but the whole bears the stamp of sincerity and truth. The author of the present work, having had access to this valuable manuscript, has made great use of it, drawing forth many curious facts hitherto neglected ; but he has endeavored to consult it with caution and discrimination, collating it with other authorities, and omitting whatever appeared to be dictated by prejudice or overheated zeal.

Las Casas has been accused of high coloring and extravagant declamation in those passages which relate to the barbarities practiced on the natives ; nor is the charge entirely without foundation. The same zeal in the cause of the Indians is expressed in his writings that shone forth in his actions, always pure, often vehement, and occasionally unreasonable. Still, however, where he errs it is on a generous and righteous side. If one tenth part of what he says he "witnessed with his own eyes" be true, and his veracity is above all doubt, he would have been wanting in

the natural feelings of humanity had he not expressed himself in terms of indignation and abhorrence.

In the course of his work, when Las Casas mentions the original papers lying before him, from which he drew many of his facts, he makes one lament that they should be lost to the world. Besides the journals and letters of Columbus, he says he had numbers of the letters of the Adelantado, Don Bartholomew, who wrote better than his brother, and whose writings must have been full of energy. Above all, he had the map formed from study and conjecture, by which Columbus sailed on his first voyage. What a precious document would this be for the world! Those writings may still exist, neglected and forgotten, among the rubbish of some convent in Spain. Little hope can be entertained of discovering them in the present state of degeneracy of the cloister. The monks of Atocha, in a recent conversation with one of the royal princes, betrayed an ignorance that this illustrious man was buried in their convent, nor can any of the fraternity point out his place of sepulture to the stranger.*

The publication of this work of Las Casas has not been permitted in Spain, where every book must have the sanction of a censor before it is committed to the press. The horrible picture it exhibits of the cruelties inflicted on the Indians, would, it was imagined, excite an odium against their conquerors. Las Casas himself seems to have doubted the expediency of publishing it; for in 1560 he made a note with his own hand which is preserved in the two first volumes of the original, mentioning that he left them in confidence to the college of the order of Predicators of St. Gregorio, in Valladolid, begging of its prelates that no secular person, nor even the collegians, should be permitted to read his history for the space of forty years; and that after that term it might be printed if consistent with the good of the Indies and of Spain.†

For the foregoing reason the work has been cautiously used by Spanish

* In this notice the author has occasionally availed himself of the interesting memoir of Mon. J. A. Llorente, prefixed to his collection of the works of Las Casas, collating it with the history of Herrera, from which its facts are principally derived.

† Navarrete, Colec. de Viag., tom. i. p. lxxv.

historians, passing over in silence, or with brief notice, many passages of disgraceful import. This feeling is natural, if not commendable; for the world is not prompt to discriminate between individuals and the nation of whom they are but a part. The laws and regulations for the government of the newly discovered countries, and the decisions of the council of the Indies on all contested points, though tinctured in some degree with the bigotry of the age, were distinguished for wisdom, justice, and humanity, and do honor to the Spanish nation. It was only in the abuse of them by individuals to whom the execution of the laws was intrusted, that these atrocities were committed. It should be remembered, also, that the same nation which gave birth to the sanguinary and rapacious adventurers who perpetrated these cruelties, gave birth likewise to the early missionaries, like Las Casas, who followed the sanguinary course of discovery, binding up the wounds inflicted by their countrymen; men who in a truly evangelical spirit braved all kinds of perils and hardships, and even death itself, not through a prospect of temporal gain or glory, but through a desire to meliorate the condition and save the souls of barbarous and suffering nations. The dauntless enterprises and fearful peregrinations of many of these virtuous men, if properly appreciated, would be found to vie in romantic daring with the heroic achievements of chivalry, with motives of a purer and far more exalted nature.

No. XXIX.

PETER MARTYR.

Peter Martir, or Martyr, of whose writings much use has been made in this history, was born at Anghierra, in the territory of Milan, in Italy, on the second of February, 1455. He is commonly termed Peter Martyr of *Angleria*, from the Latin name of his native place. He is one of the earliest historians that treat of Columbus, and was his contemporary and

intimate acquaintance. Being at Rome in 1487, and having acquired a distinguished reputation for learning, he was invited by the Spanish ambassador, the Count de Tendilla, to accompany him to Spain. He willingly accepted the invitation, and was presented to the sovereigns at Saragossa. Isabella, amidst the cares of the war with Granada, was anxious for the intellectual advancement of her kingdom, and wished to employ Martyr to instruct the young nobility of the royal household. With her peculiar delicacy, however, she first made her confessor, Hernando de Talavera, inquire of Martyr in what capacity he desired to serve her. Contrary to her expectation, Martyr replied, "in the profession of arms." The queen complied, and he followed her in her campaigns, as one of her household and military suite, but without distinguishing himself, and perhaps without having any particular employ in a capacity so foreign to his talents. After the surrender of Granada, when the war was ended, the queen, through the medium of the grand cardinal of Spain, prevailed upon him to undertake the instruction of the young nobles of her court.

Martyr was acquainted with Columbus while making his application to the sovereigns, and was present at his triumphant reception by Ferdinand and Isabella in Barcelona, on his return from his first voyage. He was continually in the royal camp during the war with the Moors, of which his letters contain many interesting particulars. He was sent ambassador extraordinary by Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1501, to Venice, and thence to the grand soldan of Egypt. The soldan, in 1490 or 1491, had sent an embassy to the Spanish sovereigns, threatening that, unless they desisted from the war against Granada, he would put all the Christians in Egypt and Syria to death, overturn all their temples, and destroy the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem. Ferdinand and Isabella pressed the war with tenfold energy, and brought it to a triumphant conclusion in the next campaign, while the soldan was still carrying on a similar negotiation with the pope. They afterwards sent Peter Martyr ambassador to the soldan to explain and justify their measure. Martyr discharged the duties of his embassy with great ability; obtained permission from the soldan to repair the holy places at Jerusalem, and an abolition of various extortions to which Christian pilgrims had been subjected. While on this embassy, he

wrote his work De Legatione Babylonica, which includes a history of Egypt in those times.

On his return to Spain, he was rewarded with places and pensions, and in 1524 was appointed a minister of the council of the Indies. His principal work is an account of the discoveries of the New World, in eight decades, each containing ten chapters. They are styled Decades of the New World, or Decades of the Ocean, and, like all his other works, were originally written in Latin, though since translated into various languages. He had familiar access to letters, papers, journals, and narratives of the early discoverers, and was personally acquainted with many of them, gathering particulars from their conversation. In writing his Decades, he took great pains to obtain information from Columbus himself, and from others, his companions.

In one of his epistles, (No. 153, January, 1494, to Pomponius Lætus,) he mentions having just received a letter from Columbus, by which it appears he was in correspondence with him. Las Casas says that great credit is to be given to him in regard to those voyages of Columbus, although his Decades contain some inaccuracies relative to subsequent events in the Indies. Muñoz allows him great credit, as an author contemporary with his subject, grave, well cultivated, instructed in the facts of which he treats, and of entire probity. He observes, however, that his writings being composed on the spur or excitement of the moment, often related circumstances which subsequently proved to be erroneous; that they were written without method or care, often confusing dates and events, so that they must be read with some caution.

Martyr was in the daily habit of writing letters to distinguished persons, relating the passing occurrences of the busy court and age in which he lived. In several of these Columbus is mentioned, and also some of the chief events of his voyages, as promulgated at the very moment of his return. These letters not being generally known or circulated, or frequently cited, it may be satisfactory to the reader to have a few of the main passages which relate to Columbus. They have a striking effect in carrying us back to the very time of the discoveries.

In one of his epistles, dated Barcelona, May 1st, 1493, and addressed to

C. Borromeo, he says : "Within these few days a certain Christopher Columbus has arrived from the western antipodes ; a man of Liguria, whom my sovereigns reluctantly intrusted with three ships, to seek that region, for they thought that what he said was fabulous. He has returned and brought specimens of many precious things, but particularly gold, which those countries naturally produce." *

In another letter, dated likewise from Barcelona, in September following, he gives a more particular account. It is addressed to Count Tendilla, governor of Granada, and also to Hernando Talavera, archbishop of that diocese, and the same to whom the propositions of Columbus had been referred by the Spanish sovereigns. "Arouse your attention, ancient sages," says Peter Martyr in his epistle ; "listen to a new discovery. You remember Columbus the Ligurian, appointed in the camp by our sovereigns to search for a new hemisphere of land at the western antipodes. You ought to recollect, for you had some agency in the transaction ; nor would the enterprise, as I think, have been undertaken, without your counsel. He has returned in safety, and relates the wonders he has discovered. He exhibits gold as proofs of the mines in those regions ; Gossampine cotton also, and aromatics, and pepper more pungent than that from Caucasus. All these things, together with scarlet dye-woods, the earth produces spontaneously. Pursuing the western sun from Gades five thousand miles, of each a thousand paces, as he relates, he fell in with sundry islands, and took possession of one of them, of greater circuit, he asserts, than the whole of Spain. Here he found a race of men living contented, in a state of nature, subsisting on fruits and vegetables, and bread formed from roots. . . . . These people have kings, some greater than others, and they war occasionally among themselves, with bows and arrows, or lances sharpened and hardened in the fire. The desire of command prevails among them, though they are naked. They have wives also. What they worship except the divinity of heaven, is not ascertained." †

In another letter, dated likewise in September, 1493, and addressed to the cardinal and vice-chancellor Ascanius Sforza, he says :

* Opus Epist. P. Martyris Anglerii, Epist. 131.
† Opus Epist. P. Martyris Anglerii, Epist. 134.

"So great is my desire to give you satisfaction, illustrious prince, that I consider it a gratifying occurrence in the great fluctuations of events, when anything takes place among us, in which you may take an interest. The wonders of this terrestrial globe, round which the sun makes a circuit in the space of four and twenty hours, have, until our time, as you are well aware, been known only in regard to one hemisphere, merely from the Golden Chersonesus to our Spanish Gades. The rest has been given up as unknown by cosmographers, and if any mention of it has been made, it has been slight and dubious. But now, O blessed enterprise! under the auspices of our sovereigns, what has hitherto lain hidden since the first origin of things, has at length begun to be developed. The thing has thus occurred—attend, illustrious prince! A certain Christopher Columbus, a Ligurian, despatched to those regions with three vessels by my sovereigns, pursuing the western sun above five thousand miles from Gades, achieved his way to the antipodes. Three and thirty successive days they navigated with naught but sky and water. At length from the mast-head of the largest vessel, in which Columbus himself sailed, those on the lookout proclaimed the sight of land. He coasted along six islands, one of them, as all his followers declare, beguiled perchance by the novelty of the scene, is larger than Spain."

Martyr proceeds to give the usual account of the productions of the islands, and the manners and customs of the natives, particularly the wars which occurred among them; "as if *meum* and *tuum* had been introduced among them as among us, and expensive luxuries, and the desire of accumulating wealth; for what, you will think, can be the wants of naked men?" "What farther may succeed," he adds, "I will hereafter signify. Farewell." *

In another letter, dated Valladolid, February 1, 1494, to Hernando de Talavera, archbishop of Granada, he observes, "the king and queen, on the return of Columbus to Barcelona, from his honorable enterprise, appointed him admiral of the ocean sea, and caused him, on account of his illustrious deeds, to be seated in their presence, an honor and a favor, as

* Opus Epist. P. Martyris Anglerii, Epist. 135.

you know, the highest with our sovereigns. They have despatched him again to those regions, furnished with a fleet of eighteen ships. There is prospect of great discoveries at the western antarctic antipodes." *

In a subsequent letter to Pomponius Lætus, dated from Alcala de Henares, December 9th, 1494, he gives the first news of the success of this expedition.

"Spain," says he, "is spreading her wings, augmenting her empire, and extending her name and glory to the antipodes. . . . . Of eighteen vessels despatched by my sovereigns with the admiral Columbus, in his second voyage to the western hemisphere, twelve have returned and have brought Gossampine cotton, huge trees of dye-wood, and many other articles held with us as precious, the natural productions of that hitherto hidden world ; and besides all other things, no small quantity of gold. O wonderful, Pomponius ! Upon the surface of that earth are found rude masses of native gold, of a weight that one is afraid to mention. Some weigh two hundred and fifty ounces, and they hope to discover others of a much larger size, from what the naked natives intimate, when they extol their gold to our people. Nor are the Lestrigonians nor Polyphemi, who feed on human flesh, any longer doubtful. Attend—but beware ! lest they rise in horror before thee ! When he proceeded from the Fortunate Islands, now termed the Canaries, to Hispaniola, the island on which he first set foot, turning his prow a little toward the south, he arrived at innumerable islands of savage men, whom they call cannibals, or Caribbees ; and these, though naked, are courageous warriors. They fight skillfully with bows and clubs, and have boats hollowed from a single tree, yet very capacious, in which they make fierce descents on neighboring islands, inhabited by milder people. They attack their villages, from which they carry off the men and devour them," &c.†

Another letter to Pomponius Lætus, on the same subject, has been cited at large in the body of this work. It is true these extracts give nothing that has not been stated more at large in the Decades of the same author, but they are curious, as the very first announcements of the

* Opus Epist. P. Martyris Anglerii, Epist. 141.
† Opus Epist. P. Martyris Anglerii, Epist. 147.

discoveries of Columbus, and as showing the first stamp of these extraordinary events upon the mind of one of the most learned and liberal men of the age.

A collection of the letters of Peter Martyr was published in 1530, under the title of Opus Epistolarum, Petri Martyris Anglerii ; it is divided into thirty-eight books, each containing the letters of one year. The same objections have been made to his letters as to his Decades, but they bear the same stamp of candor, probity, and great information. They possess peculiar value from being written at the moment, before the facts they record were distorted or discolored by prejudice or misrepresentation. His works abound in interesting particulars not to be found in any contemporary historian. They are rich in thought, but still richer in fact, and are full of urbanity, and of the liberal feeling of a scholar who has mingled with the world. He is a fountain from which others draw, and from which, with a little precaution, they may draw securely. He died in Valladolid, in 1526.

No. XXX.

OVIEDO.

Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo y Valdes, commonly known as Oviedo, was born in Madrid in 1478, and died in Valladolid in 1557, aged seventy-nine years. He was of a noble Austrian family and in his boyhood (in 1490) was appointed one of the pages to Prince Juan, heir apparent of Spain, the only son of Ferdinand and Isabella. He was in this situation at the time of the siege and surrender of Granada, was consequently at court at the time that Columbus made his agreement with the Catholic sovereigns, and was in the same capacity at Barcelona, and witnessed the triumphant entrance of the discoverer, attended by a number of the natives of the newly found countries.

In 1513, he was sent out to the New World by Ferdinand, to superin-

tend the gold foundries. For many years he served there in various offices of trust and dignity, both under Ferdinand, and his grandson and successor Charles V. In 1535, he was made alcayde of the fortress of St. Domingo in Hispaniola, and afterwards was appointed historiographer of the Indies. At the time of his death, he had served the crown upwards of forty years, thirty-four of which were passed in the colonies, and he had crossed the ocean eight times, as he mentions in various parts of his writings. He wrote several works ; the most important is a chronicle of the Indies in fifty books, divided into three parts. The first part, containing nineteen books, was printed at Seville in 1535, and reprinted in 1547 at Salamanca, augmented by a twentieth book containing shipwrecks. The remainder of the work exists in manuscript. The printing of it was commenced at Valladolid in 1557, but was discontinued in consequence of his death. It is one of the unpublished treasures of Spanish colonial history.

He was an indefatigable writer, laborious in collecting and recording facts, and composed a multitude of volumes which are scattered through the Spanish libraries. His writings are full of events which happened under his own eye, or were communicated to him by eye-witnesses ; but he was deficient in judgment and discrimination. He took his facts without caution, and often from sources unworthy of credit. In his account of the first voyage of Columbus, he falls into several egregious errors, in consequence of taking the verbal information of a pilot named Hernan Perez Matteo, who was in the interest of the Pinzons, and adverse to the admiral. His work is not much to be depended upon in matters relative to Columbus. When he treats of a more advanced period of the New World, from his own actual observation, he is much more satisfactory, though he is accused of listening too readily to popular fables and misrepresentations. His account of the natural productions of the New World, and of the customs of its inhabitants, is full of curious particulars ; and the best narratives of some of the minor voyages which succeeded those of Columbus, are to be found in the unpublished part of his work.

No. XXXI.

CURA DE LOS PALACIOS.

Andres Bernaldes, or Bernal, generally known by the title of the curate of *Los Palacios*, from having been curate of the town of Los Palacios, from about 1488 to 1513, was born in the town of Fuentes, and was for some time chaplain to Diego Deza, archbishop of Seville, one of the greatest friends to the application of Columbus. Bernaldes was well acquainted with the admiral, who was occasionally his guest, and in 1496, left many of his manuscripts and journals with him, which the curate made use of in a history of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, in which he introduced an account of the voyages of Columbus. In his narrative of the admiral's coasting along the southern side of Cuba, the curate is more minute and accurate than any other historian. His work exists only in manuscript, but is well known to historians, who have made frequent use of it. Nothing can be more simple and artless than the account which the honest curate gives of his being first moved to undertake his chronicle. "I who wrote these chapters of memoirs," he says, "being for twelve years in the habit of reading a register of my deceased grandfather, who was notary public of the town of Fuentes, where I was born, I found therein several chapters recording certain events and achievements, which had taken place in his time; and my grandmother his widow, who was very old, hearing me read them said to me, 'And thou, my son, since thou art not slothful in writing, why dost thou not write, in this manner, the good things which are happening at present in thy own day, that those who come hereafter may know them, and marveling at what they read may render thanks to God.'

"From that time," continues he, "I proposed to do so, and as I considered the matter, I said often to myself, 'if God gives me life and health I will continue to write until I behold the kingdom of Granada gained by the Christians;' and I always entertained a hope of seeing it,

and did see it : great thanks and praises be given to our Saviour Jesus Christ ! And because it was impossible to write a complete and connected account of all things that happened in Spain, during the matrimonial union of the King Don Ferdinand, and the Queen Doña Isabella, I wrote only about certain of the most striking and remarkable events, of which I had correct information, and of those which I saw or which were public and notorious to all men." *

The work of the worthy curate, as may be inferred from the foregoing statement, is deficient in regularity of plan ; the style is artless and often inelegant, but it abounds in facts not to be met with elsewhere, often given in a very graphical manner, and strongly characteristic of the times. As he was contemporary with the events and familiar with many of the persons of his history, and as he was a man of probity and void of all pretension, his manuscript is a document of high authenticity. He was much respected in the limited sphere in which he moved, "yet," says one of his admirers, who wrote a short preface to his chronicle, "he had no other reward than that of the curacy of Los Palacios, and the place of chaplain to the Archbishop Don Diego Deza."

In the possession of O. Rich, Esq., of Madrid, is a very curious manuscript chronicle of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella already quoted in this work, made up from this history of the curate of Los Palacios, and from various other historians of the times, by some contemporary writer. In his account of the voyage of Columbus, he differs in some trivial particulars from the regular copy of the manuscript of the curate. These variations have been carefully examined by the author of this work, and wherever they appear to be for the better, have been adopted.

* Cura de Los Palacios, cap. 7.

No. XXXII.

"NAVIGATIONE DEL RE DE CASTIGLIA DELLE ISOLE E PAESE NUOVAMENTE RITROVATE."

"NAVIGATIO CHRISTOPHORI COLOMBI."

THE above are the titles, in Italian and in Latin, of the earliest narratives of the first and second voyages of Columbus that appeared in print. It was anonymous ; and there are some curious particulars in regard to it. It was originally written in Italian by Montalbodo Fracanzo, or Fracanzano, or by Francapano de Montabaldo, (for writers differ in regard to the name,) and was published in Vicenza, in 1507, in a collection of voyages, entitled Mondo Novo, e Paese Nuovamente Ritrovate. The collection was republished at Milan, in 1508, both in Italian, and in a Latin translation made by Archangelo Madrignano, under the title of Itinerarium Portugallensium ; this title being given, because the work related chiefly to the voyages of Luigi Cadamosto, a Venetian in the service of Portugal.

The collection was afterwards augmented by Simon Grinæus with other travels, and printed in Latin at Basle, in 1533,* by Hervagio, entitled Novus Orbis Regionum, &c. The edition of Basle, 1555, and the Italian edition of Milan, 1508, have been consulted in the course of this work.

Peter Martyr (Decad. 2, Cap. 7) alludes to this publication, under the first Latin title of the book, Itinerarium Portugallensium, and accuses the author, whom by mistake he terms Cadamosto, of having stolen the materials of his book from the three first chapters of his first Decade of the Ocean, of which, he says, he granted copies in manuscript to several persons, and in particular to certain Venetian ambassadors. Martyr's Decades were not published until 1516, excepting the first three, which were published in 1511, at Seville.

* Bibliotheca Pinello.

This narrative of the voyages of Columbus is referred to by Gio. Ba tista Spotorno, in his historical memoir of Columbus, as having been written by a companion of Columbus.

It is manifest, from a perusal of the narrative, that though the author may have helped himself freely from the manuscript of Martyr, he must have had other sources of information. His description of the person of Columbus as a man tall of stature and large of frame, of a ruddy complexion and oblong visage, is not copied from Martyr, nor from any other writer. No historian had, indeed, preceded him, except Sabellicus, in 1504 ; and the portrait agrees with that subsequently given of Columbus in the biography written by his son.

It is probable that this narrative, which appeared only a year after the death of Columbus, was a piece of literary job-work, written for the collection of voyages published at Vicenza ; and that the materials were taken from oral communication, from the account given by Sabellicus, and particularly from the manuscript copy of Martyr's first decade.

No. XXXIII.

ANTONIO DE HERRERA.

Antonio Herrera de Tordesillas, one of the authors most frequently cited in this work, was born in 1565, of Roderick Tordesillas, and Agnes de Herrera, his wife. He received an excellent education, and entered into the employ of Vespasian Gonzago, brother to the duke of Mantua, who was viceroy of Naples for Philip the Second of Spain. He was for some time secretary to this statesman, and intrusted with all his secrets. He was afterwards grand historiographer of the Indies to Philip II., who added to that title a large pension. He wrote various books, but the most celebrated is a General History of the Indies, or American Colonies, in four volumes, containing eight decades. When he undertook this work, all the public archives were thrown open to him, and he had access to

documents of all kinds. He has been charged with great precipitation in the production of his two first volumes, and with negligence in not making sufficient use of the indisputable sources of information thus placed within his reach. The fact was, that he met with historical tracts lying in manuscript, which embraced a great part of the first discoveries, and he contented himself with stating events as he found them therein recorded. It is certain that a great part of his work is little more than a transcript of the manuscript history of the Indies by Las Casas, sometimes reducing and improving the language when tumid; omitting the impassioned sallies of the zealous father, when the wrongs of the Indians were in question; and suppressing various circumstances degrading to the character of the Spanish discoverers. The author of the present work has, therefore, frequently put aside the history of Herrera, and consulted the source of his information, the manuscript history of Las Casas.

Muñoz observes, that "in general Herrera did little more than join together morsels and extracts, taken from various parts, in the way that a writer arranges chronologically the materials from which he intends to compose a history;" he adds, that "had not Herrera been a learned and judicious man, the precipitation with which he put together these materials would have led to innumerable errors." The remark is just; yet it is to be considered, that to select and arrange such materials judiciously, and treat them learnedly, was no trifling merit in the historian.

Herrera has been accused also of flattering his nation; exalting the deeds of his countrymen, and softening and concealing their excesses. There is nothing very serious in this accusation. To illustrate the glory of his nation is one of the noblest offices of the historian; and it is difficult to speak too highly of the extraordinary enterprises and splendid actions of the Spaniards in those days. In softening their excesses he fell into an amiable and pardonable error, if it were indeed an error for a Spanish writer to endeavor to sink them in oblivion.

Vossius passes a high eulogium on Herrera. "No one," he says, "has described with greater industry and fidelity the magnitude and boundaries of provinces, the tracts of sea, positions of capes and islands, of ports and harbors, the windings of rivers and dimensions of lakes; the

situation and peculiarities of regions, with the appearance of the heavens, and the designation of places suitable for the establishment of cities." He has been called among the Spaniards the prince of the historians of America, and it is added that none have risen since his time capable of disputing with him that title. Much of this praise will appear exaggerated by such as examine the manuscript histories from which he transferred chapters and entire books, with very little alteration, to his volumes ; and a great part of the eulogiums passed on him for his work on the Indies, will be found really due to Las Casas, who has too long been eclipsed by his copyist. Still Herrera has left voluminous proofs of industrious research, extensive information, and great literary talent. His works bear the mark of candor, integrity, and a sincere desire to record the truth.

He died in 1625, at sixty years of age, after having obtained from Philip IV. the promise of the first charge of secretary of state that should become vacant.

No. XXXIV.

BISHOP FONSECA.

THE singular malevolence displayed by Bishop Juan Rodriguez de Fonseca toward Columbus and his family, and which was one of the secret and principal causes of their misfortunes, has been frequently noticed in the course of this work. It originated, as has been shown, in some dispute between the admiral and Fonseca at Seville in 1493, on account of the delay in fitting out the armament for the second voyage, and in regard to the number of domestics to form the household of the admiral. Fonseca received a letter from the sovereigns, tacitly reproving him, and ordering him to show all possible attention to the wishes of Columbus, and to see that he was treated with honor and deference. Fonseca never forgot this affront, and, what with him was the same thing, never forgave it. His spirit appears to have been of that unhealthy kind which has

none of the balm of forgiveness ; and in which, a wound once made, forever rankles. The hostility thus produced continued with increasing virulence throughout the life of Columbus, and at his death was transferred to his son and successor. This persevering animosity has been illustrated in the course of this work by facts and observations, cited from authors, some of them contemporary with Fonseca, but who were apparently restrained by motives of prudence, from giving full vent to the indignation which they evidently felt. Even at the present day, a Spanish historian would be cautious of expressing his feelings freely on the subject, lest they should prejudice his work in the eyes of the ecclesiastical censors of the press. In this way, Bishop Fonseca has in a great measure escaped the general odium his conduct merited.

This prelate had the chief superintendence of Spanish colonial affairs, both under Ferdinand and Isabella, and the Emperor Charles V. He was an active and intrepid, but selfish, overbearing, and perfidious man. His administration bears no marks of enlarged and liberal policy ; but is full of traits of arrogance and meanness. He opposed the benevolent attempts of Las Casas to ameliorate the condition of the Indians, and to obtain the abolition of repartimientos ; treating him with personal haughtiness and asperity.* The reason assigned is that Fonseca was enriching himself by those very abuses, retaining large numbers of the miserable Indians in slavery, to work on his possessions in the colonies.

To show that his character has not been judged with undue severity, it is expedient to point out his invidious and persecuting conduct towards Hernando Cortez. The bishop, while ready to foster rambling adventurers who came forward under his patronage, had never the head or the heart to appreciate the merits of illustrious commanders like Columbus and Cortez.

At a time when disputes arose between Cortez and Diego Velazquez, governor of Cuba, and the latter sought to arrest the conqueror of Mexico in the midst of his brilliant career, Fonseca, with entire disregard of the merits of the case, took a decided part in favor of Velazquez. Personal

* Herrera, decad. ii. lib. ii. cap. 3.

interest was at the bottom of this favor; for a marriage was negotiating between Velazquez and a sister of the bishop.* Complaints and misrepresentations had been sent to Spain by Velazquez of the conduct of Cortez, who was represented as a lawless and unprincipled adventurer, attempting to usurp absolute authority in New Spain. The true services of Cortez had already excited admiration at court, but such was the influence of Fonseca, that, as in the case of Columbus, he succeeded in prejudicing the mind of the sovereign against one of the most meritorious of his subjects. One Christoval de Tapia, a man destitute of talent or character, but whose greatest recommendation was his having been in the employ of the bishop,† was invested with powers similar to those once given to Bobadilla, to the prejudice of Columbus. He was to inquire into the conduct of Cortez, and in case he thought fit, to seize him, sequestrate his property, and supersede him in command. Not content with the regular official letters furnished to Tapia, the bishop, shortly after his departure, sent out Juan Bono de Quexo with blank letters signed by his own hand, and with others directed to various persons, charging them to admit Tapia for governor, and assuring them that the king considered the conduct of Cortez as disloyal. Nothing but the sagacity and firmness of Cortez prevented this measure from completely interrupting, if not defeating his enterprises; and he afterwards declared, that he had experienced more trouble and difficulty from the menaces and affronts of the ministers of the king than it cost him to conquer Mexico.‡

When the dispute between Cortez and Velazquez came to be decided upon in Spain, in 1522, the father of Cortez, and those who had come from New Spain as his procurators, obtained permission from Cardinal Adrian, at that time governor of the realm, to prosecute a public accusation of the bishop. A regular investigation took place before the council of the Indies of their allegations against its president. They charged him with having publicly declared Cortez a traitor and a rebel: with

* Herrera, Hist. Ind., decad. iii. lib. iv. cap. 3.
† Idem, decad. iii. lib. i. cap. 15.
‡ Idem, decad. iii. lib. iv. cap. 3.

having intercepted and suppressed his letters addressed to the king, keeping his majesty in ignorance of their contents, and of the important services he had performed, while he diligently forwarded all letters calculated to promote the interest of Velazquez; with having prevented the representations of Cortez from being heard in the council of the Indies, declaring that they should never be heard there while he lived; with having interdicted the forwarding of arms, merchandise, and reinforcements to New Spain, and with having issued orders to the office of the India House at Seville to arrest the procurators of Cortez and all persons arriving from him, and to seize and detain all gold that they should bring. These and various other charges of similar nature were dispassionately investigated. Enough were substantiated to convict Fonseca of the most partial, oppressive, and perfidious conduct, and the cardinal consequently forbade him to interfere in the cause between Cortez and Velazquez, and revoked all the orders which the bishop had issued, in the matter, to the India House of Seville. Indeed Salazar, a Spanish historian, says that Fonseca was totally divested of his authority as president of the council, and of all control of the affairs of New Spain, and adds that he was so mortified at the blow, that it brought on a fit of illness, which well-nigh cost him his life.*

The suit between Cortez and Velazquez was referred to a special tribunal, composed of the grand chancellor and other persons of note, and was decided in 1522. The influence and intrigues of Fonseca being no longer of avail, a triumphant verdict was given in favor of Cortez, which was afterwards confirmed by the Emperor Charles V., and additional honors awarded him. This was another blow to the malignant Fonseca, who retained his enmity against Cortez until his last moment, rendered still more rancorous by mortification and disappointment.

A charge against Fonseca, of a still darker nature than any of the preceding, may be found lurking in the pages of Herrera, though so obscure as to have escaped the notice of succeeding historians. He points to the bishop as the instigator of a desperate and perfidious man, who

* Salazar, Conq. de Mexico, lib. i. cap. 2.

conspired against the life of Hernando Cortez. This was one Antonio de Villafaña, who fomented a conspiracy to assassinate Cortez, and elect Francisco Verdujo, brother-in-law of Velazquez, in his place. While the conspirators were waiting for an opportunity to poniard Cortez, one of them relenting, apprised him of his danger. Villafaña was arrested. He attempted to swallow a paper containing a list of the conspirators, but being seized by the throat, a part of it was forced from his mouth containing fourteen names of persons of importance. Villafaña confessed his guilt, but tortures could not make him inculpate the persons whose names were on the list, who he declared were ignorant of the plot. He was hanged by order of Cortez.*

In the investigation of the disputes between Cortez and Velazquez, this execution of Villafaña was magnified into a cruel and wanton act of power; and in their eagerness to criminate Cortez the witnesses on the part of Alvarez declared that Villafaña had been instigated to what he had done by letters from Bishop Fonseca! (Que se movió a lo que hizo con cartas del obispo de Burgos.) † It is not probable that Fonseca had recommended assassination, but it shows the character of his agents, and what must have been the malignant nature of his instructions, when these men thought that such an act would accomplish his wishes.

Fonseca died at Burgos, on the 4th of November, 1554, and was interred at Coca.

No. XXXV.

OF THE SITUATION OF THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.

THE speculations of Columbus on the situation of the terrestrial paradise, extravagant as they may appear, were such as have occupied many

* Herrera, Hist. Ind., decad. iii. lib. i. cap. 1.
† Idem, decad. iii. lib. iv. cap. 3.

grave and learned men. A slight notice of their opinions on this curious subject may be acceptable to the general reader, and may take from the apparent wildness of the ideas expressed by Columbus.

The abode of our first parents was anciently the subject of anxious inquiry ; and indeed mankind have always been prone to picture some place of perfect felicity, where the imagination, disappointed in the coarse realities of life, might revel in an Elysium of its own creation. It is an idea not confined to our religion, but is found in the rude creeds of the most savage nations, and it prevailed generally among the ancients. The speculations concerning the situation of the garden of Eden, resemble those of the Greeks concerning the garden of the Hesperides ; that region of delight, which they forever placed at the most remote verge of the known world ; which their poets embellished with all the charms of fiction ; after which they were continually longing, and which they could never find. At one time it was in the Grand Oasis of Arabia. The exhausted travellers, after traversing the parched and sultry desert, hailed this verdant spot with rapture ; they refreshed themselves under its shady bowers, and beside its cooling streams, as the crew of a tempest-tost vessel repose on the shores of some green island in the deep ; and from its being thus isolated in the midst of an ocean of sand, they gave it the name of the Island of the Blessed. As geographical knowledge increased, the situation of the Hesperian gardens was continually removed to a greater distance. It was transferred to the borders of the Great Syrtis, in the neighborhood of Mount Atlas. Here, after traversing the frightful deserts of Barca, the traveller found himself in a fair and fertile country, watered by rivulets and gushing fountains. The oranges and citrons transported hence to Greece, where they were as yet unknown, delighted the Athenians by their golden beauty and delicious flavor, and they thought that none but the garden of the Hesperides could produce such glorious fruits. In this way the happy region of the ancients was transported from place to place, still in the remote and obscure extremity of the world, until it was fabled to exist in the Canaries, thence called the Fortunate or the Hesperian Islands. Here it remained, because discovery advanced no farther, and because these islands were so dis-

tant, and so little known, as to allow full latitude to the fictions of the poet.*

In like manner the situation of the terrestrial paradise, or garden of Eden, was long a subject of earnest inquiry and curious disputation, and occupied the laborious attention of the most learned theologians. Some placed it in Palestine or the Holy Land; others in Mesopotamia, in that rich and beautiful tract of country embraced by the wanderings of the Tigris and the Euphrates ; others in Armenia, in a valley surrounded by precipitous and inaccessible mountains, and imagined that Enoch and Elijah were transported thither, out of the sight of mortals, to live in a state of terrestrial bliss until the second coming of our Saviour. There were others who gave it situations widely remote, such as in the Trapoban of the ancients, at present known as the island of Ceylon ; or in the island of Sumatra ; or in the Fortunate or Canary Islands ; or in one of the islands of Sunda ; or in some favored spot under the equinoctial line.

Great difficulty was encountered by these speculators to reconcile the allotted place with the description given in Genesis of the garden of Eden; particularly of the great fountain which watered it, and which afterwards divided itself into four rivers, the Pison or Phison, the Gihon, the Euphrates, and the Hiddekel. Those who were in favor of the Holy Land supposed that the Jordan was the great river which afterwards divided itself into the Phison, Gihon, Tigris, and Euphrates, but that the sands have choked up the ancient beds by which these streams were supplied ; that originally the Phison traversed Arabia Deserta and Arabia Felix, whence it pursued its course to the Gulf of Persia; that the Gihon bathed northern or stony Arabia and fell into the Arabian Gulf or the Red Sea ; that the Euphrates and the Tigris passed by Eden to Assyria and Chaldea, whence they discharged themselves into the Persian Gulf.

By most of the early commentators the river Gihon is supposed to be the Nile. The source of this river was unknown, but was evidently far distant from the spots whence the Tigris and Euphrates arose. This difficulty, however, was ingeniously overcome, by giving it a subterranean

* Gosselin, Recherches sur la Geog. des Anciens, tom. 1.

course of some hundreds of leagues from the common fountain, until it issued forth to daylight in Abyssinia.* In like manner, subterranean courses were given to the Tigris and the Euphrates, passing under the Red Sea, until they sprang forth in Armenia, as if just issuing from one common source. So also those who placed the terrestrial paradise in islands, supposed that the rivers which issued from it, and formed those heretofore named, either traversed the surface of the sea, as fresh water, by its greater lightness, may float above the salt ; or that they flowed through deep veins and channels of the earth, as the fountain of Arethusa was said to sink into the ground in Greece, and rise in the island of Sicily, while the river Alpheus pursuing it, but with less perseverance, rose somewhat short of it in the sea.

Some contended that the deluge had destroyed the garden of Eden, and altered the whole face of the earth ; so that the rivers had changed their beds, and had taken different directions from those mentioned in Genesis ; others, however, amongst whom was St. Augustine, in his commentary upon the book of Genesis, maintained that the terrestrial paradise still exists, with its original beauty and delights, but that it was inaccessible to mortals, being on the summit of a mountain of stupendous height, reaching into the third region of the air, and approaching the moon ; being thus protected by its elevation from the ravages of the deluge.

By some this mountain was placed under the equinoctial line; or under that band of the heavens metaphorically called by the ancients "the table of the sun,"† comprising the space between the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn, beyond which the sun never passed in his annual course. Here would reign a uniformity of nights and days and seasons, and the elevation of the mountain would raise it above the heats and storms of the lower regions. Others transported the garden beyond the equinoctial line and placed it in the southern hemisphere ; supposing that the torrid zone might be the flaming sword appointed to defend its entrance against mortals. They had a fanciful train of argument to support their theory.

* Feyjoo, Theatro Critico, lib. vii. § 2.
† Herodot. lib. iii. Virg. G. i. Pomp. Mela, lib. iii. cap. 10.

They observed that the terrestrial paradise must be in the noblest and happiest part of the globe ; that part must be under the noblest part of the heavens; as the merits of a place do not so much depend upon the virtues of the earth, as upon the happy influences of the stars and the favorable and benign aspect of the heavens. Now, according to philosophers, the world was divided into two hemispheres. The southern they considered the head, and the northern the feet, or under part; the right hand the east whence commenced the movement of the primum mobile, and the left the west, towards which it moved. This supposed, they observed that as it was manifest that the head of all things, natural and artificial, is always the best and noblest part, governing the other parts of the body, so the south, being the head of the earth, ought to be superior and nobler than either east, or west, or north ; and in accordance with this, they cited the opinion of various philosophers among the ancients, and more especially that of Ptolemy, that the stars of the southern hemisphere were larger, more resplendent, more perfect, and of course of greater virtue and efficacy than those of the northern : an error universally prevalent until disproved by modern discovery. Hence they concluded that in this southern hemisphere, in this head of the earth, under this purer and brighter sky, and these more potent and benignant stars, was placed the terrestrial paradise.

Various ideas were entertained as to the magnitude of this blissful region. As Adam and all his progeny were to have lived there, had he not sinned, and as there would have been no such thing as death to thin the number of mankind, it was inferred that the terrestrial paradise must be of great extent to contain them. Some gave it a size equal to Europe or Africa; others gave it the whole southern hemisphere. St. Augustine supposed that as mankind multiplied, numbers would be translated without death to heaven; the parents, perhaps, when their children had arrived at mature age; or portions of the human race at the end of certain periods and when the population of the terrestrial paradise had attained a certain amount.* Others supposed that mankind, remaining in a state of primi-

* St. August. lib. ix. cap. 6, Sup. Genesis.

tive innocence, would not have required so much space as at present. Having no need of rearing animals for subsistence, no land would have been required for pasturage; and the earth not being cursed with sterility there would have been no need of extensive tracts of country to permit of fallow land and the alternation of crops required in husbandry. The spontaneous and never-failing fruits of the garden would have been abundant for the simple wants of man. Still, that the human race might not be crowded, but might have ample space for recreation and enjoyment, and the charms of variety and change, some allowed at least a hundred leagues of circumference to the garden.

St. Basilius, in his eloquent discourse on paradise * expatiates with rapture on the joys of this sacred abode, elevated to the third region of the air, and under the happiest skies. There a pure and never-failing pleasure is furnished to every sense. The eye delights in the admirable clearness of the atmosphere, in the verdure and beauty of the trees, and the never-withering bloom of the flowers. The ear is regaled with the singing of the birds, the smell with the aromatic odors of the land. In like manner the other senses have each their peculiar enjoyments. There the vicissitudes of the seasons are unknown and the climate unites the fruitfulness of summer, the joyful abundance of autumn, and the sweet freshness and quietude of spring. There the earth is always green, the flowers are ever blooming, the waters limpid and delicate, not rushing in rude and turbid torrents, but swelling up in crystal fountains, and winding in peaceful and silver streams. There no harsh and boisterous winds are permitted to shake and disturb the air, and ravage the beauty of the groves ; there prevails no melancholy, nor darksome weather, no drowning rain, nor pelting hail; no forked lightning, nor rending and resounding thunder ; no wintry pinching cold, nor withering and panting summer heat; nor anything else that can give pain or sorrow or annoyance, but all is bland and gentle and serene ; a perpetual youth and joy reigns throughout all nature, and nothing decays and dies.

* St. Basilius was called the Great. His works were read and admired by all the world, even by Pagans. They are written in an elevated and majestic style, with great splendor of idea, and vast erudition.

The same idea is given by St. Ambrosius, in his book on Paradise,* an author likewise consulted and cited by Columbus. He wrote in the fourth century, and his touching eloquence, and graceful yet vigorous style, insured great popularity to his writings. Many of these opinions are cited by Glanville, usually called Bartholomeus Anglicus, in his work De Proprietatibus Rerum ; a work with which Columbus was evidently acquainted. It was a species of encyclopedia of the general knowledge current at the time, and was likely to recommend itself to a curious and inquiring voyager. This author cites an assertion as made by St. Basilius and St. Ambrosius that the water of the fountain which proceeds from the garden of Eden falls into a great lake with such a tremendous noise that the inhabitants of the neighborhood are born deaf ; and that from this lake proceed the four chief rivers mentioned in Genesis.†

This passage, however, is not to be found in the Hexameron of either Basilius or Ambrosius, from which it is quoted ; neither is it in the oration on Paradise by the former, nor in the letter on the same subject written by Ambrosius to Ambrosius Sabinus. It must be a misquotation by Glanville. Columbus, however, appears to have been struck with it, and Las Casas is of opinion that he derived thence his idea that the vast body of fresh water which filled the Gulf of La Ballena or Paria, flowed from the fountain of Paradise, though from a remote distance ; and that in this gulf, which he supposed in the extreme part of Asia, originated the Nile, the Tigris, the Euphrates, and the Ganges, which might be conducted under the land and sea by subterranean channels, to the places where they spring forth on the earth and assume their proper names.

I forbear to enter into various other of the voluminous speculations which have been formed relative to the terrestrial paradise, and perhaps it may be thought that I have already said too much on so fanciful a

* St. Ambros. Opera. Edit. Coignard. Parisiis, MDCXC.

† Paradisus autem in Oriente, in altissimo monte, de cujus cacumine cadentes aquæ, maximum faciunt lacum, qui in suo casu tantum faciunt strepitum et fragorem, quod omnes incolæ, juxta prædictum lacum, nascuntur surdi, ex immoderato sonitu seu fragore sensum auditus in parvulis corrumpente. *Ut dicit Basilius in Hexameron, similiter et Ambros.* Ex illo lacu, velut ex uno fonte, procedunt illa flumina quatuor, Phison, qui et Ganges, Gyon, qui et Nilus dicitur, et Tigris ac Euphrates. Bart. Angl. de Proprietatibus Rerum, lib. 15, cap. 112. Francofurti, 1540.

subject; but to illustrate clearly the character of Columbus, it is necessary to elucidate those veins of thought passing through his mind while considering the singular phenomena of the unknown regions he was exploring, and which are often but slightly and vaguely developed in his journals and letters. These speculations, likewise, like those concerning fancied islands in the ocean, carry us back to the time, and make us feel the mystery and conjectural charm which reigned over the greatest part of the world, and have since been completely dispelled by modern discovery. Enough has been cited to show, that, in his observations concerning the terrestrial paradise, Columbus was not indulging in any fanciful and presumptuous chimeras, the offspring of a heated and disordered brain. However visionary his conjectures may seem, they were all grounded on written opinions held little less than oracular in his day; and they will be found on examination to be far exceeded by the speculations and theories of sages held illustrious for their wisdom and erudition in the school and cloister.

No. XXXVI.

WILL OF COLUMBUS.

In the name of the Most Holy Trinity, who inspired me with the idea, and afterwards made it perfectly clear to me, that I could navigate and go to the Indies from Spain, by traversing the ocean westwardly; which I communicated to the king, Don Ferdinand, and to the queen, Doña Isabella, our sovereigns; and they were pleased to furnish me the necessary equipment of men and ships, and to make me their admiral over the said ocean, in all parts lying to the west of an imaginary line, drawn from pole to pole, a hundred leagues west of the Cape de Verd and Azore islands; also appointing me their viceroy and governor over all continents and islands that I might discover beyond the said line westwardly; with the right of being succeeded in the said offices by my eldest son and his

heirs forever; and a grant of the tenth part of all things found in the said jurisdiction; and of all rents and revenues arising from it; and the eighth of all the lands and everything else, together with the salary corresponding to my rank of admiral, viceroy, and governor, and all other emoluments accruing thereto, as is more fully expressed in the title and agreement sanctioned by their highnesses.

And it pleased the Lord Almighty, that in the year one thousand four hundred and ninety-two, I should discover the continent of the Indies and many islands, among them Hispaniola, which the Indians call Ayte, and the Monicongos, Cipango. I then returned to Castile to their highnesses, who approved of my undertaking a second enterprise for farther discoveries and settlements; and the Lord gave me victory over the island of Hispaniola, which extends six hundred leagues, and I conquered it and made it tributary; and I discovered many islands inhabited by cannibals, and seven hundred to the west of Hispaniola, among which is Jamaica, which we call Santiago; and three hundred and thirty-three leagues of continent from south to west, besides a hundred and seven to the north, which I discovered in my first voyage, together with many islands, as may more clearly be seen by my letters, memorials, and maritime charts. And as we hope in God that before long a good and great revenue will be derived from the above islands and continent, of which, for the reasons aforesaid belong to me the tenth and the eighth, with the salaries and emoluments specified above ; and considering that we are mortal, and that it is proper for every one to settle his affairs, and to leave declared to his heirs and successors the property he possesses or may have a right to : Wherefore I have concluded to create an entailed estate (mayorazgo) out of the said eighth of the lands, places, and revenues, in the manner which I now proceed to state.

In the first place, I am to be succeeded by Don Diego, my son, who in case of death without children is to be succeeded by my other son Ferdinand; and should God dispose of him also without leaving children and without my having any other son, then my brother Don Bartholomew is to succeed; and after him his eldest son; and if God should dispose of him without heirs, he shall be succeeded by his sons from one to another

forever; or, in the failure of a son, to be succeeded by Don Ferdinand, after the same manner, from son to son successively; or in their place by my brothers Bartholomew and Diego. And should it please the Lord that the estate, after having continued for some time in the line of any of the above successors, should stand in need of an immediate and lawful male heir, the succession shall then devolve to the nearest relation, being a man of legitimate birth, and bearing the name of Columbus derived from his father and his ancestors. This entailed estate shall in nowise be inherited by a woman, except in case that no male is to be found, either in this or any other quarter of the world, of my real lineage, whose name, as well as that of his ancestors, shall have always been Columbus. In such an event, (which may God forefend,) then the female of legitimate birth, most nearly related to the preceding possessor of the estate, shall succeed to it; and this is to be under the conditions herein stipulated at foot, which must be understood to extend as well to Don Diego, my son, as to the aforesaid and their heirs, every one of them, to be fulfilled by them; and failing to do so, they are to be deprived of the succession, for not having complied with what shall herein be expressed; and the estate to pass to the person most nearly related to the one who held the right: and the person thus succeeding shall in like manner forfeit the estate, should he also fail to comply with said conditions; and another person, the nearest of my lineage, shall succeed, provided he abide by them, so that they may be observed forever in the form prescribed. This forfeiture is not to be incurred for trifling matters, originating in lawsuits, but in important cases, when the glory of God, or my own, or that of my family, may be concerned, which supposes a perfect fulfillment of all the things hereby ordained; all which I recommend to the courts of justice. And I supplicate his Holiness, who now is, and those that may succeed in the holy church, that if it should happen that this my will and testament has need of his holy order and command for its fulfillment, that such order be issued in virtue of obedience, and under penalty of excommunication, and that it shall not be in anywise disfigured. And I also pray the king and queen, our sovereigns, and their eldest-born, Prince Don Juan, our lord, and their successors, for the sake of the services I have done them, and

because it is just, that it may please them not to permit this my will and constitution of my entailed estate to be any way altered, but to leave it in the form and manner which I have ordained, forever, for the greater glory of the Almighty, and that it may be the root and basis of my lineage, and a memento of the services I have rendered their highnesses ; that, being born in Genoa, I came over to serve them in Castile, and discovered to the west of Terra Firma, the Indies and small islands before mentioned. I accordingly pray their highnesses to order that this my privilege and testament be held valid, and be executed summarily and without any opposition or demur, according to the letter. I also pray the grandees of the realm and the lords of the council, and all others having administration of justice, to be pleased not to suffer this my will and testament to be of no avail, but to cause it to be fulfilled as by me ordained; it being just that a noble, who has served the king and queen, and the kingdom, should be respected in the disposition of his estate by will, testament, institution of entail or inheritance, and that the same be not infringed either in whole or in part.

In the first place, my son Don Diego, and all my successors and descendants, as well as my brothers Bartholomew and Diego, shall bear my arms, such as I shall leave them after my days, without inserting anything else in them ; and they shall be their seal to seal withal. Don Diego my son, or any other who may inherit this estate, on coming into possession of the inheritance, shall sign with the signature which I now make use of, which is an X with an S over it, and an M with a Roman A over it, and over that an S, and then a Greek Y, with an S over it, with its lines and points as is my custom, as may be seen by my signatures, of which there are many, and it will be seen by the present one.

He shall only write "the Admiral," whatever other titles the king may have conferred on him. This is to be understood as respects his signature, but not the enumeration of his titles, which he can make at full length if agreeable, only the signature is to be "the Admiral."

The said Don Diego, or any other inheritor of this estate, shall possess the offices of admiral of the ocean, which is to the west of an imaginary line which his highness ordered to be drawn, running from pole to pole a

hundred leagues beyond the Azores, and as many more beyond the Cape de Verd Islands, over all which I was made, by their order, their admiral of the sea, with all the preëminences held by Don Henrique in the admiralty of Castile, and they made me their governor and viceroy perpetually and forever, over all the islands and main-land discovered, or to be discovered, for myself and heirs, as is more fully shown by my treaty and privilege as above mentioned.

Item : The said Don Diego, or any other inheritor of this estate, shall distribute the revenue which it may please our Lord to grant him, in the following manner, under the above penalty.

First—Of the whole income of this estate, now and at all times, and of whatever may be had or collected from it, he shall give the fourth part annually to my brother Don Bartholomew Columbus, Adelantado of the Indies ; and this is to continue till he shall have acquired an income of a million of maravedis, for his support, and for the services he has rendered and will continue to render to this entailed estate; which million he is to receive, as stated, every year, if the said fourth amount to so much, and that he have nothing else; but if he possess a part or the whole of that amount in rents, that thenceforth he shall not enjoy the said million, nor any part of it, except that he shall have in the said fourth part unto the said quantity of a million, if it should amount to so much; and as much as he shall have of revenue beside this fourth part, whatever sum of maravedis of known rent from property or perpetual offices, the said quantity of rent or revenue from property or offices shall be discounted ; and from the said million shall be reserved whatever marriage portion he may receive with any female he may espouse ; so that whatever he may receive in marriage with his wife, no deduction shall be made on that account from said million, but only for whatever he may acquire, or may have, over and above his wife's dowry ; and when it shall please God that he or his heirs and descendants shall derive from their property and office a revenue of a million arising from rents, neither he nor his heirs shall enjoy any longer anything from the said fourth part of the entailed estate, which shall remain with Don Diego, or whoever may inherit it.

Item : From the revenues of the said estate, or from any other fourth

part of it, (should its amount be adequate to it,) shall be paid every year to my son Ferdinand two millions, till such time as his revenue shall amount to two millions, in the same form and manner as in the case of Bartholomew, who, as well as his heirs, are to have the million or the part that may be wanting.

Item : The said Don Diego or Don Bartholomew shall make, out of the said estate, for my brother Diego, such provision as may enable him to live decently, as he is my brother, to whom I assign no particular sum as he has attached himself to the church, and that will be given him which is right: and this to be given him in a mass, and before anything shall have been received by Ferdinand my son, or Bartholomew my brother, or their heirs, and also according to the amount of the income of the estate. And in case of discord, the case is to be referred to two of our relations, or other men of honor; and should they disagree among themselves, they will choose a third person as arbitrator, being virtuous and not distrusted by either party.

Item : All this revenue which I bequeath to Bartholomew, to Ferdinand, and to Diego, shall be delivered to and received by them as prescribed under the obligation of being faithful and loyal to Diego my son, or his heirs, they as well as their children : and should it appear that they, or any of them, had proceeded against him in anything touching his honor, or the prosperity of the family, or of the estate, either in word or deed, whereby might come a scandal and debasement to my family, and a detriment to my estate ; in that case, nothing farther shall be given to them or him, from that time forward, inasmuch as they are always to be faithful to Diego and to his successors.

Item : As it was my intention, when I first instituted this entailed estate, to dispose, or that my son Diego should dispose for me, of the tenth part of the income in favor of necessitous persons, as a tithe, and in commemoration of the Almighty and Eternal God ; and persisting still in this opinion, and hoping that His High Majesty will assist me, and those who may inherit it, in this or the New World, I have resolved that the said tithe shall be paid in the manner following :

First—It is to be understood that the fourth part of the revenue of the estate which I have ordained and directed to be given to Don Bartholo-

mew, till he have an income of one million, includes the tenth of the whole revenue of the estate ; and that as in proportion as the income of my brother Don Bartholomew shall increase, as it has to be discounted from the revenue of the fourth part of the entailed estate, that the said revenue shall be calculated, to know how much the tenth part amounts to ; and the part which exceeds what is necessary to make up the million for Don Bartholomew shall be received by such of my family as may most stand in need of it, discounting it from said tenth, if their income do not amount to fifty thousand maravedis; and should any of these come to have an income to this amount, such a part shall be awarded them as two persons, chosen for the purpose, may determine along with Don Diego, or his heirs. Thus, it is to be understood that the million which I leave to Don Bartholomew comprehends the tenth of the whole revenue of the estate ; which revenue is to be distributed among my nearest and most needy relations in the manner I have directed ; and when Don Bartholomew have an income of one million, and that nothing more shall be due to him on account of said fourth part, then, Don Diego my son, or the person who may be in possession of the estate, along with the two other persons which I shall herein point out, shall inspect the accounts, and so direct, that the tenth of the revenue shall still continue to be paid to the most necessitous members of my family that may be found in this or any other quarter of the world, who shall be diligently sought out; and they are to be paid out of the fourth part from which Don Bartholomew is to derive his million ; which sums are to be taken into account, and deducted from the said tenth, which, should it amount to more, the overplus, as it arises from the fourth part, shall be given to the most necessitous persons as aforesaid and should it not be sufficient, that Don Bartholomew shall have it until his own estate goes on increasing, leaving the said million in part or in the whole.

Item : The said Don Diego my son, or whoever may be the inheritor, shall appoint two persons of conscience and authority, and most nearly related to the family, who are to examine the revenue and its amount carefully, and to cause the said tenth to be paid out of the fourth from which Don Bartholomew is to receive his million, to the most necessi-

tated members of my family that may be found here or elsewhere, whom they shall look for diligently upon their consciences; and as it might happen that said Don Diego, or others after him, for reasons which may concern their own welfare, or the credit and support of the estate, may be unwilling to make known the full amount of the income; nevertheless I charge him, on his conscience, to pay the sum aforesaid; and I charge them, on their souls and consciences, not to denounce or make it known, except with the consent of Don Diego, or the person that may succeed him; but let the above tithe be paid in the manner I have directed.

Item : In order to avoid all disputes in the choice of the two nearest relations who are to act with Don Diego or his heirs, I hereby elect Don Bartholomew my brother for one, and Don Fernando my son for the other ; and when these two shall enter upon the business, they shall choose two other persons among the most trusty, and most nearly related, and these again shall elect two others when it shall be question of commencing the examination; and thus it shall be managed with diligence from one to the other, as well in this as in the other of government, for the service and glory of God, and the benefit of the said entailed estate.

Item : I also enjoin Diego, or any one that may inherit the estate, to have and maintain in the city of Genoa, one person of our lineage to reside there with his wife, and appoint him a sufficient revenue to enable him to live decently, as a person closely connected with the family, of which he is to be the root and basis in that city ; from which great good may accrue to him, inasmuch as I was born there, and came from thence.

Item : The said Don Diego, or whoever shall inherit the estate, must remit in bills, or in any other way, all such sums as he may be able to save out of the revenue of the estate, and direct purchases to be made in his name, or that of his heirs, in a stock in the Bank of St. George, which gives an interest of six per cent. and in secure money; and this shall be devoted to the purpose I am about to explain.

Item : As it becomes every man of property to serve God, either personally or by means of his wealth, and as all moneys deposited with St. George are quite safe, and Genoa is a noble city, and powerful by sea, and as at the time that I undertook to set out upon the discov-

ery of the Indies, it was with the intention of supplicating the king and queen, our lords, that whatever moneys should be derived from the said Indies, should be invested in the conquest of Jerusalem ; and as I did so supplicate them ; if they do this, it will be well ; if not, at all events, the said Diego, or such person as may succeed him in this trust, to collect together all the money he can, and accompany the king our lord, should he go to the conquest of Jerusalem, or else go there himself with all the force he can command ; and in pursuing this intention, it will please the Lord to assist towards the accomplishment of the plan ; and should he not be able to effect the conquest of the whole, no doubt he will achieve it in part. Let him therefore collect and make a fund of all his wealth in St. George of Genoa, and let it multiply there till such time as it may appear to him that something of consequence may be effected as respects the project on Jerusalem ; for I believe that when their highnesses shall see that this is contemplated, they will wish to realize it themselves, or will afford him, as their servant and vassal, the means of doing it for them.

Item : I charge my son Diego and my descendants, especially whoever may inherit this estate, which consists, as aforesaid, of the tenth of whatsoever may be had or found in the Indies, and the eighth part of the lands and rents, all which, together with my rights and emoluments as admiral, viceroy, and governor, amount to more than twenty-five per cent. ; I say, that I require of him to employ all this revenue, as well as his person and all the means in his power, in well and faithfully serving and supporting their highnesses, or their successors, even to the loss of life and property ; since it was their highnesses, next to God, who first gave me the means of getting and achieving this property, although it is true, I came over to these realms to invite them to the enterprise, and that a long time elapsed before any provision was made for carrying it into execution ; which, however, is not surprising, as this was an undertaking of which all the world was ignorant, and no one had any faith in it ; wherefore I am by so much the more indebted to them, as well as because they have since also much favored and promoted me.

Item : I also require of Diego, or whomsoever may be in possession of the estate, that in the case of any schism taking place in the church of

God, or that any person of whatever class or condition should attempt to despoil it of its property and honors, they hasten to offer at the feet of his holiness, that is, if they are not heretics (which God forbid !) their persons, power, and wealth, for the purpose of suppressing such schism, and preventing any spoliation of the honor and property of the church.

Item: I command the said Diego, or whoever may possess the said estate, to labor and strive for the honor, welfare, and aggrandizement of the city of Genoa, and to make use of all his power and means in defending and enhancing the good and credit of that republic, in all things not contrary to the service of the church of God, or the high dignity of our king and queen, our lords, and their successors.

Item : The said Diego, or whoever may possess or succeed to the estate, out of the fourth part of the whole revenue, from which, as aforesaid, is to be taken the tenth, when Don Bartholomew or his heirs shall have saved the two millions, or part of them, and when the time shall come of making a distribution among our relations, shall apply and invest the said tenth in providing marriages for such daughters of our lineage as may require it, and in doing all the good in their power.

Item: When a suitable time shall arrive, he shall order a church to be built in the island of Hispaniola, and in the most convenient spot, to be called Santa Maria de la Concepcion; to which is to be annexed an hospital, upon the best possible plan, like those of Italy and Castile, and a chapel erected to say mass in for the good of my soul, and those of my ancestors and successors with great devotion, since no doubt it will please the Lord to give us a sufficient revenue for this and the aforementioned purposes.

Item: I also order Diego my son, or whomsoever may inherit after him, to spare no pains in having and maintaining in the island of Hispaniola, four good professors of theology, to the end and aim of their studying and laboring to convert to our holy faith the inhabitants of the Indies; and in proportion as, by God's will, the revenue of the estate shall increase, in the same degree shall the number of teachers and devout increase, who are to strive to make Christians of the natives; in attaining which no expense should be thought too great. And in commemoration of all that I hereby ordain, and of the foregoing, a monument of marble shall be

erected in the said church of la Concepcion, in the most conspicuous place, to serve as a record of what I here enjoin on the said Diego, as well as to other persons who may look upon it; which marble shall contain an inscription to the same effect.

Item : I also require of Diego my son, and whomsoever may succeed him in the estate, that every time, and as often as he confesses, he first show this obligation, or a copy of it, to the confessor, praying him to read it through, that he may be enabled to inquire respecting its fulfillment; from which will redound great good and happiness to his soul.

S.
S. A. S.
X. M. Y.
EL ALMIRANTE.

No. XXXVII.

SIGNATURE OF COLUMBUS.

As everything respecting Columbus is full of interest, his signature has been a matter of some discussion. It partook of the pedantic and bigoted character of the age, and perhaps of the peculiar character of the man, who, considering himself mysteriously elected and set apart from among men for certain great purposes, adopted a correspondent formality and solemnity in all his concerns. His signature was as follows :

S.
S. A. S.
X. M. Y.
XPO FERENS.

The first half of the signature, XPO, (for CHRISTO,) is in Greek letters ; the second, FERENS, is in Latin. Such was the usage of those days ; and even at present both Greek and Roman letters are used in signatures and inscriptions in Spain.

The ciphers or initials above the signature are supposed to represent a pious ejaculation. To read them one must begin with the lower letters, and connect them with those above. Signor Gio. Batista Spotorno conjectures them to mean either Xristus (Christus), Sancta Maria, Yosephus, or, Salve me, Xristus, Maria, Yosephus. The North American Review, for April, 1827, suggests the substitution of Jesus for Josephus, but the suggestion of Spotorno is most probably correct, as a common Spanish ejaculation is "Jesus, Maria, y José."

It was an ancient usage in Spain, and it has not entirely gone by, to accompany the signature with some words of religious purport. One object of this practice was to show the writer to be a Christian. This was of some importance in a country in which Jews and Mahometans were proscribed and persecuted.

Don Fernando, son of Columbus, says that his father, when he took his pen in hand, usually commenced by writing "Jesus cum Maria sit nobis in via;" and the book which the admiral prepared and sent to the sovereigns, containing the prophecies which he considered as referring to his discoveries, and to the rescue of the holy sepulchre, begins with the same words. This practice is akin to that of placing the initials of pious words above his signature, and gives great probability to the mode in which they have been deciphered.

No. XXXVIII.

A VISIT TO PALOS.

[The following narrative was actually commenced, by the author of this work, as a letter to a friend, but unexpectedly swelled to its present size. He has been induced to insert it here from the idea, that many will feel the same curiosity to know something of the present state of Palos and its inhabitants that led him to make the journey.]

SEVILLE, 1828.

SINCE I last wrote to you, I have made what I may term an American pilgrimage, to visit the little port of Palos, in Andalusia, where Colum-

bus fitted out his ships, and whence he sailed for the discovery of the New World. Need I tell you how deeply interesting and gratifying it has been to me ? I had long meditated this excursion, as a kind of pious, and, if I may so say, filial duty of an American, and my intention was quickened when I learnt that many of the edifices, mentioned in the History of Columbus, still remained in nearly the same state in which they existed at the time of his sojourn at Palos, and that the descendants of the intrepid Pinzons, who aided him with ships and money, and sailed with him in the great voyage of discovery, still flourished in the neighborhood.

The very evening before my departure from Seville on the excursion, I heard that there was a young gentleman of the Pinzon family studying law in the city. I got introduced to him, and found him of most prepossessing appearance and manners. He gave me a letter of introduction to his father, Don Juan Fernandez Pinzon, resident of Moguer, and the present head of the family.

As it was in the middle of August, and the weather intensely hot, I hired a calesa for the journey. This is a two-wheeled carriage, resembling a cabriolet, but of the most primitive and rude construction ; the harness is profusely ornamented with brass, and the horse's head decorated with tufts and tassels and dangling bobs of scarlet and yellow worsted. I had for calasero, a tall, long-legged Andalusian, in short jacket, little round-crowned hat, breeches decorated with buttons from the hip to the knees, and a pair of russet leather bottinas or spatterdashes. He was an active fellow, though uncommonly taciturn for an Andalusian, and strode along beside his horse, rousing him occasionally to greater speed by a loud malediction or a hearty thwack of his cudgel.

In this style, I set off late in the day to avoid the noontide heat, and, after ascending the lofty range of hills which borders the great valley of the Guadalquiver, and having a rough ride among their heights, I descended about twilight into one of those vast, silent, melancholy plains, frequent in Spain, where I beheld no other signs of life than a roaming flock of bustards, and a distant herd of cattle, guarded by a solitary herdsman, who, with a long pike planted in the earth, stood motionless in

the midst of the dreary landscape, resembling an Arab of the desert. The night had somewhat advanced when we stopped to repose for a few hours at a solitary venta or inn, if it might so be called, being nothing more than a vast low-roofed stable, divided into several compartments for the reception of the troops of mules and arrieros (or carriers) who carry on the internal trade of Spain. Accommodation for the traveller there was none—not even for a traveller so easily accommodated as myself. The landlord had no food to give me, and as to a bed, he had none but a horse-cloth, on which his only child, a boy of eight years old, lay naked on the earthen floor. Indeed the heat of the weather and the fumes from the stables made the interior of the hovel insupportable ; so I was fain to bivouac, on my cloak, on the pavement, at the door of the venta, where, on waking, after two or three hours of sound sleep, I found a contrabandista (or smuggler) snoring beside me, with his blunderbuss on his arm.

I resumed my journey before break of day, and had made several leagues by ten o'clock, when we stopped to breakfast, and to pass the sultry hours of mid-day in a large village ; whence we departed about four o'clock, and after passing through the same kind of solitary country, arrived just after sunset at Moguer. This little city (for at present it is a city) is situated about a league from Palos, of which place it has gradually absorbed all the respectable inhabitants, and, among the number, the whole family of the Pinzons.

So remote is this little place from the stir and bustle of travel, and so destitute of the show and vainglory of this world, that my calesa, as it rattled and jingled along the narrow and ill-paved streets, caused a great sensation; the children shouted and scampered along by its side, admiring its splendid trappings of brass and worsted, and gazing with reverence at the important stranger who came in so gorgeous an equipage.

I drove up to the principal posada, the landlord of which was at the door. He was one of the very civilest men in the world, and disposed to do everything in his power to make me comfortable ; there was only one difficulty, he had neither bed nor bedroom in his house. In fact it was a mere venta for muleteers, who are accustomed to sleep on the ground, with their mule cloths for beds and pack-saddles for pillows. It was a

hard case, but there was no better posada in the place. Few people travel for pleasure or curiosity in these out-of-the-way parts of Spain, and those of any note are generally received into private houses. I had travelled sufficiently in Spain to find out that a bed, after all, is not an article of indispensable necessity, and was about to bespeak some quiet corner where I might spread my cloak, when fortunately the landlord's wife came forth. She could not have a more obliging disposition than her husband, but then—God bless the women !—they always know how to carry their good wishes into effect. In a little while a small room, about ten feet square, which had formed a thoroughfare between the stables and a kind of shop or bar-room, was cleared of a variety of lumber, and I was assured that a bed should be put up there for me. From the consultations I saw my hostess holding with some of her neighbor gossips, I fancied the bed was to be a kind of piecemeal contribution among them for the credit of the house.

As soon as I could change my dress, I commenced the historical researches which were the object of my journey, and inquired for the abode of Don Juan Fernandez Pinzon. My obliging landlord himself volunteered to conduct me thither, and I set off full of animation at the thoughts of meeting with the lineal representative of one of the coadjutors of Columbus.

A short walk brought us to the house, which was most respectable in its appearance, indicating easy, if not affluent, circumstances. The door, as is customary in Spanish villages, during summer, stood wide open. We entered with the usual salutation or rather summons, "Ave Maria!" A trim Andalusian handmaid answered to the call, and, on our inquiring for the master of the house, led the way across a little patio or court, in the centre of the edifice, cooled by a fountain surrounded by shrubs and flowers, to a back court or terrace, likewise set out with flowers, where Don Juan Fernandez was seated with his family, enjoying the serene evening in the open air.

I was much pleased with his appearance. He was a venerable old gentleman, tall, and somewhat thin, with fair complexion and gray hair. He received me with great urbanity, and on reading the letter from his

son, appeared struck with surprise to find I had come quite to Moguer merely to visit the scene of the embarkation of Columbus ; and still more so on my telling him that one of my leading objects of curiosity was his own family connection ; for it would seem that the worthy cavalier had troubled his head but little about the enterprises of his ancestors.

I now took my seat in the domestic circle, and soon felt myself quite at home, for there is generally a frankness in the hospitality of Spaniards, that soon puts a stranger at his ease beneath their roof. The wife of Don Juan Fernandez was extremely amiable and affable, possessing much of that natural aptness for which the Spanish women are remarkable. In the course of conversation with them I learnt that Don Juan Fernandez, who is seventy-two years of age, is the eldest of five brothers, all of whom are married, have numerous offspring, and live in Moguer and its vicinity, in nearly the same condition and rank of life as at the time of the discovery. This agreed with what I had previously heard respecting the families of the discoverers. Of Columbus no lineal and direct descendant exists ; his was an exotic stock which never took deep and lasting root in the country; but the race of the Pinzons continues to thrive and multiply in its native soil.

While I was yet conversing, a gentleman entered, who was introduced to me as Don Luis Fernandez Pinzon, the youngest of the brothers. He appeared between fifty and sixty years of age, somewhat robust, with fair complexion, gray hair, and a frank and manly deportment. He is the only one of the present generation that has followed the ancient profession of the family; having served with great applause as an officer of the royal navy, from which he retired, on his marriage, about twenty-two years since. He is the one, also, who takes the greatest interest and pride in the historical honors of his house, carefully preserving all the legends and documents of the achievements and distinctions of his family, a manuscript volume of which he lent to me for my inspection.

Don Juan now expressed a wish that, during my residence in Moguer, I would make his house my home. I endeavored to excuse myself, alleging, that the good people at the posada had been at such extraordinary trouble in preparing quarters for me, that I did not like to disappoint them. The

worthy old gentleman undertook to arrange all this, and, while supper was preparing, we walked together to the posada. I found that my obliging host and hostess had indeed exerted themselves to an uncommon degree. An old rickety table had been spread out in a corner of the little room as a bedstead, on top of which was propped up a grand *cama de luxo*, or state bed, which appeared to be the admiration of the house. I could not, for the soul of me, appear to undervalue what the poor people had prepared with such hearty good-will, and considered such a triumph of art and luxury; so I again entreated Don Juan to dispense with my sleeping at his house, promising most faithfully to take my meals there whilst I should stay at Moguer, and as the old gentleman understood my motives for declining his invitation, and felt a good-humored sympathy in them, we readily arranged the matter. I returned therefore with Don Juan to his house and supped with his family. During the repast a plan was agreed upon for my visit to Palos, and to the convent La Rabida, in which Don Juan volunteered to accompany me and be my guide, and the following day was allotted to the expedition. We were to breakfast at a hacienda, or country-seat, which he possessed in the vicinity of Palos, in the midst of his vineyards, and were to dine there on our return from the convent. These arrangements being made, we parted for the night; I returned to the posada highly gratified with my visit, and slept soundly in the extraordinary bed which, I may almost say, had been invented for my accommodation.

On the following morning, bright and early, Don Juan Fernandez and myself set off in the calesa for Palos. I felt apprehensive at first, that the kind-hearted old gentleman, in his anxiety to oblige, had left his bed at too early an hour, and was exposing himself to fatigues unsuited to his age. He laughed at the idea, and assured me that he was an early riser, and accustomed to all kinds of exercise on horse and foot, being a keen sportsman, and frequently passing days together among the mountains on shooting expeditions, taking with him servants, horses, and provisions, and living in a tent. He appeared, in fact, to be of an active habit, and to possess a youthful vivacity of spirit. His cheerful disposition rendered our morning drive extremely agreeable; his urbanity was

shown to every one whom we met on the road ; even the common peasant was saluted by him with the appellation of *caballero*, a mark of respect ever gratifying to the poor but proud Spaniard, when yielded by a superior.

As the tide was out we drove along the flat grounds bordering the Tinto. The river was on our right, while on our left was a range of hills, jutting out into promontories, one beyond the other, and covered with vineyards and fig-trees. The weather was serene, the air soft and balmy, and the landscape of that gentle kind calculated to put one in a quiet and happy humor. We passed close by the skirts of Palos, and drove to the hacienda, which is situated at some little distance from the village between it and the river. The house is a low stone building, well whitewashed, and of great length ; one end being fitted up as a summer residence, with saloons, bedrooms, and a domestic chapel ; and the other as a bodega or magazine for the reception of the wine produced on the estate.

The house stands on a hill, amidst vineyards, which are supposed to cover a part of the site of the ancient town of Palos, now shrunk to a miserable village. Beyond these vineyards, on the crest of a distant hill, are seen the white walls of the convent of La Rabida rising above a dark wood of pine-trees.

Below the hacienda flows the river Tinto, on which Columbus embarked. It is divided by a low tongue of land, or rather the sand-bar of Saltes, from the river Odiel, with which it soon mingles its waters, and flows on to the ocean. Beside this sand-bar, where the channel of the river runs deep, the squadron of Columbus was anchored, and thence he made sail on the morning of his departure.

The soft breeze that was blowing scarcely ruffled the surface of this beautiful river ; two or three picturesque barks, called mystics, with long latine sails, were gliding down it. A little aid of the imagination might suffice to picture them as the light caravels of Columbus, sallying forth on their eventful expedition, while the distant bells of the town of Huelva, which were ringing melodiously, might be supposed as cheering the voyagers with a farewell peal.

I cannot express to you what were my feelings on treading the shore

which had once been animated with the bustle of departure, and whose sands had been printed by the last footstep of Columbus. The solemn and sublime nature of the event that had followed, together with the fate and fortunes of those concerned in it, filled the mind with vague yet melancholy ideas. It was like viewing the silent and empty stage of some great drama when all the actors had departed. The very aspect of the landscape, so tranquilly beautiful, had an effect upon me ; and as I paced the deserted shores by the side of a descendant of one of the discoverers, I felt my heart swelling with emotions and my eyes filling with tears.

What surprised me was, to find no semblance of a seaport ; there was neither wharf nor landing-place—nothing but a naked river bank, with the hulk of a ferry-boat, which I was told carried passengers to Huelva, lying high and dry on the sands, deserted by the tide. Palos, though it has doubtless dwindled away from its former size, can never have been important as to extent and population. If it possessed warehouses on the beach, they have disappeared. It is at present a mere village of the poorest kind, and lies nearly a quarter of a mile from the river, in a hollow among hills. It contains a few hundred inhabitants, who subsist principally by laboring in the fields and vineyards. Its race of merchants and mariners is extinct. There are no vessels belonging to the place, nor any show of traffic, excepting at the season of fruit and wine, when a few mystics and other light barks anchor in the river to collect the produce of the neighborhood. The people are totally ignorant, and it is probable that the greater part of them scarce know even the name of America. Such is the place whence sallied forth the enterprise for the discovery of the western world !

We were now summoned to breakfast in a little saloon of the hacienda. The table was covered with natural luxuries produced upon the spot—fine purple and muscatel grapes from the adjacent vineyard, delicious melons from the garden, and generous wines made on the estate. The repast was heightened by the genial manners of my hospitable host, who appeared to possess the most enviable cheerfulness of spirit and simplicity of heart.

After breakfast we set off in the calesa to visit the convent of La

Rabida, about half a league distant. The road, for a part of the way, lay through the vineyards, and was deep and sandy. The calasero had been at his wit's end to conceive what motive a stranger like myself, apparently travelling for mere amusement, could have in coming so far to see so miserable a place as Palos, which he set down as one of the very poorest places in the whole world; but this additional toil and struggle through deep sand to visit the old convent of La Rabida completed his confusion—"Hombre!" exclaimed he, "es una ruina! no hay mas que dos frailes!"—"Zounds! why it's a ruin! there are only two friars there!" Don Juan laughed, and told him that I had come all the way from Seville precisely to see that old ruin and those two friars. The calasero made the Spaniard's last reply when he is perplexed—he shrugged his shoulders and crossed himself. After ascending a hill and passing through the skirts of a straggling pine wood, we arrived in front of the convent. It stands in a bleak and solitary situation, on the brow of a rocky height or promontory, overlooking to the west a wide range of sea and land, bounded by the frontier mountains of Portugal, about eight leagues distant. The convent is shut out from a view of the vineyard of Palos by the gloomy forest of pines already mentioned, which cover the promontory to the east, and darken the whole landscape in that direction.

There is nothing remarkable in the architecture of the convent; part of it is Gothic, but the edifice, having been frequently repaired, and being whitewashed, according to a universal custom in Andalusia, inherited from the Moors, has not that venerable aspect which might be expected from its antiquity.

We alighted at the gate where Columbus, when a poor pedestrian, a stranger in the land, asked bread and water for his child! As long as the convent stands, this must be a spot calculated to awaken the most thrilling interest. The gate remains apparently in nearly the same state as at the time of his visit, but there is no longer a porter at hand to administer to the wants of the wayfarer. The door stood wide open, and admitted us into a small court-yard. Thence we passed through a Gothic portal into the chapel, without seeing a human being. We then traversed

two interior cloisters, equally vacant and silent, and bearing a look of neglect and dilapidation. From an open window we had a peep at what had once been a garden, but that had also gone to ruin ; the walls were broken and thrown down; a few shrubs, and a scattered fig-tree or two, were all the traces of cultivation that remained. We passed through the long dormitories, but the cells were shut up and abandoned ; we saw no living thing except a solitary cat stealing across a distant corridor, which fled in a panic at the unusual sight of strangers. At length, after patrolling nearly the whole of the empty building to the echo of our own footsteps, we came to where the door of a cell, being partly open, gave us the sight of a monk within, seated at a table writing. He rose, and received us with much civility, and conducted us to the superior, who was reading in an adjacent cell. They were both rather young men, and, together with a novitiate and a lay-brother, who officiated as cook, formed the whole community of the convent.

Don Juan Fernandez communicated to them the object of my visit, and my desire also to inspect the archives of the convent, to find if there was any record of the sojourn of Columbus. They informed us that the archives had been entirely destroyed by the French. The younger monk, however, who had perused them, had a vague recollection of various particulars concerning the transactions of Columbus at Palos, his visit to the convent, and the sailing of his expedition. From all that he cited, however, it appeared to me that all the information on the subject contained in the archives had been extracted from Herrera and other well known authors. The monk was talkative and eloquent, and soon diverged from the subject of Columbus, to one which he considered of infinitely greater importance—the miraculous image of the Virgin possessed by their convent, and known by the name of "Our Lady of La Rabida." He gave us a history of the wonderful way in which the image had been found buried in the earth, where it had lain hidden for ages, since the time of the conquest of Spain by the Moors ; the disputes between the convent and different places in the neighborhood for the possession of it ; the marvelous protection it extended to the adjacent country, especially in preventing all madness, either in man or dog, for this malady was an-

ciently so prevalent in this place as to gain it the appellation of La Rabia, by which it was originally called ; a name which, thanks to the beneficent influence of the Virgin, it no longer merited nor retained. Such are the legends and relics with which every convent in Spain is enriched, which are zealously cried up by the monks, and devoutly credited by the populace.

Twice a year on the festival of our Lady of La Rabida, and on that of the patron saint of the order, the solitude and silence of the convent are interrupted by the intrusion of a swarming multitude, composed of the inhabitants of Moguer, or Huelva, and the neighboring plains and mountains. The open esplanade in front of the edifice resembles a fair, the adjacent forest teems with the motley throng, and the image of our Lady of La Rabida is borne forth in triumphant procession.

While the friar was thus dilating upon the merits and renown of the image, I amused myself with those day dreams, or conjurings of the imagination, to which I am a little given. As the internal arrangements of convents are apt to be the same from age to age, I pictured to myself this chamber as the same inhabited by the guardian, Juan Perez de Marchena, at the time of the visit of Columbus. Why might not the old and ponderous table before me be the very one on which he displayed his conjectural maps, and expounded his theory of a western route to India ? It required but another stretch of the imagination to assemble the little conclave around the table ; Juan Perez the friar, Garci Fernandez the physician, and Martin Alonzo Pinzon the bold navigator, all listening with rapt attention to Columbus, or to the tale of some old seaman of Palos, about islands seen in the western parts of the ocean.

The friars, as far as their poor means and scanty knowledge extended, were disposed to do everything to promote the object of my visit. They showed us all parts of the convent, which however, has little to boast of, excepting the historical associations connected with it. The library was reduced to a few volumes, chiefly on ecclesiastical subjects, piled promiscuously in the corner of a vaulted chamber, and covered with dust. The chamber itself was curious, being the most ancient part of the edifice, and supposed to have formed part of a temple in the time of the Romans.

We ascended to the roof of the convent to enjoy the extensive prospect it commands. Immediately below the promontory on which it is situated runs a narrow but tolerably deep river, called the Domingo Rubio, which empties itself into the Tinto. It is the opinion of Don Luis Fernandez Pinzon, that the ships of Columbus were careened and fitted out in this river, as it affords better shelter than the Tinto, and its shores are not so shallow. A lonely bark of a fisherman was lying in this stream, and not far off, on a sandy point, were the ruins of an ancient watch-tower. From the roof of the convent, all the windings of the Odiel and the Tinto were to be seen, and their junction into the main stream, by which Columbus sallied forth to sea. In fact the convent serves as a landmark, being, from its lofty and solitary situation, visible for a considerable distance to vessels coming on the coast. On the opposite side I looked down upon the lonely road, through the wood of pine-trees, by which the zealous guardian of the convent, Fray Juan Perez, departed at midnight on his mule, when he sought the camp of Ferdinand and Isabella in the Vega of Granada, to plead the project of Columbus before the queen.

Having finished our inspection of the convent, we prepared to depart, and were accompanied to the outward portal by the two friars. Our calasero brought his rattling and rickety vehicle for us to mount; at sight of which one of the monks exclaimed, with a smile, "Santa Maria! only to think! A calesa before the gate of the convent of La Rabida!" And, indeed, so solitary and remote is this ancient edifice, and so simple is the mode of living of the people in this by-corner of Spain, that the appearance of even a sorry calesa might well cause astonishment. It is only singular that in such a by-corner the scheme of Columbus should have found intelligent listeners and coadjutors, after it had been discarded, almost with scoffing and contempt, from learned universities and splendid courts.

On our way back to the hacienda, we met Don Rafael, a younger son of Don Juan Fernandez, a fine young man, about twenty-one years of age, and who, his father informed me, was at present studying French and mathematics. He was well mounted on a spirited gray horse, and dressed in the Andalusian style, with the little round hat and jacket.

He sat his horse gracefully, and managed him well. I was pleased with the frank and easy terms on which Don Juan appeared to live with his children. This I was inclined to think his favorite son, as I understood he was the only one that partook of the old gentleman's fondness for the chase, and that accompanied him in his hunting excursions.

A dinner had been prepared for us at the hacienda, by the wife of the capitaz, or overseer, who, with her husband, seemed to be well pleased with this visit from Don Juan, and to be confident of receiving a pleasant answer from the good-humored old gentleman whenever they addressed him. The dinner was served up about two o'clock, and was a most agreeable meal. The fruits and wines were from the estate, and were excellent; the rest of the provisions were from Moguer, for the adjacent village of Palos is too poor to furnish anything. A gentle breeze from the sea played through the hall, and tempered the summer heat. Indeed I do not know when I have seen a more enviable spot than this country retreat of the Pinzons. Its situation on a breezy hill, at no great distance from the sea, and in a southern climate, produces a happy temperature, neither hot in summer nor cold in winter. It commands a beautiful prospect, and is surrounded by natural luxuries. The country abounds with game, the adjacent river affords abundant sport in fishing, both by day and night, and delightful excursions for those fond of sailing. During the busy seasons of rural life, and especially at the joyous period of vintage, the family pass some time here, accompanied by numerous guests, at which times, Don Juan assured me, there was no lack of amusements, both by land and water.

When we had dined, and taken the siesta, or afternoon nap, according to the Spanish custom in summer time, we set out on our return to Moguer, visiting the village of Palos in the way. Don Gabriel had been sent in advance to procure the keys of the village church, and to apprise the curate of our wish to inspect the archives. The village consists principally of two streets of low whitewashed houses. Many of the inhabitants have very dark complexions, betraying a mixture of African blood.

On entering the village, we repaired to the lowly mansion of the curate. I had hoped to find him some such personage as the curate in Don

Quixote, possessed of shrewdness and information in his limited sphere, and that I might gain some anecdotes from him concerning his parish, its worthies, its antiquities, and its historical events. Perhaps I might have done so at any other time, but, unfortunately, the curate was something of a sportsman, and had heard of some game among the neighboring hills. We met him just sallying forth from his house, and, I must confess, his appearance was picturesque. He was a short, broad, sturdy little man, and had doffed his cassock and broad clerical beaver, for a short jacket and a little round Andalusian hat; he had his gun in hand, and was on the point of mounting a donkey which had been led forth by an ancient withered handmaid. Fearful of being detained from his foray, he accosted my companion the moment he came in sight. "God preserve you, Señor Don Juan! I have received your message, and have but one answer to make. The archives have all been destroyed. We have no trace of anything you seek for—nothing—nothing. Don Rafael has the keys of the church. You can examine it at your leisure—Adios, caballero!" With these words the galliard little curate mounted his donkey, thumped his ribs with the butt end of his gun, and trotted off to the hills.

In our way to the church we passed by the ruins of what had once been a fair and spacious dwelling, greatly superior to the other houses of the village. This, Don Juan informed me, was an old family possession, but since they had removed from Palos it had fallen to decay for want of a tenant. It was probably the family residence of Martin Alonzo or Vicente Yañez Pinzon, in the time of Columbus.

We now arrived at the Church of St. George, in the porch of which Columbus first proclaimed to the inhabitants of Palos the order of the sovereigns, that they should furnish him with ships for his great voyage of discovery. This edifice has lately been thoroughly repaired, and, being of solid mason-work, promises to stand for ages, a monument of the discoverers. It stands outside of the village, on the brow of a hill, looking along a little valley toward the river. The remains of a Moorish arch prove it to have been a mosque in former times; just above it, on the crest of the hill, is the ruin of a Moorish castle.

I paused in the porch, and endeavored to recall the interesting scene that had taken place there, when Columbus, accompanied by the zealous friar Juan Perez, caused the public notary to read the royal order in presence of the astonished alcaldes, regidors, and alguazils; but it is difficult to conceive the consternation that must have been struck into so remote a little community, by this sudden apparition of an entire stranger among them, bearing a command that they should put their persons and ships at his disposal, and sail with him away into the unknown wilderness of the ocean.

The interior of the church has nothing remarkable, excepting a wooden image of St. George vanquishing the Dragon, which is erected over the high altar, and is the admiration of the good people of Palos, who bear it about the streets in grand procession on the anniversary of the saint. This group existed in the time of Columbus, and now flourishes in renovated youth and splendor, having been newly painted and gilded, and the countenance of the saint rendered peculiarly blooming and lustrous.

Having finished the examination of the church, we resumed our seats in the calesa and returned to Moguer. One thing only remained to fulfill the object of my pilgrimage. This was to visit the chapel of the Convent of Santa Clara. When Columbus was in danger of being lost in a tempest on his way home from his great voyage of discovery, he made a vow, that, should he be spared, he would watch and pray one whole night in this chapel; a vow which he doubtless fulfilled immediately after his arrival.

My kind and attentive friend, Don Juan, conducted me to the convent. It is the wealthiest in Moguer, and belongs to a sisterhood of Franciscan nuns. The chapel is large, and ornamented with some degree of richness, particularly the part about the high altar, which is embellished by magnificent monuments of the brave family of the Puerto Carreros, the ancient lords of Moguer, and renowned in Moorish warfare. The alabaster effigies of distinguished warriors of that house, and of their wives and sisters, lie side by side, with folded hands, on tombs immediately before the altar, while others recline in deep niches on either side. The night had closed in by the time I entered the church, which made the scene

more impressive. A few votive lamps shed a dim light about the interior; their beams were feebly reflected by the gilded work of the high altar, and the frames of the surrounding paintings, and rested upon the marble figures of the warriors and dames lying in the monumental repose of ages. The solemn pile must have presented much the same appearance when the pious discoverer performed his vigil, kneeling before this very altar, and praying and watching throughout the night, and pouring forth heartfelt praises for having been spared to accomplish his sublime discovery.

I had now completed the main purpose of my journey, having visited the various places connected with the story of Columbus. It was highly gratifying to find some of them so little changed though so great a space of time had intervened ; but in this quiet nook of Spain, so far removed from the main thoroughfares, the lapse of time produces but few violent revolutions. Nothing, however, had surprised and gratified me more than the continued stability of the Pinzon family. On the morning after my excursion to Palos, chance gave me an opportunity of seeing something of the interior of most of their households. Having a curiosity to visit the remains of a Moorish castle, once the citadel of Moguer, Don Fernandez undertook to show me a tower which served as a magazine of wine to one of the Pinzon family. In seeking for the key we were sent from house to house of nearly the whole connection. All appeared to be living in that golden mean equally removed from the wants and superfluities of life, and all to be happily interwoven by kind and cordial habits of intimacy. We found the females of the family generally seated in the patios, or central courts of their dwellings, beneath the shade of awnings and among shrubs and flowers. Here the Andalusian ladies are accustomed to pass their mornings at work, surrounded by their handmaids, in the primitive, or rather, Oriental style. In the porches of some of the houses I observed the coat of arms granted to the family by Charles V., hung up like a picture in a frame. Over the door of Don Luis, the naval officer, it was carved on an escutcheon of stone, and colored. I had gathered many particulars of the family also from conversation with Don Juan, and from the family legend lent me by Don

Luis. From all that I could learn, it would appear that the lapse of nearly three centuries and a half has made but little change in the condition of the Pinzons. From generation to generation they have retained the same fair standing and reputable name throughout the neighborhood, filling offices of public trust and dignity, and possessing great influence over their fellow-citizens by their good sense and good conduct. How rare is it to see such an instance of stability of fortune in this fluctuating world, and how truly honorable is this hereditary respectability, which has been secured by no titles nor entails, but perpetuated merely by the innate worth of the race! I declare to you that the most illustrious descents of mere titled rank could never command the sincere respect and cordial regard with which I contemplated this stanch and enduring family which for three centuries and a half has stood merely upon its virtues.

As I was to set off on my return to Seville before two o'clock, I partook of a farewell repast at the house of Don Juan, between twelve and one, and then took leave of his household with sincere regret. The good old gentleman, with the courtesy, or rather the cordiality of a true Spaniard, accompanied me to the posada, to see me off. I had dispensed but little money in the posada—thanks to the hospitality of the Pinzons—yet the Spanish pride of my host and hostess seemed pleased that I had preferred their humble chamber, and the scanty bed they had provided me, to the spacious mansion of Don Juan; and when I expressed my thanks for their kindness and attention, and regaled mine host with a few choice segars, the heart of the poor man was overcome. He seized me by both hands and gave me a parting benediction, and then ran after the calasero, to enjoin him to take particular care of me during my journey.

Taking a hearty leave of my excellent friend Don Juan, who had been unremitting in his attentions to me to the last moment, I now set off on my wayfaring, gratified to the utmost with my visit, and full of kind and grateful feelings towards Moguer and its hospitable inhabitants.

No. XXXIX.

MANIFESTO OF ALONZO DE OJEDA.

The following curious formula, composed by learned divines in Spain, was first read aloud by the friars in the train of Alonzo de Ojeda, as a prelude to his attack on the savages of Carthagena, and was subsequently adopted by the Spanish discoverers in general, in their invasions of Indian countries.

"I, Alonzo de Ojeda, servant of the high and mighty kings of Castile and Leon, civilizers of barbarous nations, their messenger and captain, notify and make known to you, in the best way I can, that God our Lord, one and eternal, created the heavens and earth, and one man and one woman, from whom you, and we, and all the people of the earth, were and are descendants, procreated, and all those who shall come after us; but the vast number of generations which have proceeded from them in the course of more than five thousand years that have elapsed since the creation of the world, made it necessary that some of the human race should disperse in one direction, and some in another, and that they should divide themselves into many kingdoms and provinces, as they could not sustain and preserve themselves in one alone. All these people were given in charge, by God our Lord, to one person, named Saint Peter, who was thus made lord and superior of all the people of the earth, and head of the whole human lineage; whom all should obey, wherever they might live, and whatever might be their law, sect, or belief; he gave him also the whole world for his service and jurisdiction; and though he desired that he should establish his chair in Rome, as a place most convenient for governing the world, yet he permitted that he might establish his chair in any other part of the world, and judge and govern all the nations, Christians, Moors, Jews, Gentiles, and whatever other sect or belief might be. This person was denominated Pope, that is to say, Admirable, Supreme, Father and Guardian, because he is father

and governor of all mankind. This holy father was obeyed and honored as lord, king, and superior of the universe by those who lived in his time, and, in like manner, have been obeyed and honored all those who have been elected to the pontificate ; and thus it has continued unto the present day, and will continue until the end of the world.

"One of these pontiffs, of whom I have spoken, as lord of the world, made a donation of these islands and continents of the ocean sea, and all that they contain, to the Catholic kings of Castile, who, at that time, were Ferdinand and Isabella, of glorious memory, and to their successors, our sovereigns, according to the tenor of certain papers, drawn up for the purpose (which you may see, if you desire). Thus his majesty is king and sovereign of these islands and continents by virtue of the said donation, and, as king and sovereign, certain islands, and almost all, to whom this has been notified, have received his majesty, and have obeyed and served, and do actually serve him. And, moreover, like good subjects, and with good will, and without any resistance or delay, the moment they were informed of the foregoing, they obeyed all the religious men sent among them to preach and teach our holy faith ; and these of their free and cheerful will, without any condition or reward, became Christians, and continue so to be. And his majesty received them kindly and benignantly, and ordered that they should be treated like his other subjects and vassals. You also are required and obliged to do the same. Therefore, in the best manner I can, I pray and entreat you, that you consider well what I have said, and that you take whatever time is reasonable to understand and deliberate upon it, and that you recognize the church for sovereign and superior of the universal world, and the supreme pontiff, called pope, in her name, and his majesty, in his place, as superior and sovereign king of the islands and terra firma by virtue of said donation ; and that you consent that these religious fathers declare and preach to you the foregoing : and if you shall so do, you will do well, and will do that to which you are bounden and obliged ; and his majesty, and I, in his name, will receive you with all due love and charity, and will leave you your wives and children free from servitude, that you may freely do with them and with yourselves whatever you please

and think proper, as have done the inhabitants of the other islands. And, beside this, his majesty will give you many privileges and exemptions, and grant you many favors. If you do not do this, or wickedly and intentionally delay to do so, I certify to you that, by the aid of God, I will forcibly invade and make war upon you in all parts and modes that I can, and will subdue you to the yoke and obedience of the church and of his majesty; and I will take your wives and children, and make slaves of them, and sell them as such, and dispose of them as his majesty may command: and I will take your effects, and will do you all the harm and injury in my power, as vassals who will not obey or receive their sovereign, and who resist and oppose him. And I protest that the deaths and disasters, which may in this manner be occasioned, will be the fault of yourselves, and not of his majesty, nor of me, nor of these cavaliers who accompany me. And of what I here tell you, and require of you, I call upon the notary here present to give me his signed testimonial."

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WASHINGTON IRVING

BY HIS NEPHEW

PIERRE M. IRVING

VOLUME I.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by
PIERRE M. IRVING,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the
Southern District of New York.

Preface to the First Edition.

THE work, of which I now offer the first volume to the public with the most unfeigned diffidence, has been mainly compiled from papers committed to me by Mr. Irving, with the understanding that I was to construct a biography from them, should it be my fate to survive him. "Somebody will be writing my life when I am gone," said he to me some years before his death, and after having resisted repeated applications for an autobiography, "and I wish you to do it. You must promise me that you will."

Though deeply sensible of the confidence implied in such a request, my first impulse was to decline an office so responsible, and for which I felt myself so little qualified; but the request was repeated with an earnestness which showed the subject had seriously engaged his thoughts, and with the assurance that he would be able to place in my keeping materials which he would only confide to a relative, and which would of themselves go

far to furnish a picture of his life from his first launch in the world. I yielded my scruples to this assurance; and not long after, he placed in my possession a mass of material, consisting of journals, note-books, diaries at scattered intervals, and a large collection of family letters, with files of others from various correspondents, which, as he said, he had neither time nor spirit to examine or arrange. He afterwards procured for me his numerous letters to his friend, Henry Brevoort, which were furnished through the kindness of his son, J. Carson Brevoort, Esq.; and shortly before his death indicated to me others, both in this country and in Europe, which, if still in existence, might be of interest in a narrative of the shifting scenes of his life. Of these I have been able to obtain, since his death, the originals or copies of such as had been preserved; and to them have been added numerous letters, both of his early and later life, which have been contributed by various friends, to whom I here offer my acknowledgments.

In the delicate office of sifting, selecting, and arranging these different materials, extending through a period of nearly sixty years, it has been my aim to make the author, in every stage of his career, as far as possible, his own biographer, conscious that I shall in this way best fulfill the duty devolved upon me, and give to the world the truest picture of his life and character.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND ANCESTRY.—WILLIAM DE IRWIN.—CURIOUS TRACING OF THE DESCENT.—SETTLEMENT IN NEW YORK.—FLIGHT TO RAHWAY.—A PRISONER'S CERTIFICATE.—HOME OF THE AUTHOR'S BOYHOOD.—HIS DOMESTIC TRAINING.—HIS BAPTISM.—EARLY INTRODUCTION TO HIS NAMESAKE.

ASHINGTON IRVING was born in the city of New York, April 3d, 1783. He was the eighth son of William and Sarah Irving, and the youngest of eleven children, three of whom died in infancy. He had four brothers and three sisters who lived to mature age, and whom, as I shall have occasion to speak of them in the course of my narrative, I here name in the order of birth: William, Ann, Peter, Catharine, Ebenezer, John, Sarah.

The parents of Washington came from the opposite ends of Great Britain; his father from the Orkneys; his

mother from Cornwall. The father was the son of Magnus Irving and Catharine Williamson, and his ancestors bore on their seals the three holly leaves, which are the arms of the Irvines of Drum, one of the oldest and most respectable families of Scotland, which dates its origin from the days of Robert Bruce.

According to a received tradition, in his secret and precipitate flight for Scotland from the court of Edward I., Bruce sought shelter in the tower of Woodhouse, the dwelling of an Irving of Bonshaw, who was chief of the name. Here he was harbored for some time, and on leaving, he took with him the eldest son of his host, whom he made his secretary and armor-bearer. The son accompanied him through all his varying fortunes, was with him when he was surprised and routed at Methven, in June, 1306, shared all his subsequent dangers and hardships, and was one of seven who lay concealed with him in a copse of holly when his pursuers passed by. In memory of his escape in this extremity of peril, Bruce assumed the holly as a device, and afterwards gave it to his faithful secretary, with the motto, *Sub sole sub umbra virens.* The motto and the evergreen leaves, both having relation to his unchanging fidelity to his king in prosperity and adversity, in sunshine and in shade, have been the arms of the family ever since. Sir William Irvine, as he is styled in Nisbet's "Heraldry," * was subse-

* The name is written in ancient deeds and parchments in a great variety of ways, as Irvin, Erwyne, De Irwin, etc. Dr. Christopher Irvine,

quently Master of the Rolls, and the charter is still extant, dated 4th October, 1324, by which the king conveyed to his faithful and beloved William De Irwyn, in free barony, the lands of Drum, a hunting-seat of the kings of Scotland, situated on the north bank of the river Dee, about ten miles from Aberdeen. The tower of Drum, with its walls of solid masonry, still stands as sound and unimpaired as when the estate was conveyed, and is still occupied by the Irvings, and lays claim to the distinction of being the oldest inhabited dwelling in Scotland.

William De Irwyn married Mariota, the daughter of Sir Robert Keith, Great Mareschal of Scotland, who led the horse at Bannockburn and was killed at the battle of Duplin in 1332.

Of this family, says Dr. Christopher Irvine, historiographer of Charles II., in an ancient document quoted in Playfair's "British Family Antiquity," are the Irvines of Orkney. But at what time his branch of the family was transplanted to that locality, the author had no information other than a family tradition, that it was during some troubles in Scotland prior to the reign of Charles II. A few years previous to his death, some legal controversy arising in England on the subject of the copyright of his works, a London publisher was led to apply to Kirkwall for documentary proof of his father's place

one of the stock, in 1660 says: "Some of the foolish write themselves Irving." The present family of Drum spells the name Irvine.

of birth. In making the necessary researches, the Clerk of the Records was induced to trace his descent as far back as possible, and it is a curious fact that he was enabled to do it through four centuries, from a facility afforded by the ancient "Udal" laws of that region, which required that lands, on the death of the owner, should be divided equally among the sons and daughters; a peculiarity which led in the partition, to the mention of the names and relationships of all the parties who were to draw a share. The result of these researches showed that "William De Erwin," the first Orkney Irvine and earliest cadet of Drum, was an inhabitant of Kirkwall, the metropolis of the island group, in 1369, the same year in which Thomas, the eldest son and successor of the armor-bearer, is mentioned among the barons of the Scottish Parliament; that the Irvings held landed possessions in Pomona, the island in which Kirkwall is situated, up to 1597, when Magnus, eldest son of James the "Lawman" or chief judge of the Orkneys, sold his share of his father's property in the neighborhood of Kirkwall to a younger brother, and removed to the contiguous island of Shapinsha, where, in 1731, was born William, the father of the author.

On the death of his mother, who had always opposed his wishes on this point, William yielded to the long-cherished desire of his boyhood, and went to sea. During the war between France and England he engaged on board of an armed packet ship of his British Majesty

plying between Falmouth and New York, and was a petty officer in this service when he met with Sarah Sanders, the only child of John and Anna Sanders, and granddaughter of an English curate whose name was Kent. Their marriage took place on the 18th May, 1761, and two years thereafter, on the return of peace, the youthful pair embarked for New York, where they landed on the 18th July, 1763, having buried their first child on the shores of England.

Mr. Irving took up his residence in the city not far from "The old Walton House," as it now proclaims itself with boastful longevity, then recently erected, which with the Middle Dutch Church, still resisting at that time the language of England in spite of a century of British domination, now shorn of its honors and transformed into a post-office, are almost the only relics left of the contracted and half rural city of that day.

On settling in New York, the father of the author entered into mercantile business. He was getting on successfully, when the Revolution broke out; and he found his quiet dwelling under the guns of one of the English ships in the harbor at the time when, in consequence of General Lee's measures, it was apprehended they would fire upon the town. A general panic prevailed; many of the inhabitants fled to the country, and among the number Mr. Irving and his little flock, with whom he took refuge at Rahway in New Jersey. Here he was not much better off: business was at an end; his children suffered

from fever and ague, and finally, when the British made an incursion into the Jerseys, he returned to New York, after an absence of nearly two years, during which almost half of the city had been destroyed by fire.

Throughout the revolutionary contest, he and his wife exerted themselves without ceasing in alleviating the sufferings of American prisoners. The mother of the author, who possessed a character of rare generosity and benevolence, was especially zealous in this charitable ministry. Prisoners were supplied with food from her own table; and she often went in person to visit them when ill, furnishing them with clothes, blankets, and other necessaries. Cunningham, so noted for his brutality, always softened at her appearance. "I'd rather you'd send them a rope, Mrs. Irving," he would say; but her charity was invariably permitted to reach its object.

Mr. Irving was particularly concerned in administering to some patriot clergymen of his denomination, who were imprisoned. From one of these, as the time approached for the British to evacuate New York and the American troops to take possession, he received the following quaint certificate, evidently given under an impression that his residence in the city during the war might subject his loyalty to doubt, and expose him to the risk of harsh and proscriptive treatment.

"These may certify whom it may concern, whether civil or military officers, that Deacon William Irving, merchant in this city, appeared to be friendly in-

clined to the liberties of the United States, and greatly lamented the egregious barbarities practised by her enemies on the unhappy sons of liberty, that unhappily fell in their power—contributed largely to my relief (who was a prisoner in this city as early in the war as June, 1779), and was probably an instrument under God of the preservation of my life—and by credible accounts I have had from other prisoners, both in the city and country, has been the means of the preservation of theirs also."

This document is signed "Blackleach Burritt, Minister of the Gospel in the Presbyterian Church," and bears date November 15, 1783, ten days before Washington and his army entered the city.

It was some months previous, as we have seen, that his infant namesake first saw the light. The two-story dwelling in which he was born, No. 131 William Street, about half-way between Fulton and John, was long ago pulled down. Within a year after his birth, the family moved across the way to No. 128. A deed from the executors of Samuel Prince, bearing date in the August succeeding his birth, conveys to "William Irving, Merchant," the house and lot, "25 feet front by 156 feet deep," for the "consideration of two thousand pounds current money of the State of New York." This was then, or had lately been occupied by a British commissary, and after some alterations and additions it became the family residence, and was the homestead in which the

author grew up, and around which were gathered the recollections of his infancy and boyhood.

It was a triple structure, composed of a front and rear edifice of two stories, with a narrow central building, forming a passage between them and connecting the two; its roof descending to an attic window in each division. It was my fortune to accompany the author when he visited the old homestead in 1849, on the eve of its demolition, and I remember with what a half giddy feeling, as we stood in the yard, he pointed out the rear building from which, a venturesome urchin, he would climb to this sloping roof, steal along its dizzy edge to the higher window of the front garret, mount thence to the roof of one of the adjoining buildings, drop a stone down the chimney, and then clamber back to his hiding-place, chuckling over the imagined wonder and perplexity he had created.

This was but one instance of a mischievous vivacity of spirits, which showed itself in a great variety of pranks; though the system of domestic government under which he grew up was little calculated to foster a lively disposition. The father, a sedate, conscientious, God-fearing man, with much of the strictness of the old Scotch Covenanter in his composition, had small sympathy with the amusements of his children, and lost no opportunity of giving their thoughts a serious turn. That he was somewhat overstrict in his discipline there can be little doubt—at least his children, with a high respect for his

character, always retained that impression of him. "When I was young," I have heard Washington say, "I was led to think that, somehow or other, everything that was pleasant was wicked." Notwithstanding the paternal strictness, however, they were a merry household, finding diversion in everything; and though sometimes their frolics partook of mischief, and they were tempted to steal away, as they grew older, to some fascinating, the more so because forbidden, place of amusement, the foundation laid resulted throughout in characters of rare uprightness, combined with a more than ordinary degree of the intellectual and imaginative. Among his contemporaries, the father was held in the highest regard. "You come of a gude stock," said a worthy Scot of his acquaintance to the writer of this memoir, waiving a proffered security; "I'll trust you."

It is a little curious, considering the form of faith in which the author was reared, that he should have been conducted to the chapel of St. George in Beekman Street, to receive his baptismal name. This was soon after Washington and his army had entered the city. But the rite was performed by a Presbyterian, though in an Episcopal sanctuary, an anomaly growing out of the circumstance that the churches of that denomination had been dismantled during the Revolution, and were now being refitted with pulpit and pews; during which interval their Episcopal brethren gave the returning congregations the use of their precincts for half the Sabbath.

His name of Washington was the means of procuring him an early introduction to that illustrious personage, when he came back to New York, then the seat of government, as President of the United States. A young Scotch maid-servant of the family, struck with the enthusiasm which everywhere greeted his arrival, determined to present the child to his distinguished namesake. Accordingly, she followed him one morning into a shop, and pointing to the lad who had scarcely outgrown his virgin trousers: "Please your honor," said she, "here's a bairn was named after you." In the estimation of Lizzie, for so she was called, few claims of kindred could be stronger than this. Washington did not disdain the delicate affinity, and placing his hand on the head of her little charge, gave him his blessing.

CHAPTER II.

BENJAMIN ROMAINE.—PASSION FOR READING.—LONGING TO SEE THE WORLD.—COMMENCES THE STUDY OF THE LAW.—HIS FIRST VOYAGE UP THE HUDSON, AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.

IN his fourth year, Washington was sent to a school in Ann Street, between William and Gold, kept by a Mrs. Ann Kilmaster. Here he continued upwards of two years, making very little progress beyond the alphabet.

From Mrs. Kilmaster's he was transferred, towards the close of 1789, to a school for both sexes kept by Benjamin Romaine at 198 Fulton, then 37 Partition Street. Romaine had been a soldier in the Revolution, and was a thorough disciplinarian. He was a man of good sense and sound judgment, but of moderate scholarship. At this school the author remained until he was fourteen years of age. He soon became a favorite with the quondam soldier, who had a way of designating his preference by calling him "General," though his partiality seems to have arisen at first, not so much from any indications of talent in his pupil as from the fact that, though constantly in mischief, he never sought to shelter himself

by prevarication when called up to be questioned, but always confessed the truth.

Another trait which was mentioned by a female schoolmate in after life, was his unwillingness to witness the chastisement of the other boys. The standing punishment inflicted on truants was horsing, or hoisting, so called, and as the culprits had to be untrussed, it was always administered after school when the girls had been dismissed. But little Irving, she said, could not endure the spectacle; the sight of the unlucky urchin shrinking under the rod was too much for his nerves, and he finally insisted on leaving with the girls, and was permitted.

Though he had little inclination for dry study, his taste for reading was early developed. In his tenth year, he fell in with Hoole's translation of the "Orlando Furioso," then just published, and I have heard him recur with delight to the exciting interest of its pages, and dwell with evident complacency upon his achievements in parodying the feats of arms of which he had been reading; sallying forth into the yard of his father's house, the grand theatre of his youthful exploits, with wooden sabre to encounter some little playmate, fired like himself with noble zeal to prove himself a true knight, and rushing to the onset with his favorite motto :—

> "Where'er my footsteps go, my deeds proclaim,
> War is my sport, and Rodomont my name."

At the age of eleven, books of voyages and travels

became his passion. This feeling was first awakened by the perusal of "Robinson Crusoe" and "Sindbad the Sailor." Afterwards he met with "The World Displayed," a collection of voyages and travels, selected from the writers of all nations, in twenty small duodecimo volumes, embellished with cuts, and this was an inexhaustible treasure. He was not permitted to read at home after retiring to his bed, but such was their fascination that he used to secrete candles to enable him to do so. These volumes he would also take to school, and snatch hasty moments of reading under the shelter of his desk. One day, Romaine saw him busily intent on one of them, and creeping up slyly behind him, thrust his hand down, and seizing the forbidden book, ordered him to remain after school to answer for the offense. The result, however, was very different from what he had anticipated; for his instructor, perceiving in what the reading consisted, gave him credit for the taste he showed in the selection, and only cautioned him that he could not permit him to cultivate the propensity to the neglect of the regular exercises of the school.

This continual reading of travels and voyages begot in time a great desire to go to sea. "How wistfully," says he, in the introduction to the "Sketch Book," "would I wander about the pier-heads in fine weather, and watch the parting ships bound to distant climes—with what longing eyes would I gaze after their lessening sails, and waft myself in imagination to the ends of the earth!"

A performance, which indicates an early literary tendency, and which may be referred to the age of thirteen, was the writing of a play, which was represented at a friend's house in the presence of Mrs. Melmoth, a well-known actress of that day. He had first attended the theatre with James K. Paulding, his early literary associate, who had left his home in Westchester County for the city, where he was then living with William Irving, who had married his sister. Paulding was four and a half years his senior. The performance was "Speculation," a comedy in which Jefferson was the chief attraction. He was delighted with the acting of this comedian, and from this time he conceived great fondness for the theatre. It was at this period that he was delivered of his play, of which, however, not a fragment, not even the title lingered in his memory. It is fair to presume it had great dramatic demerit.

The anecdote is of use only as serving to display an early scribbling propensity. He had been remarked at school for the ease and fluency of his pen, and would frequently effect an exchange of tasks with the other boys, and write their compositions, while they in turn would work out his sums; for arithmetic was the most tedious of all his studies.

His education was completed before he had attained his sixteenth year; at least from this period he assumed the direction of his own studies. His brothers, Peter and John, had been sent to Columbia College, and why

he did not receive the same advantage he could never satisfactorily explain, except that he was more alive to the drudgery than the advantage of a course of academic training. He never failed, however, to regret the omission in after life.

At the age of sixteen he entered the law-office of Henry Masterton, a respectable practitioner with whom his brother John was also serving an apprenticeship to a distasteful vocation; for though this brother afterwards attained to the dignity of the bench, his early preference inclined him to the ministry.

Whatever may have determined the choice of Washington to the thorny paths of the law, it is certain he could not have been prompted to it by his father, for the profession never enjoyed his good opinion. At an earlier period, when Peter had decided to embrace it, he interposed his authority to prevent him, and he thereupon turned his attention to medicine, a pursuit always uncongenial to him, and speedily abandoned; though the title of "Doctor" remained with him for life. Washington spent an interval of two years in the office of Mr. Masterton, which was marked by considerable proficiency in belles-lettres, but very slender advancement in the dry technicalities of the practice.

It was at this period of still happy boyhood, that he made his first voyage up the Hudson, the extraordinary beauty of which, says Bryant, he was the first to describe. His eldest sister, Ann, in 1788, at the early age of seven-

teen, had married Richard Dodge, of Dutchess County, who, previous to their marriage, while employed as surveyor on the Mohawk, had been tempted to try his fortunes in this, at that time, frontier world. He had persuaded William Irving, the elder brother, then just twenty-one, to accompany him. They established themselves on the river about forty miles west of Albany, that country being then filled with Indians, with whom the trade in furs was extremely profitable. William remained there four years, when he wearied of the frontier life, and in 1791 returned to the city to engage in commercial business, and Mr. Dodge removed to Johnstown, a colonial town founded by Sir William Johnson, and having something of historic interest as the scene where, at his stately mansion, "the Hall," this agent of the British Government ruled for years over the neighboring tribes of Indians with sovereign sway. His second sister, Catharine, some years later had married Daniel Paris, a young lawyer of that region, with whom she had become acquainted at New York, while in college with her brother Peter, and who afterwards removed to the same place, which, from the character of its early settlement and its proximity to Schenectady and Albany, still boasted at that time quite a gay and cultivated society. To gratify his restless desire to see more of "the vast globe" he inhabited, his parents had consented to his making an excursion to visit these two married sisters. He had before passed a holiday in Westchester County, during

the fever of 1798, and explored the recesses of Sleepy Hollow with his gun, but his migrations had extended no further. The Highlands and all beyond were still, to his eager imagination, a realm of wonder and enchantment. From the moment, therefore, the expedition was mentioned, he thought and dreamt of nothing else.

I transcribe from his papers some reminiscences of this early voyage, which was made in 1800. They form part of an unfinished article commenced in June, 1851, for "The Home Book of the Picturesque," and afterwards thrown aside to give place to "The Kaatskill Mountains," the title of the contribution from his pen which appears in its pages. The reader familiar with that sketch will detect here and there a passage which has been retained from the rejected fragment, but with this exception the extract is new, and affords a curious picture of some of the features of the river travel of by-gone days.

My first voyage up the Hudson was made in early boyhood, in the good old times before steamboats and railroads had annihilated time and space, and driven all poetry and romance out of travel. A voyage to Albany then, was equal to a voyage to Europe at present, and took almost as much time. We enjoyed the beauties of the river in those days; the features of nature were not all jumbled together, nor the towns and villages huddled one into the other by railroad speed as they are now.

I was to make the voyage under the protection of a relative of mature age—one experienced in the river. His first care was to look out for a favorite sloop and captain, in which there was great choice.

The constant voyaging in the river craft by the best families of New

York and Albany, made the merits of captains and sloops matters of notoriety and discussion in both cities. The captains were mediums of communication between separated friends and families. On the arrival of one of them at either place he had messages to deliver and commissions to execute which took him from house to house. Some of the ladies of the family had, peradventure, made a voyage on board of his sloop, and experienced from him that protecting care which is always remembered with gratitude by female passengers. In this way the captains of Albany sloops were personages of more note in the community than captains of European packets or steamships at the present day. A sloop was at length chosen ; but she had yet to complete her freight and secure a sufficient number of passengers. Days were consumed in "drumming up" a cargo. This was a tormenting delay to me who was about to make my first voyage, and who, boylike, had packed up my trunk on the first mention of the expedition. How often that trunk had to be unpacked and repacked before we sailed !

. . . . At length the sloop actually got under way. As she worked slowly out of the dock into the stream, there was a great exchange of last words between friends on board and friends on shore, and much waving of handkerchiefs when the sloop was out of hearing.

Our captain was a worthy man, native of Albany, of one of the old Dutch stocks. His crew was composed of blacks, reared in the family and belonging to him, for negro slavery still existed in the State. All his communications with them were in Dutch. They were obedient to his orders ; though they occasionally had much previous discussion of the wisdom of them, and were sometimes positive in maintaining an opposite opinion. This was especially the case with an old gray-headed negro, who had sailed with the captain's father when the captain was a mere boy, and who was very crabbed and conceited on points of seamanship. I observed that the captain generally let him have his own way.

. . . . What a time of intense delight was that first sail through the Highlands! I sat on the deck as we slowly tided along at the foot of those stern mountains, and gazed with wonder and admiration at cliffs impending far above me, crowned with forests, with eagles sailing and

screaming-around them; or listened to the unseen stream dashing down precipices; or beheld rock, and tree, and cloud, and sky reflected in the glassy stream of the river. And then how solemn and thrilling the scene as we anchored at night at the foot of these mountains, clothed with overhanging forests; and everything grew dark and mysterious; and I heard the plaintive note of the whip-poor-will from the mountain-side, or was startled now and then by the sudden leap and heavy splash of the sturgeon.

. . . . But of all the scenery of the Hudson, the Kaatskill Mountains had the most witching effect on my boyish imagination. Never shall I forget the effect upon me of the first view of them predominating over a wide extent of country, part wild, woody, and rugged; part softened away into all the graces of cultivation. As we slowly floated along, I lay on the deck and watched them through a long summer's day, undergoing a thousand mutations under the magical effects of atmosphere; sometimes seeming to approach, at other times to recede; now almost melting into hazy distance, now burnished by the setting sun, until in the evening, they printed themselves against the glowing sky in the deep purple of an Italian landscape.

In the foregoing pages I have given the reader my first voyaging amid Hudson scenery. It has been my lot, in the course of a somewhat wandering life, to behold some of the rivers of the old world, most renowned in history and song, yet none have been able to efface or dim the pictures of my native stream thus early stamped upon my memory. My heart would ever revert to them with a filial feeling, and a recurrence of the joyous associations of boyhood; and such recollections are, in fact, the true fountains of youth which keep the heart from growing old.

To me the Hudson is full of storied associations, connected as it is with some of the happiest portions of my life. Each striking feature brings to mind some early adventure or enjoyment; some favorite companion who shared it with me; some fair object, perchance, of youthful admiration, who, like a star, may have beamed her allotted time and passed away.

CHAPTER III.

ENTERS THE OFFICE OF JOSIAH OGDEN HOFFMAN.—THE HOFFMAN FAMILY.—FIRST LETTERS.—FIRST ESSAYS IN PRINT.—EXPEDITION TO OGDENSBURG.—EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.—PLUNGE IN THE BLACK RIVER.—CAPTURE OF A DEER.—HARDSHIPS OF THE WILDERNESS.—A JEALOUS SAVAGE.—INDIAN CEREMONIAL.—AN EXCHANGE OF NAMES.—OGDENSBURG REVISITED.

N the summer of 1801, Mr. Irving left Masterton, and entered the office of Brockholst Livingston; and when that eminent lawyer was called to the Bench of the Supreme Court of the State, in January, 1802, he continued his clerkship with Josiah Ogden Hoffman, a distinguished advocate of the city, who took a fancy to him, though, as he says himself, a very heedless student. The house of Hoffman soon became another home to him.

The family of Mr. Hoffman consisted of a second wife, whom he had lately married, a Miss Fenno of Philadelphia, much younger than himself, a daughter of the Federal editor of that name, and five children by a former marriage—four daughters, the two eldest, Ann and Matilda, of the ages of fourteen and twelve, and a son, quite a child, Ogden Hoffman, afterwards distinguished at the bar and on the floor of Congress for his silver-tongued

oratory. With Mrs. Hoffman, a most amiable and interesting woman, the young student formed an intimacy which continued till her death, and to her many of his letters are addressed. "She was like a sister to me," is the language in which he once wrote of her.

Soon after his admission to this little circle, he made a second visit to Johnstown. The following letter, dated from that old colonial town, is the earliest which has come into my possession, and is of interest chiefly as showing his delicate state of health at this period, and the indications of that consumptive tendency which subsequently led to his first visit to Europe.

JOHNSTOWN, July 2, 1802.

MY DEAR PARENTS :—

We had a very quick passage to Albany, where we arrived at three o'clock on Thursday morning. I was unwell almost the whole time, and could not sleep either night. We left Albany about an hour after we arrived there, in a wagon, and reached Johnstown between ten and eleven in the evening. The roads were fine, being turnpike almost the whole way ; but I was so weak that it was several days before I got over the fatigue. I have had a little better appetite since I have been up here, though I have been troubled with the pain in my breast almost constantly, and still have a cough at night. I am unable to take any exercise worth mentioning, and doze away my time pretty much as I did in New York ; however, I hope soon to get in a better trim.

The letter next in date is written nearly a month later, and is addressed to a young friend of his own age, at whose father's place at New Rochelle, about eighteen

miles from New York, he was often a guest, and whose sister became afterwards the wife of his brother, John T. Irving.

JOHNSTOWN, July 26th, 1802.

To MR. JOHN FURMAN, *at Alderman Beekman's, Vesey Street, New York:—*

DEAR JOHN: . . . . I have been unwell almost all the time I have been up here. I am too weak to take any exercise, and too low-spirited half the time to enjoy company. My chief amusements are reading, drawing, and writing letters—the two latter I have to do more sparingly than I could wish, on account of the pain in my breast. I have nothing particular to communicate at present that would be in the least interesting. I shall go shortly to the springs, and will write to you from there, if any private opportunity presents. Do write to me immediately, about everything and everybody—every trifle of news from New York is interesting; tell me how all the girls do, both in the city and country. Make my warmest remembrances to all your family, and believe me, my dear fellow, Your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

From Johnstown he accompanied his brother-in-law, Daniel Paris, to Ballston Springs. His cough would seem to have been very aggravated. "Was that young Irving," asked Judge Kent of Mr. Paris, "who slept in the next room to me, and kept up such an incessant cough during the night?" "It was," was the reply. "He is not long for this world," rejoined the foreboding querist. The Judge, afterwards the distinguished Chancellor, lived to preside at a public dinner given thirty years later to the consumptive invalid.

Though his health was still drooping, we find him a few months after his return commencing a series of humorous contributions to the "Morning Chronicle," under the signature of Jonathan Oldstyle. This was a daily paper, of which his brother Peter was proprietor and editor, and which was established in October, 1802. The first of these articles appeared in the middle of November, when the writer was nineteen years of age. In these juvenile essays we may see traces of the same play of humor which marked his pen in after years; and though of local and temporary interest, it is singular to what degree, in that barren period of our literature, they attracted attention, being generally copied, as I have been informed, into the newspapers of the day. They also procured him a visit from Charles Brockden Brown, who had given to the world a series of remarkable novels, and was the first in our country to make a profession of literature. Brown sought, but without success, to enlist his pen in the service of the "Literary Magazine and American Register," a periodical he had just undertaken in Philadelphia. In 1823, when Mr. Irving was abroad, and had become something of a literary lion in Europe, the Oldstyle Papers were given anew to the world without his knowledge or consent, and a good deal to his regret, though he subsequently thought of including four of them in his collected writings.

In the summer of 1803, Irving was invited by Mr. Hoffman to accompany him on an expedition to Ogdens-

burg, Montreal, and Quebec, and gladly availed himself of the opportunity to extend the range of his travels. In this progressive age, when we can be whirled the entire distance in less than twenty-four hours, a journey from New York to Ogdensburg would promise little of incident or adventure; but it was a formidable undertaking at that early day, and involved difficulties, discomforts, and trials of patience, of which the modern tourist can have no idea. Indeed, could the travellers themselves have foreseen the fatigues and hardships they would have to encounter, it is certain their enterprise would not have been equal to the trial. Without, however, any just knowledge or appreciation of its labors or privations, the party of seven, Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. Ludlow Ogden, Miss Eliza Ogden, Miss Ann Hoffman, and himself, found themselves, on the 31st of July, 1803, on board of a sloop bound for Albany. From that place they proceeded to Ballston and Saratoga Springs, and thence, Irving making a flying visit to Johnstown by the way, to the modern city of Utica, then a village unconscious of the sound of "church-going bell." From this point they were to diverge to Ogdensburg, or Oswegatchie, as it was then called, on the St. Lawrence, where Hoffman and Ogden owned some wild lands, and purposed to lay out a town.

Irving kept a journal of the expedition from New York to Ogdensburg, which was struck off in the midst of hurry and fatigue, and of course is very carelessly writ-

ten; but it has an interest independent of any literary value, as a picture of travel in those early days of our country.

On Monday, August 9th, they set off from Utica for the High Falls, on Black River, in two wagons, having despatched another with the principal part of their baggage. The roads were bad, and lay either through thick woods, or by fields disfigured with burnt stumps and fallen bodies of trees. The next day they grew worse, and the travellers were frequently obliged to get out of the wagon and walk. At High Falls they embarked in a scow on Black River, so called from the dark color of its waters; but soon the rain began to descend in torrents, and they sailed the whole afternoon and evening under repeated showers, from which they were but partially screened by sheets stretched on hoop poles. About twenty-five miles below the Falls they went ashore, and found lodgings for the night at a log-house, on beds spread on the floor. The next morning it cleared off beautifully, and they set out again in their boat. On turning a point in the river, they were surprised by loud shouts which proceeded from two or three canoes in full pursuit of a deer which was swimming in the water. A gun was soon after fired, and they rowed with all their might to get in at the death. "The deer made for our shore," says the journal. "We pushed ashore immediately, and as it passed, Mr. Ogden fired and wounded it. It had been wounded before. I threw off

my coat, and prepared to swim after it. As it came near, a man rushed through the bushes, sprang into the water, and made a grasp at the animal. He missed his aim, and I jumped after, fell on his back, and sunk him under water. At the same time I caught the deer by one ear, and Mr. Ogden seized it by a leg. The submerged gentleman, who had risen above water, got hold of another. We drew it ashore, when the man immediately despatched it with a knife. We claimed a haunch for our share, permitting him to keep all the rest. . . . . In the evening we arrived at B——'s at the head of the Long Falls. A dirtier house was never seen. We dubbed it 'The Temple of Dirt;' but we contrived to have our venison cooked in a cleanly manner by Mr. Ogden's servant, and it made very fine steaks, which after two days' living on crackers and gingerbread were highly acceptable.

Friday, 13th.—"We prepared to leave the Temple of Dirt, and set out about sixty miles through the woods to Oswegatchie. We ate an uncomfortable breakfast, for indeed it was impossible to relish anything in a house so completely filthy. The landlady herself was perfectly in character with the house; a little squat Frenchwoman, with a red face, a black wool hat stuck upon her head, her hair greasy and uncombed, hanging about her ears, and the rest of her dress and person in similar style. We were heartily glad to make an escape."

The journal omits to mention, that just before they

started, the young traveller took out his pencil, and scribbled over the fire-place the following memorial:—

> "Here Sovereign Dirt erects her sable throne,
> The house, the host, the hostess, all her own."

In a subsequent year, when Mr. Hoffman was passing the same way with Judge Cooper, the father of the distinguished novelist, James Fenimore Cooper, he pointed out this memento of his student, still undetected and uneffaced; whereupon the Judge, whose longer experience in frontier travel had probably raised him above the qualms of over-nicety, immediately wrote under it this doggerel inculcation:—

> "Learn hence, young man, and teach it to your sons,
> The wisest way 's to take it as it comes."

They set off again "in caravan style," two wagons for themselves, and another, drawn by oxen, for the luggage. They found the road dreadfully rugged and miry. The horses could not go off a walk in any part. The road had not been made above a year, and the stumps and roots of trees stood in every direction. At night they put up at a small hut consisting of but one room, which, however, the hostess, by the sagacious expedient of stretching a long blanket across, managed to divide into two. "On one side," says the journal, "we spread our mattress for the ladies, and great-coats, blankets, etc.,

for ourselves. The other side was left for the drivers, etc."

The next day the wagon in which Irving and some of the ladies were riding stuck fast, and one of the horses laid down, and refused to move. They had therefore to get out and travel after the other wagon, into which the ladies mounted; but soon that also mired, and there was no alternative but for them to take to their feet. "The rain by this time," proceeds the journal, "descended in torrents. In several parts of the road I had been up to my middle in mud and water, and it was equally bad, if not worse, to attempt to walk in the woods on either side.

"We helped the ladies to a little shed of bark laid on crotches, about large enough to hold three, where they sat down. It had been a night's shelter to some hunter, but in this case it afforded no protection. One-half of it fell down as we were creeping under it, and though we spread great-coats over the other, they might as well have been in the open air. The rain now fell in the greatest quantity I had ever seen.

"The wind blew a perfect hurricane. The trees around shook and bent in the most alarming manner, and threatened every moment to fall and crush us. . . . . The ladies were in the highest state of alarm, and entreated that we should walk to a house which we were told was about half a mile distant."

They therefore dragged along, and after a most painful

walk arrived at the hut, which consisted of one room about eighteen by sixteen feet. In this small apartment, fifteen people were to pass the night; for besides the owner, they found here two men who were driving an ox-team through to Oswegatchie, both noisy and boisterous, and one of them stigmatized in the journal as "the most impudent, chattering, forward scoundrel" the writer had ever known. There was much noisy greeting between these and the drivers, and, to add to the confusion of the scene, they soon seated themselves in a corner and "began to play cards for liquor;" an amusement from which they retired after a while almost intoxicated, and stretched themselves on the floor to sleep. "I never," says the journal, "passed so dreary a night in my life. The rain poured down incessantly, and I was frequently obliged to hold up an umbrella to prevent its beating through the roof on the ladies as they slept. I was awake almost all night, and several times heard the crash of the falling trees, and two or three times the long dreary howl of a wolf."

On resuming their route the next day, they found it impossible to travel the road with horses, and they were therefore compelled to engage the men to take their baggage through in their ox-cart, while the ladies rode in the ox-wagon which had hitherto held their luggage, and the gentlemen proceeded on foot.

Two days more of the same forlorn travel, through deep mudholes, over stumps and stones, obliged at times

to cut their way through fallen trees, and resting at night in the same wretched hovels, brought them at last in sight of Oswegatchie. The journal says: "The prospect that opened upon us was delightful. After riding through thick woods for several days, ... the sight of a beautiful and extensive tract of country is inconceivably enlivening. Close beside the bank on which we rode, the Oswegatchie wound along, about twenty feet below us. After running for some distance, it entered into the St. Lawrence, forming a long point of land on which stood a few houses called the 'Garrison,' which had formerly been a fortified place built by the French to keep the Indians in awe. They were now tumbling in ruins, excepting two or three, which were still kept in tolerable order by Judge Ford, who resided in one of them, and used the others as stores and out-houses. We recrossed the Oswegatchie River to the Garrison, as we intended to reside with Judge Ford for some time."

The interval spent by the young traveller on the St. Lawrence was divided between Oswegatchie, Lisbon, one of Mr. Hoffman's townships, ten or twelve miles further down the river, and Madrid, at a still greater distance, where lay the lands of Mr. Ogden. His sports would seem to have been fishing and shooting, while in the last entry but one of his journal, which breaks off at this point, we have this hint of recreation of another kind:—

August 29th.—"Hired a horse to take me to Lisbon, where Mr. Hoffman was. Arrived about one o'clock, and

found him surrounded by tenants, and hard at work. *Amused* myself the rest of the day writing bonds and deeds."

It was at Lisbon that he encountered his first rude experience of savage life. I give the anecdote as I have heard it from himself. He was staying at the house of Mr. Turner, Mr. Hoffman's agent, with whose son he had rowed to a small island to hire a bateau to take the travellers down the river. At the wigwam where they expected to engage the boat, they found a number of persons of both sexes, but the Indian of whom they were in quest was absent selling furs. He soon came home, however, rather tipsy, accompanied by his wife, a pretty-looking squaw, whose potations also had been somewhat liberal. The latter seated herself beside Irving, and, either attracted by his personal appearance, or hoping to cajole from him a fresh draught of the fiery beverage, began to show him much flattering attention. The husband, a tall, strapping Hercules, sat scowling at them with his blanket drawn up to his chin and his face between his hands, while his elbows rested on his knees. In this posture he watched the pair for some time, until at length the continued assiduities of his wife becoming too much for his patience, he suddenly rushed upon Irving, calling him a "damned Yankee," and with a blow leveled him to the floor. Taken by surprise, and utterly unconscious of offense, the young traveller jumped up, and asked the meaning of this strange salutation. "He

is jealous," hinted one of the company. Perceiving that he was feeling for his knife, Irving, retreating, requested the men to hold the savage, evidently maddened by drink, and young Turner immediately went up to him, when a sudden revulsion of feeling ensued. He and the Indian had exchanged names, and were therefore sworn friends. The savage hugged him in his arms, called him "good fellow" and other endearing names; "but he," said he, glaring again with eyes of ominous ferocity at his companion, "he—damned Yankee." Apprehending further violence, Turner intimated to Irving that he had better escape to the boat, and he would follow—which he was glad enough to do.

This adventure was a capital joke for Hoffman, who was never weary of quizzing his student on the subject of his delicate attentions to the squaw.

Proceeding in their bateau to Montreal, the party stopped at Caughnawaga, where they were received in great state by the Indians. Here Hoffman, in a spirit of frolic, persuaded them to go through the ceremonial of exchanging names with Irving, or of giving him a name—to the great annoyance of the former, and the infinite diversion of the ladies, who stood at the door enjoying the scene with undisguised unction. The ceremony was novel, and to the object of it extremely embarrassing, as one of the chiefs or principal Indians took him by the hand, led him out in the middle of the room, then commenced a sort of Indian waltz, turning slowly round with

him to a low chant, while the others would look gravely on, and every now and then strike in with a monosyllabic chorus, "Ugh! ugh!" The solemn gravity of the Indians and the merriment of the lookers-on formed quite a ludicrous contrast. The chant concluded, the chief made him a formal and deferential speech, and gave him his name, which was Vomonte, meaning, as interpreted to him, Good to everybody.

It was now Irving's turn to have his fun, and as soon as the Indian had concluded, he told him he had made a great mistake in conferring this distinction on him; that he was but an insignificant individual to be so highly honored; but that the other, pointing to Hoffman, had been Attorney-general of the State of New York, and was much more worthy of this great distinction than himself; that he would feel it an abatement of his dignity if they honored an obscure stripling in this way, and passed by so illustrious a personage.

Nothing would do, therefore, but they must march Hoffman out, and go through the same parade with him, to the great amusement of the ladies, and the irrepressible glee of Irving, who had felt too keenly the rueful dignity of the situation in his own case, not to enjoy it with the highest relish when the tables were turned. Hoffman's name was Citrovani, or Shining Man.

At Montreal, which was the great emporium of the fur trade, the party was fêted in genial style by some of the partners of the Northwest Fur Company. "At their

hospitable board," says Mr. Irving, in his introduction to Astoria, including in his allusion two later visits, "I occasionally met partners and clerks and hardy fur traders from the interior posts; men who had passed years remote from civilized society, among distant and savage tribes, and who had wonders to recount of their wide and wild peregrinations, their hunting exploits, and their perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes among the Indians. I was at an age when the imagination lends its coloring to everything, and the stories of these Sindbads of the wilderness made the life of a trapper and fur trader perfect romance to me."

Here he made the acquaintance of his life-long friend, Henry Brevoort, a native and resident of New York, but then on a visit of business or pleasure to Montreal.

It was not until a lapse of fifty years that Mr. Irving made a second visit to Oswegatchie, now Ogdensburg; and I cannot resist the temptation to take from its place the letter which gives the touching contrast. On a return from a tour by the Lakes to Niagara, he writes to a niece at Paris (Mrs. Storrow):—

SEPTEMBER, 19, 1853.

One of the most interesting circumstances of my tour was the sojourn of a day at Ogdensburg, at the mouth of the Oswegatchie River, where it empties into the St. Lawrence. I had not been there since I visited it fifty years since, in 1803, when I was but twenty years of age; when I made an expedition through the Black River country to Canada in company with Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman, and Ann Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs.

Ludlow Ogden, and Miss Eliza Ogden. Mr. Hoffman and Mr. Ogden were visiting their wild lands on the St. Lawrence. All the country then was a wilderness ; we floated down the Black River in a scow ; we toiled through forests in wagons drawn by oxen ; we slept in hunters' cabins, and were once four-and-twenty hours without food ; but all was romance to me.

Arrived on the banks of the St. Lawrence, we put up at Mr. Ogden's agent, who was quartered in some rude buildings belonging to a ruined French fort at the mouth of the Oswegatchie. What happy days I passed there ! rambling about the woods with the young ladies ; or paddling with them in Indian canoes on the limpid waters of the St. Lawrence ; or fishing about the rapids and visiting the Indians, who still lived on islands in the river. Everything was so grand and so silent and solitary. I don't think any scene in life made a more delightful impression upon me.

Well—here I was again after a lapse of fifty years. I found a populous city occupying both banks of the Oswegatchie, connected by bridges. It was the Ogdensburg, of which a village plot had been planned at the time of our visit. I sought the old French fort where we had been quartered—not a trace of it was left. I sat under a tree on the site and looked round upon what I had known as a wilderness—now teeming with life—crowded with habitations—the Oswegatchie River dammed up and encumbered by vast stone-mills—the broad St. Lawrence ploughed by immense steamers.

I walked to the point, where, with the two girls, I used to launch forth in the canoe, while the rest of the party would wave handkerchiefs, and cheer us from shore ; it was now a bustling landing-place for steamers. There were still some rocks where I used to sit of an evening and accompany with my flute one of the ladies who sang. I sat for a long time on the rocks, summoning recollections of bygone days, and of the happy beings by whom I was then surrounded ; all had passed away—all were dead and gone ; of that young and joyous party I was the sole survivor ; they had all lived quietly at home out of the reach of mischance, yet had gone down to their graves ; while I, who had been wandering about the

world, exposed to all hazards by sea and land, was yet alive. It seemed almost marvelous. I have often, in my shifting about the world, come upon the traces of former existence ; but I do not think anything has made a stronger impression on me than this second visit to the banks of the Oswegatchie.

CHAPTER IV.

DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE.—EMOTIONS ON LEAVING.—LETTER FROM QUARANTINE.—ARRIVAL AT BORDEAUX.—COMMENCEMENT OF JOURNAL.—FROM BORDEAUX TO NICE.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS BY THE WAY.—WHIMSICALITIES OF THE LITTLE DOCTOR.—A SHAM PRISONER.—FRENCH PASSPORT.—SPICE OF TRAVELLING PHILOSOPHY.—POLICE.—A SPY.—A SUSPECTED TRAVELLER.—DETENTION.

MR. IRVING came of age on the third of April, 1804.

The delicate state of his health at this time began to awaken the solicitude of his family, and the father, now paralytic, having retired from business with a moderate independence, his brothers, animated by a common spirit, determined to send him on a voyage to Europe.

"It is with delight," writes his brother William to him soon after his departure, "we share the world with you; and one of our greatest sources of happiness is that fortune is daily putting it in our power thus to add to the comfort and enjoyment of one so very near to us all."

William was the third child of his parents, and the oldest who lived to grow up. He was nearly seventeen

years the senior of Washington, and there was something of the father mingled with the strong fraternal affection with which he regarded him. Of this brother, Washington remarks in one of his letters, "He was the man I most loved on earth," and his conversation would often turn on his rich mellow humor, his range of anecdote, his quick sensibility, and fine colloquial flow.

On the 19th of May, he was helped up the side of the vessel, in which he had engaged his passage for Bordeaux. The captain (Shaler) eyed him with a foreboding glance as he stepped upon the deck, and as he afterwards told him, said to himself, "There's a chap who will go overboard before we get across." Mr. Irving himself seems also at times to have had his fears that he was sinking by slow degrees to the grave. His emotions on leaving are described in a letter from Bordeaux to Alexander Beebee, one of his young friends.

I felt heavy-hearted on leaving the city, as you may suppose; but the severest moments of my departure were when I lost sight of the boat in which were my brothers who had accompanied me on board, and when the steeples of the city faded from my view. It seemed as if I had left the world behind me, and was cast among strangers without a friend, sick and solitary. I looked around me, saw none but strange faces, heard nothing but a language I could not understand, and felt "alone amidst a crowd." I passed a melancholy, lonesome day, turned into my berth at night sick at heart, and laid for hours thinking of the friends I had left behind. . . . . Had this unhappy mood held possession of me long, I do not know if I should not have been a meal for the sharks before I had made half the passage, but thanks to "the Fountain of health and good

spirits," He has given me enough of the latter to brighten up my dullest moments. My home-sickness wore off by degrees ; I again looked forward with enthusiasm to the classic scenes I was to enjoy, the land of romance and inspiration I was to tread, and though New York and its inhabitants often occupied my thoughts, and constantly my dreams, yet there was no longer anything painful in the ideas they awakened.

On the 25th of June his vessel was quarantined at the mouth of the Gironde. From shipboard he writes to his brother William the next day :—

My health is much better than when I left New York. I was but slightly sea-sick for about a day and a half on first coming out. The rest of the voyage I was tolerably well, except fevers that often troubled me at night. We were seventeen in the cabin besides the master and mates, and as I cannot speak very highly of the cleanliness of some of my fellow-passengers, you may suppose our nights were not over comfortable. I have often passed the greatest part of the night walking the deck.

Our passage was what the sailors term "a lady's voyage," gentle and mild. We were tantalized, however, with baffling winds, particularly after entering the Bay of Biscay, where the wind came directly ahead. The first land we made, therefore, was Cape Penas, on the coast of Spain (on the 20th of the month). I cannot express the sensations I felt on first catching a glimpse of European land.

In a postscript he adds :—

The only news I have yet heard is, that Bonaparte is declared emperor of the Gauls—Moreau is banished two years to his estate in the country—Georges is shot—Pichegru has hung himself in prison, and preparations are still making for the invasion.

In a letter a few days later to the same brother, he writes from Bordeaux :—

On yesterday morning [Saturday, the 30th June] we arrived and disembarked at this port, after having been exactly six weeks on shipboard. I had begun to be considerably of a sailor before I left the ship. My round jacket and loose trousers were extremely convenient. I was quite expert at climbing to the mast-head and going out on the maintop-sail yard.

. . . . Everything is novel and interesting to me—the heavy Gothic-looking buildings—the ancient churches—the manners of the people,—it really looks like another world.

In this city, where the young traveller remained six weeks to improve himself in the language, he commenced a copious journal, which he continued with some intermissions until his arrival in Paris in the following year. His plan in regard to it was to minute down notes in pencil in a small book, and extend them whenever he could seize a moment of leisure. This journal, his notes in pencil when the journal was suspended, and his letters to the family which are preserved, will enable us to accompany him in his journeyings. I shall have but partial recourse to the journal, however, and confine myself mainly to such selections from his letters as may serve to illustrate his life and personal adventures, and give his character a chance to unfold itself; omitting altogether, or retrenching largely from the descriptions of scenery and places with which they abound, and other particulars which would be minute or tedious, and adding here and there such anecdotes worthy of note as do not appear in either, but have been gathered from his own lips.

On the 5th of August, Irving set out in the diligence from Bordeaux. The company presented a curious "jumble of character"—a little opera singer, with her father and mother, who were returning to Toulouse after a short visit to Bordeaux; a young officer, not much older than himself, going to see his mother in Languedoc; and a French gentleman, who had some knowledge of English, and had just returned from a voyage round the world. But the most amusing personage was a little American doctor, full of whim and eccentricity, who had taken passage in the cabriolet, a seat in front of the diligence, and who is thus introduced in the journal, which records the fact, that after breakfast on the morning of the 6th, the writer exchanged places with a Frenchman who was seated in the cabriolet, to obtain a better view of the luxuriant and enchanting country through which he was passing.

In this place [says the journal], I found a singular little genius, quite an original—his name was Henry, a doctor of medicine, originally of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania; by his talk he appears to have been for a long time a citizen of the world. He is about five feet four inches high, and thick-set; talks French fluently, and has an eternal tongue. He knew everybody of consequence—ambassadors, consuls, etc., were Tom-Dick-and-Harry, intimate acquaintances. The Abbé Winkleman had given him a breast-pin; Lavater had made him a present of a snuff-box, and several authors had sent him their works to read and criticise.

Whenever the diligence stopped in any of the towns to change horses, etc. [he writes in a letter to his brother William], we generally strolled through the streets talking to every one we met. We found the women very frequently seated at the doors at work, and they were always ready

to enter into conversation. The lower class throughout this part of France speak a villainous jargon, termed *patois*, composed of a jumble of Italian, French, and Spanish, so that I found it difficult to understand them, though I can make them understand me very readily. In one of our strolls in the town of Tonneins, we entered a house where a number of girls were quilting. They gave me a needle, and set me to work. My bad French seemed to give them much amusement, as I talked continually. They asked me several questions; as I could not understand them, I made them any answer that came into my head, which caused a great deal of laughter amongst them. At last the little Doctor told them that I was an *English prisoner*, whom the young French officer (who was with us) had in custody. Their merriment immediately gave place to pity. "Ah ! le pauvre garçon," said one to another; "he is merry, however, in all his trouble." "And what will they do with him ?" said a young woman to the voyageur. "O, nothing of consequence," replied he; "perhaps shoot him, or cut off his head." The honest souls seemed quite distressed for me, and when I mentioned that I was thirsty, a bottle of wine was immediately placed before me, nor could I prevail on them to take a recompense. In short, I departed, loaded with their good wishes and benedictions, and I suppose furnished a theme of conversation throughout the village.

The kind-hearted creatures not only brought him wine, but obliged him to fill his pockets with fruit. Some of them got round the young officer to intercede in his behalf, and to charge him to be kind to him.

The incident here related seems to have left so durable an impression on the fancy of the pretended prisoner, that long years afterwards, in 1845, when Minister to Spain and on his way from Madrid to Paris, we find him diverging from his route expressly to revisit this scene of his youthful travel.

In a letter to his sister, Mrs. Paris, dated Paris, November 1, 1845, he writes :—

My visit to Tonneins, and the banks of the Garonne, was induced by recollections of my youthful days. On my first visit to Europe, when I was but about twenty-one years of age, my first journey was up along the banks of this river on my way to Montpellier ; and the scenery of it remained in my memory with all the magic effects of first impressions.

Then after recounting the incident as given in his early letter, and adding, "it was a shame to leave them with such painful impressions," he proceeds :—

The recollections of this incident induced me to shape my course so as to strike the river just at this little town. A beautiful place it is ; situated on a high *côte,* commanding a wide view of the Garonne and the magnificent and fertile region through which it flows. I found all my early impressions of the beauty of the scenery fully justified, and almost felt a kindling of the youthful romance with which I once gazed upon it. As my carriage rattled through the quiet streets of Tonneins, and the postilion smacked his whip with the French love of racket, I looked out for the house where, forty years before, I had seen the quilting party. I believe I recognized the house ; and I saw two or three old women, who might once have formed part of the merry group of girls ; but I doubt whether they recognized in the stout elderly gentleman, thus rattling in his carriage through their streets, the pale young English prisoner of forty years since.

The little Doctor had an incessant flow of spirits, and was continually creating whimsical scenes and incidents throughout the journey.

In another town [says a further extract from the letter to his brother William], he took the landlady aside, told her I was a young Mameluke

of distinction, travelling *incog.*, and that he was my interpreter ; asked her to bring me a large chair that I might sit cross-legged, after the manner of my country, and desired a long pipe for me that I might smoke perfumes. The good woman believed every word, said she had no large chair, but she could place two chairs for me ; and as to a pipe, she had none longer than was generally used by the country people. The Doctor said that would not do, and since she could not furnish the articles, she might bring a bottle of her best wine with good bread and cheese, and we would eat breakfast.

The Doctor, who was "a continual fund of amusement to him," he also found an "excellent hand," as an old traveller, in protecting him from imposition, so that when any unreasonable demand "was made upon me," he writes, "I pretended not to understand and turned them over to him ; by this means I escaped much trouble, and the Doctor was highly pleased with his employment."

At Meze, "a small town, beautifully situated on the sea-shore," he parted with this eccentric genius, who, in bidding him good-by, told him when next they met he might probably find him a conjurer or High German doctor.

It was not long before he missed the services of his amusing companion, for he had no sooner stopped at Montpellier than he was assailed by a regiment of porters, two of whom seized his trunk and brought it to his room.

One of them [says the journal], I paid amply ; the other insisted on a

gratuity, and was so clamorous, that I had to bundle him head and heels out of the door, and slammed it to, telling him to go and divide the *spoils* with his brother vagabond.

This summary method of settling with the persistent porter affords a characteristic illustration of the traveller's nervous impetuosity under annoyance. "You have a *little* of the family impatience," says an admonitory passage in one of his brother William's letters. It was a peculiarity which all the children inherited in greater or less degree from the mother.

But his protector is soon back again. On returning at night from the theatre to the inn, says a letter to his brother, "I was surprised to find the little Doctor at the hotel. He had despatched his business at Cette, and intends going on to Nice. I shall travel in company with him, and by that means be protected from extortion. I find he is a more important character than I at first supposed."

On the 16th, early in the morning, he set off in a voiture with the Doctor for Nismes, and arrived in the evening. Here, where his curiosity and admiration were strongly excited by the Roman antiquities of the place, he began to have misgivings about the sufficiency of his passport.

By some conversation [says the journal], I had with Dr. Henry, I had got quite out of conceit of my American protection; it was in writing from the mayor in New York, and he said it was a chance if any of the French officers of police would be able to read it, or would know whether

to give credence to the signature of the mayor or not. My French passport also gave a very poor description of me; and as I was continually mistaken on the road for an Englishman, I began to apprehend I might get into some disagreeable situation with the police, before I could reach Marseilles. I was much startled, therefore, while sitting at supper with several others in the hotel, at the entry of two or three officers of the police with a file of soldiers. They only came, however, to examine our passports, and they passed over mine very lightly.

The traveller would seem to have had two passports from the city of Bordeaux, one from the Police, the other from the Chancellerie. A comparison of the description given of him in each, discloses some discrepancies, especially as to the color of his eyes, which is described as blue in one and gray in the other. Their actual color was sometimes a moot point among his friends. "Nose long," "nose middling," "forehead high," "forehead middling," mark a further disagreement, though more easily reconciled.*

At Nismes he parted once more with the little Doctor, who was so unwell that he determined to return to Montpellier, and endeavor to proceed from Cette by water.

After staying two days at Nismes [says a letter to his brother William], I set off for Avignon, full of enthusiasm at the thoughts of visiting the

* I give the entire passports in translation :—

Chancellerie.—Hair chestnut—eyebrows do.—eyes gray—nose long—mouth middling—chin large—forehead middling—face oblong—height 5 feet 7 inches.

Police.—Hair and eyebrows chestnut—eyes blue—nose middling—mouth middling—chin round—forehead high—face oval.

tomb of Laura, and of wandering amid the wild retreats and romantic solitudes of Vaucluse.

The sun was setting when he caught his view of the city of classic immortality, and the next morning he rose early, and, to resume with the letter,—

Inquired for the Church of Cordeliers that contained the tomb of the belle Laura. Judge my surprise, my disappointment, and my indignation, when I was told that the church, tomb, and all, were utterly demolished in the time of the revolution. Never did the revolution, its authors and its consequences, receive a more hearty and sincere execration than at that moment. Throughout the whole of my journey I had found reason to exclaim against it for depriving me of some valuable curiosity or celebrated monument, but this was the severest disappointment it had yet occasioned. . . . . I had calculated much upon visiting Vaucluse, but had most reluctantly to abandon the idea. It would have taken me two days to go there and return to Avignon. My passport mentioned that I was to go *directly* to Marseilles, which I was told was something particular. I had been continually mistaken on the road for an Englishman, and there were one or two spies of the police keeping a strict watch on me while at Avignon. To have set off for Vaucluse might therefore have occasioned an arrest, and as I could not understand the patois which is spoken throughout these parts, I might have been involved in vexatious difficulties, so that I had to deny myself the gratification. One of the spies paid me a visit, *incog.*; I however discovered him by a ribbon he wore under his coat, and as I was not in the best of humors, I gave him a reception so dry and ungracious, that I believe he was glad to make his *congé*.

He spoke a little English, and introduced himself by asking, in a careless manner, if I was from England. I said I was from America. "From what part of America, if he might take the liberty to ask?" "From *North* America." The dry, laconic manner in which this was

given, rather disconcerted him—he soon recovered. "Perhaps Monsieur experienced some vexations in travelling, from resembling so much an Anglois." "No—not much—though I was sometimes subjected to impertinent intrusions!" "Hem—hah—Monsieur, *sans doute*, took care always to be provided with good passports,"—no answer. "Because, Monsieur must know, the police was very strict in the interior, and had a sharp look-out on every stranger." "Yes, Monsieur," said I, turning pretty short upon him, "I know very well the strictness of your police, the constant watch they keep on the actions of strangers, and the spies with which an unfortunate devil of a traveller is continually surrounded. Above all despicable scoundrels I despise a spy most superlatively—a wretch that intrudes himself into the company of an unwary traveller, endeavors to pry into his affairs, and gain his confidence only to betray him; such creatures should be flogged out of society, and their employers meet with the contempt they merit for using such ungenerous means." The poor chap shrugged his shoulders, bit his nails, shifted his seat, and when I had finished, replied that all that I had said was very true; the police were very wrong, their regulations very vexatious, that he had thought proper as I was a stranger to give me a hint or two, hoped I might have a good journey, and wished me a good-day. I heard him diable-ing to himself all the way down stairs, and meeting the master of the hotel at the foot he exclaimed in a half loud tone, "Je crois il est veritablement un Anglois." In the evening the master of the hotel required my passport to show to the police; it was returned to me without any further trouble, and I was permitted to resume my journey without interruption.

At Marseilles, where he spent three weeks, the ubiquitous Doctor turns up again.

I was agreeably surprised the other evening [says the journal], on returning to the hotel from a promenade, to find Dr. Henry quietly seated in the parlor. It seemed as if the little man had dropped from the clouds, for I had supposed him still at Cette. He told me he had reached there

the day after he parted with me at Nismes, but found that no vessel would sail in less than two months, as they would not have a convoy before that time. His complaint increasing, he determined once more to try the journey by land, and, after divers misfortunes, the carriage overturning, etc., he arrived safe at Marseilles. His health is better at present, his spirits have returned, and he is again as merry as a cricket.

On the 10th of September he left Marseilles in company with Dr. Henry, having engaged a carriage to take them to Nice. The inns on the road are described in the journal as miserable. "Dirt, noise, and insolence reigned without control. The custom of piling manure up against their houses, which was used to fertilize the country, was destructive to comfort." In a letter to his brother William, he remarks :—

Fortunately for me, I am seasoned, in some degree, to the disagreeables from my Canada journey of last summer. When I enter one of these inns, to put up for the night, I have but to draw a comparison between it and some of the log hovels into which my fellow-travellers and myself were huddled, after a fatiguing day's journey through the woods, and the inn appears a palace. For my part, I endeavor to take things as they come, with cheerfulness, and when I cannot get a dinner to suit my taste, I endeavor to get a taste to suit my dinner.

And he adds :—

There is nothing I dread more than to be taken for one of the Smell-fungi of this world. I therefore endeavor to be pleased with everything about me, and with the masters, mistresses, and servants of the inns, particularly when I perceive they have "all the dispositions in the

world" to serve me; as Sterne says, "It is enough for heaven and ought to be enough for me."

On the evening of the 13th September the travellers arrived at Nice.

Thus [says he in the letter before quoted], having happily accomplished my journey through the South of France, I felicitated myself with the idea that nothing remained but to step into a felucca and be gently wafted to the classic shore of Italy! Little did I think of being *persuaded* by the police to defer my departure and take time to enjoy the climate and prospects of Nice. The next morning I waited on the municipality to deliver my passport and request another for Genoa. Monsieur Le Secretaire-general perused my passport, and told me it was not in his power to grant me permission to depart—that my passport was such as is given to suspected persons, and that I must rest here contented until a better passport was sent on, or a permission from the Grand Judge at Paris authorizing my departure. This speech absolutely struck me dumb. The Doctor, however, who was with me and could speak French far more fluently than I, took up my cause. He represented to the Secretary-general my situation: young, inexperienced, for the first time separated from my family, in a foreign land and ignorant of the language, a vile passport had been given to me, and I, ignorant of the forms of the police, had taken it as one of the same kind that was generally given to my countrymen. That now I would be detained among strangers, not understanding their language, out of health, solitary (as his affairs obliged him to set off immediately for Italy). In short, I cannot repeat one half of the distresses, the calamities, and the bugbears that the Doctor summoned to his assistance to render his harangue as moving as possible. The Secretary-general assured him that he felt for my situation, but it was absolutely out of his power to allow me to proceed—that he was amenable to superior authority, and dared not indulge his inclination, and that *something suspicious* in my deportment

or affairs must certainly have occasioned this precaution in the municipality of Bordeaux. The Doctor assured him that it was a mistake. He had travelled with me all along, and would swear, would pledge his person, his property, his all, for my being a citizen of the United States, and that nothing had occurred either in my deportment or conversation that merited suspicion. In short, he manifested the most friendly zeal and earnestness in my cause, and said everything he could think of to obtain my passport. It was all in vain. The Secretary repeated it was out of his power to grant it, or he would with the sincerest pleasure, but that he would write to the Commissary-general of Police at Marseilles, inclosing my passport, and requesting another that should enable me to proceed ; in the meantime he would give me a letter of surety that granted me the liberty of the place without being subject to molestation from police officers. Having received this we withdrew, thanking him for the politeness he had shown. By the Doctor's advice I immediately wrote to Mr. Schwartz and our consul at Marseilles, requesting them to represent my case to the Com.-general and endeavor to have a good passport sent on immediately, or if there was no other way, to reclaim me as an American citizen. I have written to Dr. Ellison and our consul, Mr Lee, at Bordeaux, requesting them to take the same measures there, and as Dr. Henry was to depart from here for Genoa in two days, I wrote by him to Hall Storm to get our consul there to reclaim me. Dr. Henry has promised to do all in his power to forward the business in that quarter, so I think it will be hard if there does not come relief from one quarter or another.

Hall Storm, here mentioned, was a native of New York, established in business at Genoa, and then acting as vice-consul. He had been an early playmate of Mr. Irving, though somewhat his senior.

CHAPTER V.

CONTINUED DETENTION.—FRIENDLY OFFICES OF DR. HENRY.—LIBERATION.—TAKES FELUCCA FOR GENOA.—A WHISTLING SHOT.—LOITER AT GENOA.—AGREEABLE ACQUAINTANCES.—DETERMINES TO VISIT SICILY.—ALLUSION TO DUEL OF HAMILTON AND BURR.

I CONTINUE my extracts from the letter last quoted, to his brother William.

The next day [15th September], I was lying down after dinner, when I was suddenly awakened by the noise of some persons entering my chamber, and found an officer of the police and the Doctor standing before me. He had come to demand my papers to carry before the mayor, for particular reasons. The Doctor told me not to disturb myself, that he would accompany the man and learn what was the cause of this visit. In about half an hour I heard him coming up stairs humming a tune in a voice something like that of Tom Pipes—between *a screech and a whistle.* He entered my room with a furious countenance, flung himself into a chair, and stopping all at once in the middle of his tune, began to curse the police in the most voluble manner, nor could I get a word of intelligence out of him until he had consigned them all to purgatory. He then let me know that we had been dogged about by some scoundrel of a spy who had denounced me as an Englishman, which had occasioned the demand of my papers. He told me he had been before the Adjoint of the mayor, who spoke English and was very polite ; that he had represented my situation to him, and had told him that he would bring me before him, and if he did not at once see by my countenance

that I was an honest man, incapable of deceit, he would himself pledge both his property and his person that I would prove so in the end. I accordingly accompanied the Doctor before the Adjoint. The latter received me very politely ; as he spoke English I simply stated the circumstances of my case, but he told me that it was unnecessary ; he was convinced of the folly of the suspicions that had been indulged against me, and assured me that while I remained in Nice my tranquillity should not be again disturbed. Having received my papers we withdrew. On the 17th, the Doctor set off in a felucca for Genoa, and though I was sorry to part with a man whose company was so amusing and who had proved himself sincerely my friend, yet I could not but be pleased on one account, as it would facilitate my own departure, for I look chiefly to Genoa for effectual assistance.

Sept. 26.—I have just received two or three letters ; to express to you the revolution of feelings they occasioned is impossible. They were put into my hands by the maître d'hôtel just as I returned from one of my solitary morning rambles on the sea-shore, where I had been wistfully contemplating the ocean, and wishing myself on its bosom in full sail to Italy. The first packet was from my indefatigable friend, Dr. Henry, inclosing a letter from Hall Storm, and a reclamation from our consul, and all within twenty-four hours after his arrival. As to the letter from Storm, it breathes all the warmth and openness of heart that distinguishes that worthy fellow.

. . . . I have also received a packet from our consul at Marseilles, inclosing a letter to the Préfet of Nice, representing my case and urging him to give me a passport for Italy. Thus you see the prospect is opened. I have but to go to the municipality, get a passport, etc., and then away to Italy and Hall Storm !

Evening.—Such were the enlivening ideas of this morning, and with a light heart I danced attendance on the Secretary-general five or six times in the course of the day. At last I had the good fortune to have my paper carried either before him or the Préfet by one of the head clerks, and after waiting in sanguine expectation of a passport being ordered me, I was greeted with the cheering intelligence that I must rest here

still for four or five days till they received an answer to a letter that had been written to the Commissary-general of Marseilles. What this answer is, or of what importance it is, I neither know nor care; it is sufficient for me to know that I am in their power, and that it is needless to complain—*patience par force* is my motto. [The journal says, "I never wanted a knowledge of the language so much as when the clerk brought this answer; I fairly gasped for words. As it was, I gave him my sentiments pretty roundly in the best French I could muster."]

The letter continues:—

I was promised that I should be forwarded with pleasure when a reclamation arrived from Genoa, and now that I have a reclamation supported by a letter from our consul at Marseilles, I am still detained; and shall be obliged to dance attendance on these scoundrels, I do not know how much longer; I have felt what it is to have to deal with *Dogs in office*, and can say with Swift:—

> "Ye gods! if there's a man I ought to hate,
> *Attendance* and dependence be his fate."

October 14.—Upwards of two weeks have elapsed since the above was written—the time in that interval has dragged on without anything particular to vary its monotony. I have been made the sport of promises and evasions by the police, who pretend that they are unable to give me a passport, notwithstanding the reclamation, etc.; that they must have authority from Paris, though they have not taken the trouble to write to Paris. Fortunately, however, I wrote to Mr. Lee, our consul at Bordeaux, when I was first detained; he immediately wrote to our minister at Paris, in my favor, in consequence of which I received a very polite letter from Robert L. Livingston, Esq., son-in-law of the minister, informing me that the minister had received the account of my situation from Mr. Lee, and immediately had sent a passport to the Grand Judge for his signature, and that it would most probably come on by the same mail, at furthest by the mail ensuing.

The promised passport arrived on the 16th, and the next morning, after a tedious detention of five weeks, he set sail in a felucca for Genoa coasting along near the land, for fear of the privateers that infested the Mediterranean, and in the evening putting into the towns to pass the night. At one place near Alberga the felucca had receded beyond her usual distance from the shore, when a small vessel that lay under an island fired a gun ahead of them on suspicion of her being a privateer.

"Our padrone," says the journal, "immediately displayed the Genoese flag, and hailed the vessel. Either they did not see or hear him, or their suspicions were very strong, for they fired another shot at us, which whistled just over our heads. Towards evening the breeze died away, and the men had to take to their oars. It was a bright moonlight, and the sound of a convent bell from among the mountains would now and then salute their ears, and immediately the rowers would rest on their oars, pull off their caps, and offer up their prayers."

They passed the night at Savona, and the next day entered the harbor of Genoa, where he met with a most cordial and open-hearted reception from his friend Storm, with whom he took up his quarters in the wing of an old palace. The pleasure of this meeting was no doubt wonderfully heightened by his long and friendless solitude at Nice. In a letter to his young friend, John Furman, dated Genoa, October 24, 1804, he is almost at

a loss to express his sense of the happiness of this meeting with an old comrade from New York.

You [he says], who have never been from home in a land of strangers, and for some time without friends, cannot conceive the joy, the rapture of meeting with a favorite companion in a distant part of the world.

Time passed rapidly and pleasantly with the young traveller at Genoa.

I have now been in Genoa six weeks [he writes to William, November 30th], and, so far from being tired of it, I every day feel more and more delighted with my situation, and unwilling to part. I cannot speak with sufficient warmth of the reception I have met with from Storm. We have scarcely been out of each other's sight all the time I have been here, and he has introduced me to the first society in Genoa, from whom I have received the most flattering attentions.

Some weeks later we find him in the following letter still at Genoa, preparing to tear himself away from the friendly circle of acquaintance he had formed, and mingle again among strangers.

[*To William Irving.*]

GENOA, December 20, 1804.

DEAR BROTHER :—

I yesterday received your letter, and return you a thousand thanks for the length and minuteness of it. You cannot imagine how enlivening it was to me, and with what a greedy eye I read every line three or four times.

. . . . Part of your letter was written on the 25th of October, which was *five days after I arrived in Genoa,* and here it found me still.

It is a most fortunate thing that I received your letters before my departure, as they will influence me much in my route. You will be pleased to hear that your wish that I should visit Sicily will be fully gratified, and in a manner most convenient and agreeable to myself. I set sail tomorrow in the ship Matilda of Philadelphia, bound for Messina in Sicily, where she takes in a cargo of wines for America. The ship was formerly a Charleston packet, and has excellent accommodations. The captain is an honest, worthy, old gentleman, of the name of Strong. He is highly delighted with the thoughts of my going, has laid in excellent stores, prepared the best berth, and says he intends to make my passage as comfortable as possible. Had not this opportunity offered, I would have been obliged to make a long roundabout tour by the way of Milan, Bologna, Ancona, etc., etc., to Rome, as all Tuscany is surrounded by cordones (lines of soldiers) where I should be detained, quarantined, smoked, and vinegared, and perhaps, after all, not have been suffered to pass. . . . .

I have been to-day to bid farewell to my Genoese friends, and a painful task it was I assure you. The very particular attentions I have received here have rendered my stay delightful. I really felt as if at home, surrounded by my friends. Though my acquaintances were very numerous, I particularly confined my visits to three places, Lady Shaftesbury's, Madame Gabriac's, and Mrs. Bird's. From Lady Shaftesbury I have experienced the most unreserved and cordial friendship. I visited her house every night, dined there frequently, and supped whenever I chose. . . . .

Madame Gabriac's was another favorite visiting place. She is a lady of the first rank, and speaks English extremely well. We were always sure of a merry evening in her company, when she would discuss the fashionable intelligence of Genoa with a whim and humor peculiar to herself. She expressed the greatest regret at my departure, and furnishes me with a letter of introduction to her friend, the Marchesa Miranda at Florence, a lady of whom I have heard much, both for beauty and understanding.

I dined to-day at Mrs. Bird's at Sestri, to bid her family farewell. I believe I have spoken before to you of this charming woman and her

lovely daughters. We have spent several delightful days in their company at Sestri, and received the most hospitable attentions. . . . .

I had nearly forgotten to mention to you that I was presented to the Doge on his levee night by his nephew, Signor Lerra, and had a very polite reception. . . . .

It is with the greatest uneasiness that I hear of the continued precariousness of sister Nancy's health. I wish to heaven I had her with me in these mild climates, where her feeble frame would soon recruit. The rude shocks of the western winters she has to encounter are too violent for a delicate constitution that is at the mercy of every breeze. For myself I am another being. Health has new strung my limbs, and endowed me with an elasticity of spirits that gilds every scene with sunshine and heightens every enjoyment.

It was at Genoa that the traveller received a letter from his brother William, inclosing an official account of the sad duel in which Hamilton fell by the hand of Burr, and exhibiting a distressing picture of the political excitement which was then at its height in his native city. His reply gives, incidentally, an insight into his early political preferences; while he regrets the rancorous height party animosity was attaining in the country, he speaks of himself as "an admirer of General Hamilton, and a partisan with him in politics." "My fellow-countrymen do not know the blessings they enjoy," he adds; "they are trifling with their felicity, and are, in fact, themselves their worst enemies. I sicken when I think of our political broils, slanders, and enmities, and I think, when I again find myself in New York, I shall never meddle any more in politics."

I close this chapter with his last lines from Genoa, in a letter to his brother William, already quoted in part.

I am finishing this letter in the morning; the wind is fair, the day lovely, and everything appears to befriend me. I have to haste and pack up my trunk, so that I must tear myself away from the pleasure of writing to you. In a little while I shall be once more on the ocean. I am a friend to that element, for it has hitherto used me well, and I shall feel quite at home on shipboard.

You see I set off in high glee, though I expect to have a serious heart-ache when I lose sight of Genoa.

Heaven bless you, my dear brother.

W. I.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM GENOA TO MESSINA.—CHRISTMAS AT SEA.—ADVENTURE WITH PIRATES.—QUARANTINE.—HIGH CONVERSE WITH CAPTAIN STRONG.

[*To William Irving.*]

SHIP MATILDA, December 25, 1804.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—

N my last letter from Genoa, I mentioned that I was on the point of embarking with a fine wind and charming weather. I was disappointed in the expectation. The wind blew too strong for the vessel to warp out of the harbor, and we were detained till the 23d, when we set sail at two o'clock with a brisk gale, and soon left *sweet Genoa* and all its friendly inhabitants behind us. [I remained (says the journal) alternately gazing upon Sestri and Genoa, till they faded in the distance, and evening veiled them even from the sight of the telescope.] The wind died away before evening, and the next day it sprung up ahead, where it has continued ever since, keeping us baffling about opposite Leghorn. . . . .

I began this letter on Christmas-day—it is now the evening of the twenty-eighth; all this while have we been beating about in nearly the same place, among some small islands that lie between Corsica and the Tuscan shore. There are three other passengers, Genoese captains of vessels, who speak French very well; they sleep in the steerage, and leave me the cabin to myself. The captain is an honest, worthy old soul of a religious turn (though he never talks of religion), and violently smitten with an affection for lunar observations. The old gentleman has likewise

an invincible propensity to *familiarize* the names of people; it is always *Tom* Truxton, *Kit* Columbus, and *Jack* Styles with him, and he cannot tell you the name of the author of a book without *Jacking* or *Gilling* him. He is extremely obliging and good-humored, and strives to render my situation as agreeable as possible.

29*th.*—We have at length, to our great satisfaction, cleared the island of Elba, and are now passing between it and the island of Planosa. The latter is a place of shelter and ambuscade for small privateers that infest these parts, and lie in wait here to sally out on vessels as they pass. These little privateers are of the kind that seamen term *pickaroons.* They are unprincipled in their depredations, plundering from any nation. One of the Genoese captains assured me that they were worse than the Algerines or Tripolitans, as the latter nations only capture and make prisoners, whereas these villains often accompany their depredations with cruelty and murder, and have even been known to plunder the ship, sink her, and kill the crew to prevent discovery and punishment. They may be termed the *banditti of the ocean,* having very seldom any commission or authority.

30*th.*—I was sitting in the cabin yesterday writing very tranquilly, when word was brought that a sail was seen coming off towards us from the island. The Genoese captain, after regarding it through a spy-glass, turned pale, and said it was one of those privateers of which he had been speaking to me. A moment after she fired a gun, upon which we hoisted the American flag. Another gun was fired, the ball of which passed between the main and foremasts, and we immediately brought to. We went to work directly to conceal any trifling articles of value that we had. As to myself, I put my letters of credit in my inside coat pocket, and gave two Spanish doubloons (which was all the cash I had), one to the cabin-boy, and the other to a little Genoese lad, to take care of for me, as it was not very probable that they would be searched. By this time the privateer had come within hail. She was quite small, about the size of one of our Staten Island ferry-boats, with lateen-sails, and two small guns in the bow. (As for us, we had not even a pistol on board.) They were under French colors, and hailing us, ordered the captain to come on

board with his papers. He accordingly went, and after some time returned, accompanied by several of the privateersmen. One of them appeared to have command over the rest; he was a tall, stout fellow, shabbily dressed, without any coat, and his shirt sleeves rolled up to his elbows, displaying a formidably muscular pair of arms. His crew would have shamed Falstaff's ragged regiment in their habiliments, while their countenances displayed the strongest lines of villainy and rapacity. They carried rusty cutlasses in their hands, and pistols and stilettos were stuck in their belts and waistbands. After the leader had given orders to shorten sail, he demanded the passports and bills of health of the passengers, etc., and made several inquiries concerning the cargo. These we answered by means of one of his men, who spoke a little English, and another who spoke French, and to whom I translated our replies. He then told the captain and myself that we must go on board of the privateer, as the commander wanted to make some inquiries, and that I could act as interpreter. As we were going over the side, the Genoese captain stopped me privately, and with tears in his eyes entreated me not to leave the ship, as he believed they only intended to separate us all, that they might cut our throats the more easily. I represented to him how useless and impolitic it would be to dispute their orders, as it would only enrage them; that we were completely in their power, and they could as easily despatch us on board the ship as in the privateer, we having no arms to defend ourselves. The poor man shook his head, and said he hoped the Virgin would protect me. When we arrived on board the privateer I own my heart almost failed me; a more villainous-looking crew I never beheld. Their dark complexions, rough beards, and fierce black eyes scowling under enormous bushy eyebrows, gave a character of the greatest ferocity to their countenances. They were as rudely accoutred as their comrades that had boarded us, and like them, armed with cutlasses, stilettos, and pistols. They seemed to regard us with the most malignant looks, and I thought I could perceive a sinister smile upon their countenances, as if triumphing over us who had fallen so easily into their hands. Their captain, after reading over our papers and asking us several questions about the vessel and cargo, said he only stopped us to know if we

had the regular bills of health telling us some confused contradictory story of his being employed by the health office of Leghorn. After a while he gave us permission to return on board, with which we cheerfully complied, but our pleasure was damped when we found that he retained all our papers. On arriving on board we understood that they had been rummaging the ship, and had ordered them to stand for the shore that the vessel might be brought to anchor. When our sails were almost in, a signal was given, upon which the privateer fired a gun, gave three cheers, and hoisted English colors. The captain or leader then turned round with a grin, and said that we were a good prize. We told him to recollect we were Americans. He said it was all one ; everything was a good prize that came from Genoa, as the port was blockaded. We replied that there had been no English frigates off the port for six months past, consequently they could not pretend but that the blockade had ceased. He said we would find the contrary when we arrived at Malta, where he intended to carry us. We thought it most advisable to be silent, confident that if we were carried to Malta they could do nothing with us. The Genoese captain said he was convinced from their behavior that they had no idea of carrying us there, but that they were merely a band of pirates without commission, and bent upon plundering.

They then commenced overhauling the ship in hopes of finding money. The leader, and one of his comrades who spoke a little English, began with the cabin, ordering the others to remain on deck to keep guard. They first came across my portmanteau, which I opened for them, and the captain rummaged it completely without finding any money, which appeared to be his main object. The one who spoke English was employed in reading my papers, perhaps hoping to find bills of exchange ; but as they were chiefly letters of introduction he soon grew tired, and turning to his companion said it was an unprofitable business, that I had letters for all Italy and France, but they were nothing but recommendations.

Eh bien, replied the other, we may as well let his things alone for the present—*c'est un homme qui court tout le monde.* ('Tis a man who is rambling over all the world.) Among other letters of introduction they

came across two for Malta, one to Sir Isaac Ball, the governor, and another to a principal English merchant; after this they treated me with much more respect, and the captain told me I might put up my things again in the portmanteau. I huddled them in carelessly, as I expected never again to have the use of them, and locking the trunk offered the key to the captain; he, however, told me to keep it myself, as he had no present occasion for it. By this time his myrmidons on deck had lost all patience, and came crowding into the cabin demanding permission to search the vessel. The leader spoke something to them, and immediately they went to work, ravenous as wolves, ransacking every hole and corner. They were extremely disappointed at finding so little aboard to pillage. The vessel having an intention of loading with wine at Messina had no cargo on board but five or six pipes of brandy, some few tons of paper, a little verdigris, and two boxes of quicksilver. The latter they hoisted out of the run with triumph, thinking them filled with money, but were highly chagrined at discovering their real contents.

After several hours spent in this manner, the *commander-in-chief* came off from the island in a boat. This fellow, I believe, was *commodore* of the squadron, for I learned that there were two more small privateers in a harbor of the island. He was as ragged as the rest, though rather a good-looking fellow in the countenance. After looking over our papers and consulting with his comrades, I suppose they found out that it was impolitic to be very hard upon us, as we had not sufficient on board to encourage them in running any risk, and they well knew they could not justify themselves in taking an American vessel. They therefore returned our papers, and told us that though the ship was a lawful prize, yet they would be *generous* and permit us to proceed; that they did not wish to use any *force,* but would be much obliged to us for some provisions, as they were almost out. We of course had to comply with their *request,* and they took about half the provisions that we had on board.

They likewise took some articles of ship furniture, and one of the under vagabonds stole a watch and some clothes out of the trunks of the Genoese passengers. It is impossible to describe the chagrin and rage of the common fellows at being restrained from plundering; they swore the

ship was a *good prize*, and I almost expected to see them rise against their leaders for contradicting them. The captains then gave us a *receipt* for what they had taken, requesting the British consul at Messina to pay for the same; and about sunset, to our great joy, they bade us adieu, having been on board since eleven o'clock in the morning. For my own part, they did not take the least article from me. The wind was fair, and we spread every sail in hopes of leaving this nest of pirates behind us; but the wind fell before dark, and we lay becalmed all night. You may imagine how unpleasant was our situation, under strong apprehension that some of the gang, inflamed with the liquor they had taken from us, might come off in the night, unknown to the leaders, and commit their depredations without fear or restraint. In spite of my uneasiness, I was so fatigued that I laid down in my clothes, and soon fell asleep; but my rest was broken and disturbed by horrid dreams. The assassin-like figures of the ruffians were continually before me, and two or three times I started out of my bed, with the horrid idea that their stilettos were raised against my bosom.

Happily for us, a favorable wind sprung up early this morning, and we had the satisfaction of leaving the island far behind us before sunrise. . . . .

January 5.—At daybreak this morning we found ourselves within a few miles of the straits of Messina, and near to the Calabrian coast. The sunrise presented to us one of the most charming scenes I ever beheld. To our left extended the Calabrian mountains, their summits still partially enveloped in the mists of morning, the sun having just risen from behind them, and breaking in full splendor from among the clouds. Immediately before us was the celebrated straits immortal in history and song; to the right Sicily gradually swept up into verdant mountains, skirted with delightful little plains. The whole country was lovely and blooming as if in the midst of spring; and villages, towns, and cottages heightened the beauty of the prospect. . . . .

On arriving at Messina the vessel had to undergo quar-

antine, "one of the torments of these seas," he pronounces "infinitely more hideous than Pelorus, Scylla, and Charybdis with all their terrors."

January 10.—We are safely moored at Quarantine [he continues] in front of the Lazaretto, which is built on the promontory facing the town. They have doomed us to this species of imprisonment for twenty-one days, notwithstanding we come from a healthy port, are all hearty, and have scarcely any cargo on board. Our quarantine is longer than it otherwise would have been, in consequence of our having been boarded by the pirates off Planosa. . . . .

The Genoese captain had advised Strong to suppress the fact of their having been boarded by the pirates, if he wished to escape quarantine. If the question is put to me, said the honest captain, I must tell the truth. I have heard the author relate, with marked satisfaction, another instance of the scrupulous probity of the captain. The pirates took half a cask of brandy. There were five on board, one of which belonged to Strong. "That's from my cask," said the captain, as he noted the depredation. "Tut, captain," rejoined the mate, "don't you know the proverb, 'Captains' fowls never die.'" "No, no," said the captain. "I marked it—it *is* my cask."

I resume with the letter:—

. . . . The same day that we arrived, there entered also the United States schooner *Nautilus* from Syracuse. I have already become quite intimate with the officers, and have had several conversations with them. As we are an *infectious* vessel, we are not allowed to communicate with them, except at a proper distance. Dent (the captain) is a Philadelphian, and appears to be a very clever gentlemanlike fellow. He expects to

return to Syracuse in a few days, and has invited me to take a passage with him, which I, of course, shall do. . . . . At Syracuse there are several of our vessels, so that I shall be quite among my fellow-countrymen, and most probably find some old acquaintances. . . . .

His long quarantine had proved an intolerable species of imprisonment to the traveller; though what with the study of Italian, the reading of books on Sicily, procured from shore, and ranging the harbor in the yawl of the ship, which he had fitted up with sails, he managed to pass away the time. This last amusement, however, was attended with the drawback of having a guard from the health office constantly with him. He also found a fund of entertainment in frequent discourses with the captain.

Our conversation [he writes] is whimsical enough, and we alternately discuss the New Testament and the Nautical Almanac, and talk indiscriminately of *Joe* Pilmore, *Jack* Hamilton More, *Tom* Truxton, *Kit* Columbus, and *Jack* Wesley. Methodism and lunar observations preside by turns, and you may judge how well calculated I am to shine at either. The poor old gentleman thinks he is among a set of barbarians, who are *groping in ignorance*, and "stumbling upon the dark mountains." He groans whenever the bells ring for mass, abominates the herds of priests and monks that crowd this place, and has plainly demonstrated to me, that the Roman Church is the great beast with seven horns, and the pope is no more and no less than the whore of Babylon.

Poor Strong! on his next voyage his vessel was found a floating wreck, but he always lingered in the mind of his young companion in loving remembrance; and one of the last allusions to his early years that he ever made to me recalled the worthy commander.

CHAPTER VII.

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.—NELSON'S FLEET.—PASSAGE TO SYRACUSE.—EAR OF DIONYSIUS.—THE LISTENING CHAMBER EXPLORED.—CATANIA.—PARTIAL ASCENT OF ÆTNA.—TO PALERMO.—DISMAL ACCOMMODATIONS.—A NIGHT ALARM.—A CHANCE ENTERTAINMENT.

MESSINA was at this time but the shadow of what it had been, not having yet recovered from the paralyzing effects of the earthquake of 1783, the marks of which were everywhere discernible in heaps of ruins. His stay in it was short, and was rendered unpleasant by an unfortunate rencontre in the streets at night between one of the officers of the *Nautilus* and the mate of an English transport, in which the latter was killed. This occasioned much stir among the English at Messina, who insisted upon the governor's demanding the officer from the captain of the schooner. Captain Dent refused to give him up, but pledged his word of honor that he should be delivered into the hands of the commodore at Syracuse, with a full statement of the affair. With this the governor was satisfied, though the English were strenuous that he should use forcible measures, urging him to have the forts manned, and the

Nautilus stopped from leaving the port until the officer was surrendered. Mr. Irving, who had, as soon as he was released from Quarantine, taken up his quarters on board of the *Nautilus*, where he was treated quite like an old friend by Captain Dent, in consequence of this unfortunate affair, avoided mingling much in company at Messina, especially as the society to which his letters introduced him was chiefly English, and a circumstance of this nature must necessarily throw a constraint over that intercourse. "When so far from home," he remarks, in alluding to the affair, "it is impossible to avoid being extremely national."

On the morning of the 29th of January they set sail for Syracuse, in company with an English schooner, with timber for repairing the mast of the *President*. Losing sight of their convoy the next morning, and supposing she had put back to Messina, they veered about, and ran before the wind for that port. "We passed through Charybdis," says the journal, "which made a heavy broken sea. After all that has been said and sung of this celebrated place, it would make but a contemptible appearance aside of our pass called Hell-gate; and is nothing to compare to it either in real or apparent danger."

They found the city in a state of alarm. News had been brought that a fleet had been seen off the Straits, and the inhabitants feared that it was the French or English coming to take possession of the place. The

richer part began to push off into the country with their money and valuables.

The next morning, to resume with the journal,

Two ships of the line were seen entering the Straits. The whole town was immediately in an uproar ; the Marino was crowded with spectators ; couriers passing and repassing from the city to the Faro, and troops marching about to man the forts. Several more ships made their appearance, and it was ascertained to be the English fleet. In a short time Lord Nelson's ship, the Victory, hove in sight. They all advanced most majestically up the Straits. The people seem to wait in fearful expectation. The fleet, however, soon relieved their apprehensions ; they continued on without entering the harbor. We immediately got under way, making a signal for the English schooner to do the same, as we wished to have a good view of them. The English schooner was a long time in coming out, which gave us a fine opportunity by standing back again to examine the fleet. It consisted of eleven sail of the line, three frigates, and two brigs, all in prime order, and most noble vessels. We had understood, before we left Messina, that Nelson was in search of the French fleet which had lately got out of Toulon. They continued in sight all day. It was very pleasing to observe with what promptness and dexterity the signals were made, answered, and obeyed. It seemed as a body of men under perfect discipline. Every ship appeared to know its station immediately, and to change position agreeably to command, with the utmost precision. Nelson has brought them to perfect discipline; he has kept them at sea a long time with very little expense, they seldom having more than three sails set all the while they were off Toulon. He takes great pride in them, and says there is not a vessel among them that he would wish out of the fleet.

In less than a year, Nelson's young admirer, who chronicled this animating spectacle, was one of throng-

ing thousands that pressed to behold his remains as they lay in state at Greenwich, wrapped in the flag that now floated so proudly above him.

The passage to Syracuse was short and agreeable. The society of the officers made a lively wardroom. "Good humor reigned among them, and they had always a joke or a good story at hand to make the time pass away gayly." He found at Syracuse several of the American ships that had been sent out against Tripoli—the frigates *President*, *Essex*, *Constellation*, and *Congress*, and the brig *Vixen*, and was introduced to the officers.

Arrived at Syracuse, "I was impatient to land," says the journal, "and view the interior of a city once so celebrated for arts and arms. But, heavens! what a change! Streets gloomy and ill-built, and poverty, filth, and misery on every side; no countenance displaying the honest traits of ease and independence; all is servility, indigence, and discontent."

In this once magnificent and populous city, now so reduced, there was still much to interest the imagination and gratify the curiosity of the young traveller: the singularly picturesque and beautiful garden of the Latomie, that needed only the hand of taste to make another Eden; the classic fountain of Arethusa, whose gushing waters were now the resort of "half-naked nymphs busily employed in washing;" the remains of its ancient theatre, aqueduct, and temples, which spoke of the days of its highest splendor, and the vast catacombs that ex-

tended to an unknown distance under ground—the silent abodes of a mighty population passed away.

His journal contains descriptions of these and other interesting curiosities, which it does not fall within my plan to extract. I give only, as partaking of adventure and presenting some features of novelty, his exploration of the secret chamber of Dionysius, which Brydone, in his tour in Sicily, describes as "totally inaccessible." To make proof of its mysteries, therefore, was something of a notable exploit.

February 4.—This morning I walked out of town to visit the celebrated Ear of Dionysius the Tyrant. I was accompanied by Dr. Baker of the *President*, Davis, a midshipman, and Tootle, purser of the *Nautilus*.

The approach to the Ear is through a vast quarry; one of those from whence the stone for the edifices of ancient Syracuse was procured. The bottom of this quarry is cultivated in many places, and being entirely open overhead to the sun and sheltered on every side from the wind by high precipices, it is very fertile.

Travellers have generally been very careless in their account of the *Ear*. Some one originally started the observation that it was cut in the form of a human ear, and every one who has since given a description of it has followed in the same track and made the same remark. Brydone, among the rest, joins in it. . . . .

The Ear is a vast serpentine cavern, something in the form of the letter S reversed; its greatest width is at the bottom, from whence it narrows with an inflection to the top, something like the external shape of an ass's ear. Its height is about eighty or ninety feet, and its length about one hundred and twenty. It is the same height and dimensions from the entrance to the extremity where it ends abruptly. The marks of the tools are still perfectly visible on the walls of the cavern.

The rock is brought to a regular surface the whole extent, without any projection or curvatures as in the human ear. About half way in the cavern is a small square recess or chamber cut in one side of the wall even with the ground, and at the interior extremity there appears to be a small recess at the top, but it is at present inaccessible. A poor man who lives in the neighborhood attended us with torches of straw, by which we had a very good view of the interior of the Ear. Holes are discernible near the interior end of the cave, which are made in the wall at regular distances and ascend up in an inclined direction. They are about an inch in diameter. Some of the company were of opinion that they have formerly contributed to the support of a stairs or ladder, but there is no visible place where a stairs could lead to, and the holes do not go above half the height of the cavern.

There are several parts of the Ear in which the discharge of a pistol makes a prodigious report, heightened by the echoes and reverberations of the cavern. One of the company had a fowling-piece which he discharged, and it made a noise almost equal to a discharge of artillery, though not so sharp a report. A pistol also produced a report similar to a volley of musketry. The best place to stand to hear the echoes to advantage is in the mouth of the cavern. A piece of paper torn in this place makes an echo as if some person had struck the wall violently with a stick in the back of the cave.

This singular cavern is called the Ear of Dionysius, from the purpose for which it is said to have been destined by that tyrant. Conscious of the disaffection of his subjects, and the hatred and enmity his tyrannical government had produced, he became suspicious and distrustful even of his courtiers that surrounded him. He is said to have had this cavern made for the confinement of those persons of whom he had the strongest suspicions. It was so constructed that anything said in it, in ever so low a murmur, would be conveyed to a small aperture that opened into a little chamber where he used to station himself and listen. This chamber is still shown. It is on the outside of the Ear just above the entrance, and communicates with the interior. Some of the officers of our navy have been in it last summer ; they were lowered down to it by ropes, and men-

tion that sounds are conveyed to it from the cavern with amazing distinctness. I wished very much [continues the journal] to get to it, and the man who attended us brought me a cord for the purpose, but my companions protested they would not assist in lowering me down, and finally persuaded me that it was too hazardous, as the cord was small and might be chafed through in rubbing against the rock, in which case I would run a risk of being dashed to pieces. I therefore abandoned the project for the present. [He resumed it, however, in two days.]

6th.—This morning [says the journal], Lieuts. Murray and Gardner, and Capt. Hall, of the ship *President*, Capt. Dent of the *Nautilus*, and myself, set off to pay another visit to the Ear of Dionysius. We despatched beforehand a midshipman and four sailors with a spar and a couple of halyards. On arriving there, we went to the top of the precipice immediately over the mouth of the cave. Here we fastened ourselves to one of the halyards, and were lowered successively over the edge of the precipice (having previously disposed the spar along the edge of the rock so as to keep the halyard from chafing) into a small hole over the entrance of the Ear, and about fifteen feet from the summit of the precipice. The persons lowered were Murray, Hall, the midshipman and myself, the others swearing they would not risk their necks to gratify their curiosity.

The cavern narrows as it approaches the top, until it ends in a narrow channel that runs the whole extent, and terminates in this small chamber. A passage from this hole or chamber appears to have been commenced to be cut to run into the interior of the rock, but was never carried more than ten or fifteen feet. We then began to make experiments to prove if sound was communicated from below to this spot in any extraordinary degree. Gardner fired a pistol repeatedly, but it did not appear to make a greater noise than when we were below in the mouth of the cavern. We then tried the conveyance of voices ; in this we were more successful. One of the company stationed himself at the interior extremity of the Ear, and applying his mouth close to the wall, spoke to me just above a whisper. I was then stationed with my ear to the wall in the little chamber on high, and about two hundred and fifty feet distant, and could hear him very distinctly. We conversed with one another

in this manner for some time. We then moved to other parts of the cavern, and I could hear him with equal facility, his voice seeming to be just behind me. When, however, he applied his mouth to the opposite side of the cave, it was by no means so distinct. This is easily accounted for, as one side of the channel is broken away at the mouth of the cavern, which injures the conveyance of the sound. After all, I doubt very much whether the cave was ever intended for the purposes ascribed to it. The fact is, that when more than one person speaks at a time, it creates such a confusion of sound between their voices and the echoes, that it is impossible to distinguish what they say. This we tried repeatedly, and found to be invariably the case.

But the antiquities of Syracuse did not engage the exclusive attention of the traveller. He found a romantic interest in visiting the convents, and endeavoring to get a "sly peep" at the nuns. The following extract from his journal shows him seeking amusement in another scene.

10*th.*—In the evening I went to a masquerade at the theatre.

I had dressed myself in the character of an old physician, which was the only dress I could procure, and had a vast deal of amusement among the officers. I spoke to them in broken English, mingling Italian and French with it, so that they thought I was a Sicilian. As I knew many anecdotes of almost all of them, I teazed them the whole evening, till at length one of them discovered me by my voice, which I happened not to disguise at the moment.

In the further prosecution of his tour in Sicily, Mr. Irving found it impossible to continue the accustomed minuteness of his journal. His correspondence also was suspended. He was so constantly in motion, and objects

presented themselves so rapidly and in such variety that he had scarcely a moment to write, and was obliged to content himself with a few hurried notes in pencil, and to forego altogether his usual mode of scribbling a little every day or two to his brother William, treating of objects and incidents as they occurred. In a letter to the latter, dated at Rome, he attempts a brief retrospect of his tour, from which I make an extract.

I remained at Syracuse [he writes] about nine days, delighted with finding myself surrounded with fellow-countrymen. Among the officers of the ships, I found several of the finest young fellows I ever knew, "open, and generous, and bountiful, and brave." Every ship was to me a home, and every officer a friend. Having satisfied myself with respect to the melancholy monuments of ancient greatness that remain around Syracuse, I left there with extreme regret on the 11th February, in company with Captain Hall, captain of marines on board of the *President*, a young fellow of Charleston, of great vivacity and spirit; Wynn and Wadsworth, of Connecticut, pursers of the *Congress* and *President*, both excellent companions, particularly Wynn, who is a fellow of great whim and humor. Our destination was Catania, and we made a very respectable cavalcade. Hall, myself, and a servant we had with us, were mounted on mules. Wynn and Wadsworth were seated in a lettiga, a kind of sedan chair that accommodates two persons who sit facing each other; it is slung on two poles, that are borne by two mules, one before and one behind. We had, besides, a numerous retinue of guides and muleteers. This is the only mode of travelling in this country, for the roads are mere footpaths that wind among rocks and along precipices, where it would be impossible for carriages to pass. We were well armed with pistols, swords, and dirks, to guard against the attacks of banditti, of which the island is said to be full.

About two o'clock of the second day they arrived at Catania. The letter proceeds :—

Our stay in Catania was rendered extremely agreeable by the attentions of the Chevalier Landolini, a knight of Malta, to whom we had brought letters. He introduced us to several of the nobility, by whom we were received with great politeness and attention, and invited to all the parties that took place during our stay. The situation of Catania is very beautiful ; behind it the mountain rears its awful head, vomiting smoke, and often enveloped in clouds ; in front is the ocean forming a vast bay, and to the right is the extensive plain of Catania with the river Giuretta wandering through it. We ascended about half way up the mountain, but were prevented from attaining the summit by the vast quantity of snow in which it was enveloped. No guide would venture up it, and the attempt we were told would be hazardous in the extreme, and certainly fruitless. We mounted to the top of several of the small mountains thrown up on the sides of the great one by different eruptions, particularly Monte Rosso (red mountain), from which issued the last stream of lava that destroyed Catania. The view from hence was superb, and almost unbounded, and we could trace the enormous flood of lava till it lost itself in the sea, about ten miles distant.

. . . . At Catania our company divided. Wynn and Wadsworth, returned to Syracuse, and Captain Hall and myself set out to cross the island to Palermo. We were mounted as before on mules, armed ourselves well with pistols and swords, and had a servant with us, a courageous fellow, with at least half a dozen pistols stuck in his pockets and girdle.

I give a few reminiscences of this part of his tour, gathered from the lips of Mr. Irving.

The evening after their departure from Catania, for lack of better accommodations, they were forced to accept an offer to sleep in a chapel, much to the discomfort

of their servant Louis, who, though willing to submit to any privation, professed that he did not quite fancy "le bon Dieu" for "a Maître d'Hôtel." The next day, at dusk, they reached the village of Guadarara, consisting of a few wretched cabins. The muleteer stopped at a solitary house, where he told them they must pass the night. It was the only inn in the place, but the landlord was absent, and it was without master or mistress, or attendant of any kind. They did not at all like the looks of the house or the place; everything had an appearance the most deplorable and forlorn. Their sleeping room was a long dismal-looking apartment, to the door of which the ascent was by outside stairs, and underneath it was a shed for horses. It was almost bare of furniture. In one part were a few chairs, and in the corner furthest from the door was a large mattress which a man from the village had brought for the night, and spreading a blanket over it, had left. They purchased some fowls from the village, which Louis cooked for supper; and after a tolerably comfortable meal they fastened the door as securely as possible, and prepared to retire for the night. There was a small room near the door in which the servant slept. Hall chose the mattress in the further corner of the room, nothing daunted by the swarming fleas which had driven his companion from it on turning down the blanket; while the latter spread a mattress brought with them on some chairs near the door, and wrapped in his great-coat, and with his pistols and port-

manteau under his head, prepared to resign himself to sleep. He was far, however, from feeling at ease in his forlorn lodgings; the wild and solitary situation of the house, the abject poverty of the inhabitants, combined with the constant rumors of robbers, were enough to produce disagreeable sensations. In spite, however, of his uneasy reflections, he soon fell asleep. It was not long before he was awakened by Louis calling in Italian, "Who's there?" Mr. Irving asked him what was the matter, and he answered that he heard some one at the door. The latter laid his hand on his pistol, prepared to fire if the door opened. He heard nothing, however, and telling Louis his imagination had been playing him a trick, soon fell asleep again. Again, however, was he roused by the sudden, sharp cry of Louis, "Who's there?" and on listening, he now heard with painful distinctness a sound as of some one slyly attempting the door. Louis could endure the suspense no longer, but resolved to confront the danger at once, and in a few brief words whispered his determination to get to the door, and throw it suddenly open, hoping the surprise might frighten the intruders, or thinking that at all events they could be better kept at bay on the stairs, where one could be encountered at a time. Mr. Irving assented to the plan, and grasping a pistol firmly in each hand, stood ready for the fray. Louis seized his dirk, and groping his way with a light tread to the door, threw it suddenly open, and in bolted—a half-starved and inoffensive dog. The

denouement was prosaic enough. The poor animal had been attracted by the smell of some bones which had fallen from the supper-table just inside of the door, and was trying in vain to reach them with his paws under the crevice. The feeling of relief which followed this discovery may readily be imagined. Mr. Irving had a hearty laugh at the adventure, and soon fell again into a sound sleep, from which he awoke the next morning, as he said to me, "perfectly satisfied to be neither robbed nor murdered."

Two days more brought them again to the sea-side, and they pursued the road along the coast to Termini, a town of some three thousand inhabitants, delightfully situated on the side of a hill, and commanding from its higher parts a fine view of the Mediterranean and of the Sicilian coasts. Here they arrived after dark. Irving was much fatigued, and on reaching the inn, threw himself on a bed in a corner of the large room into which they were shown, and fell asleep. He was roused from his slumber by the sound of voices in conversation at the other end of the apartment, and listening, perceived the language was English. Hall, observing that he was awake, immediately turned to him, and told him there was to be a ball that evening, it being the season of the carnival, and that the gentleman with whom he was conversing, and who was in mask of a Turk, had promised them admittance; and being ever ready for a frolic, he proposed that they should

go. His fellow-traveller made some demur on the score of fatigue, and the trouble of unpacking his trunk to dress, but finally consented to appear in one of Hall's uniform coats, as a Captain of Marines. The stranger then took leave, promising to return after supper and conduct them to the place. At the appointed hour he came, dressed as a Turk, and masked as before, and the two set out with him, supposing they were going to a public entertainment. They were somewhat staggered, however, when they found themselves ascending the stairs of a stately mansion, through rows of servants in livery, and a brilliant array of lights, and the feeling was not dissipated when they were ushered into a spacious saloon adorned with taste and magnificence; and casting a startled glance upon the numerous company, they saw in their conductor the only mask in the room. Before they had recovered from their surprise, the Turk marshaled them to the part of the saloon where stood the master of the entertainment and his daughters, in waiting to receive their guests. Pointing to his companions as they drew near, then crossing his arms and making a low salaam, without a word of explanation or introduction, he stood as mute as a statue. It was an awkward situation for the two guests, and the idea flashed across their minds that they had been decoyed into what could not but seem a graceless intrusion upon the hospitality of a stranger. With much confusion, therefore, and in the best Italian he could muster, Mr. Irving announced their names, and

attempted an explanation of the apparent indecorum, by stating their impression that they were coming to a public entertainment. Their host replied very graciously, that they were at the house of the Baron Palmeria, and asked the name of their conductor. Here was a new embarrassment, for they could not give it. "Whoever he is," he rejoined, "I am indebted to him for introducing to my house gentlemen whose uniform is a sufficient passport anywhere." Upon this the Turk whispered a rapid explanation of his interview with the strangers, and the Baron, turning to them with a smile, informed them that their unknown conductor was a teacher in his family, who was engaged in instructing his daughters in English. Confiding in the general popularity of strangers in Sicily, and the special attraction to his pupils of two who could converse with them in the language they were acquiring, it turned out that he had assumed the responsibility of contriving what he had little doubt would prove to both parties an agreeable surprise. Renewing his welcome with genuine hospitality, the Baron now commenced a conversation with the spurious captain, in the midst of which the folding-doors were suddenly thrown open, and a corps de ballet made its appearance to commence the ball. After this the rest of the company prepared to join in the dance; the two strangers, on being urged, excused themselves on the plea of ignorance of the figures. Perceiving, however, the dance to be a country dance with which they were familiar, they were induced

to change their minds, and Mr. Irving having been introduced to a daughter of the Baron, and his companion to one of the belles of the place, they soon entered with zest into the spirit of the scene. Other dances followed in which they took part, and before they had finished the evening, their spirits had risen to so high a point, and they abandoned themselves with so little constraint to the animation of the scene, that they heard a Sicilian whisper, as they raced by him in the dance, Son diavoli!

When the assembly broke up, the master of the house expressed great regret at parting with them, and pressed them to remain some days at Termini, tendering them the hospitality of his own mansion, and offering to send for an American in Palermo to keep them company. This was Mr. Nathaniel Amory, of Boston, whose brother was an officer in the fleet, and to whom the author had a letter of introduction. The invitation, however, was declined. The Baron then despatched a servant with them, with torches to light them to their lodgings, and bade them farewell.

There was a strangeness and a spice of romance about this adventure that gave it a wonderful zest to the young traveller, and separated it in his after recollections from all his commonplace experiences. Twenty years later he records in his note-book a meeting with a cousin of his "chance acquaintance, the Baron Palmeria."

CHAPTER VIII.

PALERMO.—PASSAGE TO NAPLES.—ASCENT OF VESUVIUS.—FAREWELL TO NAPLES.—ROME.—ALLSTON THE PAINTER.—PROPOSES TO IRVING TO TRY THE BRUSH.—SUSPENSE OF THE LATTER.—TORLONIA THE BANKER.—HIS FLATTERING ATTENTIONS.—ITS LUDICROUS SOLUTION.—BARON VON HUMBOLDT.—MADAME DE STAEL.

COPY from a letter to his brother William, dated Rome, April 4, 1805.

We arrived at Palermo about the 24th of February, and passed several days there very agreeably. We had brought letters to Mr. Gibbs, American agent there, and to the Princess Camporeale from her sister at Catania. We, therefore, soon found acquaintance among the nobility; and as it was the latter part of carnival, the gayest season of the year, our time was completely occupied by amusements. As the time for my departure from Palermo approached, I began to feel extremely uneasy. The packet that sails constantly between that city and Naples, and is always well armed, was unfortunately undergoing repairs at Naples. No alternative offered than to venture across in one of the small vessels that carry fruit to the continent. Reports were in circulation of two or three Tripolitan cruisers hovering about the Italian coast, and that they had taken two American ships ; besides these the Sicilian vessels are subject to capture from the cruisers of every Barbary power.

He determines to risk the fruit boat, which started after dark, as was usual, to escape any lurking cruiser

near the land, and in the morning was almost out of sight of Sicily, when the wind turned ahead, and the captain, without more ado, put back to a small bay, about ten miles from Palermo, where he remained two days waiting for a favorable wind.

All that time (the letter continues) I passed on shore in a wretched hovel, where I had scarce anything to eat, and where I had to sleep in my clothes and great-coat at night, for want of other covering. After these two days of suffering, we made out to get to Palermo. There I passed another day of uneasiness of mind till a favorable wind sprung up. We hoisted sail and weighed anchor at night; the next morning we were out of sight of Sicily, had a fine run all day, and in the course of the next night entered the bay of Naples, where, to my great comfort, I saw the flaming summit of Vesuvius, which was a joyful token that we were out of danger. I have been several times congratulated on my good fortune, for three or four days after two Neapolitan vessels were taken by Barbary cruisers, as they were crossing from Sicily. [His travelling notes give a little more minuteness to the picture.] I had lain down (he says) on deck and fallen asleep, and on waking after dark, the first thing that struck my eyes was Mount Vesuvius afar off making a most luminous appearance. It has been in a state of eruption for several months. I could plainly perceive the red-hot lava running out of one side of the crater, and flashes at intervals from its mouth. I was up the greater part of the night, contemplating this interesting object.

March 7.—This morning early I arose, and found that we were within the Bay of Naples. Mount Vesuvius still continued luminous; by degrees the day broke; the objects were gradually lighted up. I remained earnestly gazing around, endeavoring to trace places that I had often read descriptions of. At length the heavens were brilliantly illuminated. The sun appeared diffusing the richest rays among the clouds, and gilding every feature of the prospect. Then it was that I had a full view of

this lovely bay: the classic retreats of Baiæ, Pozzuoli, the superb city of Naples, the delightful towns of Portici, etc., that skirt the Mount Vesuvius ; the mountain itself emitting an immense column of smoke, with the coast that terminates the bay beyond the mountain, affording the most picturesque scenery. The view of Naples from the sea is truly magnificent and imposing.

His stay at Naples was rendered particularly agreeable by the acquaintance of Mr. Joseph C. Cabell and Colonel John Mercer, "two gentlemen of Virginia, of superior talents and information." The latter was one of the Commissioners of Claims sent out to France. "We examined all the curiosities of the place together," he writes, "and mounted Vesuvius at night, when we had a tremendous view of the crater, a stream of red-hot lava, etc. We approached near enough to the latter to thrust our sticks into it."

The journal gives a full account of this night ascent, but I will not fatigue the reader with the description of a scene so familiar. I give only this little item of personal experience :—

We were toiling up the crater, nearly in a parallel line with this object [a hillock in the lava, out of which sulphurous flames issued with a violent hissing noise], when the wind set directly from it and overwhelmed us with dense torrents of the most noxious smoke. I endeavored to hold my breath as long as possible, in hopes another flaw of wind would carry it off, but at length I was obliged to draw it in, and inhale a draught of the poisonous vapor that almost overcame me. Fortunately for us the wind shifted, or I sincerely believe that in a little time we should have shared the fate of Pliny, and died the martyrs of imprudent curiosity.

Col. Mercer, as soon as he saw the smoke coming, turned about and made a precipitate retreat, and did not make a second attempt to ascend the crater. As to Cabell and myself, we were so exhausted and bewildered that we could not stir from the spot, but should have fallen a certain sacrifice.

On the 24th of March, Irving and Cabell bade adieu to Naples. Colonel Mercer had sailed a few days before for Marseilles. "I have been in no city," says the journal, "where the population is so crowded and the bustle so great as at Naples, and I shall be heartily glad to bid it adieu, and repose myself in the silent retreats of Rome." If all was hurry and bustle at Naples, he had ample time for reverie and reflection on the road. "There is no country," he writes, "where the prospects so much interest my mind, and awaken such a variety of ideas as in Italy. Every mountain, every valley, every plain, tells some striking story. . . . . I am lost in astonishment at the magnificence of their works, at their sublime ideas of architecture, and their enormous public undertakings." At half-past one o'clock on the 27th they entered Rome by the Lateran gate, "and we made our way," says the journal,

"'Mid fanes, and wrecks, and tumbling towers,'

to our hotel, which is situated in the modern part. To describe the emotions of the mind and the crowd of ideas that arise on entering this 'mistress of the world,' is impossible; all is confusion and agitation. The eye roves rapidly from side to side, eager to grasp every object, but con-

tinually diverted by some new scene; all is wonder, restlessness, unsatisfied curiosity, eagerness, and impatience.

"On arriving at the hotel we determined to rest ourselves for the day, collect our scattered ideas, and prepare to examine things deliberately and satisfactorily. We heard that there were three American gentlemen at Rome on their travels, namely, Mr. Allston of Carolina, Mr. Wells of Boston, and Mr. Maxwell. As Mr. Cabell was acquainted with two of them we called on them. Mr. Allston only was at home. He is a young gentleman of much taste and a good education. He has adopted the profession of painter through inclination, and intends to remain in Rome two years to improve himself in the art."

Such is the brief allusion to his first meeting with our distinguished painter, Washington Allston, then unknown to fame. Allston was about three years his senior. In a few evenings he returned the call, and his society is pronounced to be "peculiarly agreeable." In more mature years he writes: "I do not think I have ever been more completely captivated on a first acquaintance. He was of a light and graceful form, with large blue eyes and black silken hair, waving and curling round a pale, expressive countenance. Everything about him bespoke the man of intellect and refinement. His conversation was copious, animated, and highly graphic, warmed by a genial sensibility and benevolence, and enlivened by a chaste and gentle humor."

The third of April (Irving's birthday) was spent by him and Allston in visiting a variety of paintings. "We visited together," says the former, in a communication to Duyckinck's "Cyclopedia of American Literature,"

"some of the finest collections of paintings, and he taught me how to visit them to the most advantage, guiding me always to the masterpieces, and passing by the others without notice. 'Never attempt to enjoy every picture in a great collection,' he would say, 'unless you have a year to bestow upon it. You may as well attempt to enjoy every dish in a lord mayor's feast. Both mind and palate get confounded by a great variety and rapid succession even of delicacies. The mind can only take in a certain number of images and impressions distinctly: by multiplying the number you weaken each and render the whole confused and vague. Study the choice pieces in each collection; look upon none else, and you will afterwards find them hanging up in your memory.'"

I give a further extract from the communication here quoted, which brings the author before us seriously revolving a project of remaining at Rome and becoming a painter.

We had delightful rambles together about Rome and its environs, one of which came near changing my whole course of life. We had been visiting a stately villa, with its gallery of paintings, its marble halls, its terraced gardens set out with statues and fountains, and were returning to Rome about sunset. The blandness of the air, the serenity of the sky, the transparent purity of the atmosphere, and that nameless charm which hangs about an Italian landscape, had derived additional effect from being enjoyed in company with Allston, and pointed out by him with the enthusiasm of an artist. As I listened to him, and gazed upon the landscape, I drew in my mind a contrast between our different pursuits and prospects. He was to reside among these delightful scenes, surrounded

by masterpieces of art, by classic and historic monuments, by men of congenial minds and tastes, engaged like him in the constant study of the sublime and beautiful. I was to return home to the dry study of the law, for which I had no relish, and, as I feared, little talent.

Suddenly the thought presented itself,—"Why might I not remain here, and turn painter?" I had taken lessons in drawing before leaving America, and had been thought to have some aptness, as I certainly had a strong inclination for it. I mentioned the idea to Allston, and he caught at it with eagerness. Nothing could be more feasible. We would take an apartment together. He would give me all the instruction and assistance in his power, and was sure I would succeed.

For two or three days the idea took full possession of my mind, but I believe it owed its main force to the lovely evening ramble in which I first conceived it, and to the romantic friendship I had formed with Allston. Whenever it recurred to mind, it was always connected with beautiful Italian scenery, palaces and statues and fountains and terraced gardens, and Allston as the companion of my studio. I promised myself a world of enjoyment in his society, and in the society of several artists with whom he had made me acquainted, and pictured forth a scheme of life all tinted with the rainbow hues of youthful promise.

My lot in life, however, was differently cast. Doubts and fears gradually clouded over my prospect; the rainbow tints faded away; I began to apprehend a sterile reality, so I gave up the transient but delightful prospect of remaining in Rome with Allston, and turning painter.

Whether he had any peculiar gifts for such a vocation, I am unable to say; but he once remarked to me that he thought he might have succeeded in landscape painting, for which he had a great passion. One qualification he certainly possessed, an eye for color; and no painting could long please him, whatever might be its other merits, if its tints were cold and raw. "I should get the

rheumatism," said he once to Leslie, "if I were compelled to live in a room surrounded with such landscapes."

Mr. Irving had brought a letter to Torlonia, the banker, which his travelling companion advised him not to deliver. "It will procure you no attention," said he. "I have been here before and have tried it." His reception, however, was very flattering. He gave him a general invitation to conversaziones, that were held twice a week at his house, offered to introduce him to a conversazione of nobility on the following night, and through his stay continued to treat him with marked politeness and civility, to the no small surprise of Cabell, who was at a loss to account for the difference. Irving jocularly ascribed it to the superior discrimination of Torlonia. The joke was turned, however, when he came to make his adieus, and Torlonia, calling him aside, said, "Dites moi, Monsieur, êtes vous parent de General Washington?" [Tell me, sir, are you a kinsman of General Washington?] It was to the name of "Washington" and the supposed relationship it indicated to him that he was indebted for his extra attention.

As a set-off to this, I may mention an anecdote of a conversation overheard by Carter, author of "Letters from Europe," and by him communicated to an intelligent female friend, who told it to me. Not long after Mr. Irving had attained celebrity in Great Britain by his writings, an English lady and her daughter were passing along some gallery in Italy and paused before a bust of

Washington. After gazing at it for a few moments, the daughter turned to her mother with the question: "Mother, who was Washington?" "Why, my dear, don't you know?" was the reply, "he wrote the 'Sketch Book.'"

The journal records that he was present the evening of April 7th, "at a crowded assembly that filled four rooms, consisting of the first nobility of Rome, and several foreigners of distinction."

In this converzasione he accompanied the Baron de Humboldt, Minister of Prussia to the Court of Rome, and brother of the celebrated traveller, to whom he had brought a letter of introduction from Naples. On a previous evening, at the house of this gentleman, he had met Madame de Staël. The literary reputation of this gifted woman had not yet reached the height to which it was carried by the publication of her "Corinne" (in 1807), and "Delphine" was the only one of her productions which Mr. Irving had then read. "We found there," says he, in recording the visit, "Madame de Staël, the celebrated authoress of 'Delphine.' She is a woman of great strength of mind and understanding, by all accounts. We were in company with her but a few minutes." He afterwards dined with her at the table of the minister, and would seem, by what he once stated to me, to have been somewhat astounded at the amazing flow of her conversation, and the question upon question with which she plied him.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM ROME TO PARIS.—MILAN.—INCREASING FONDNESS FOR OPERA.—ARRIVAL IN PARIS.—JOURNAL RELINQUISHED.—VANDERLYN.—EXTRACT OF LETTER TO PETER.—FROM PARIS TO LONDON.—KEMBLE.—COOKE.—SIDDONS.—ANECDOTE OF GEOFFREY CRAYON AND MRS. SIDDONS.—NELSON'S VICTORY.—PASSAGE HOME.

AFTER remaining in Rome long enough to witness the ceremonies of the Holy Week, which were rendered less imposing than usual by the absence of the Pope, the young traveller proceeded on his journey, accompanied by Mr. Cabell.

As the two fellow-travellers drew near to Bologna, they found the road thronged with French soldiers on their way to Castiglione, to form a camp for the purpose of celebrating the approaching coronation of Bonaparte as king of Lombardy. "Each had his knapsack on his back, his gun on his shoulder, and a loaf of brown bread slung on one side, and was trudging along through mud and mire, with all the cheerfulness and flow of spirits of a Frenchman."

They arrived at Bologna about sunset, and put up at the Albergo del Pelegrino, "glad," says the journal, "to be emancipated from the miserable carriage in which we

had been jolted along for nine days successively." They lingered a few days in Bologna, and then set out for Milan, after some difficulty in getting their passports signed, orders having been issued enjoining the greatest strictness in respect to passports, in consequence of the approaching coronation. They reached Milan by way of Modena, Parma, Piacenza, and Lodi. Between this last place and Milan the country was very much infested with robbers, and they were cautioned against travelling either before sunrise or after dark. They had sufficient proof that the caution was well founded, in the number of crosses they passed nailed to trees, to mark the spot where travellers had been robbed and murdered. "In one place five crosses were nailed on one tree, in another place two." The road, however, was rendered perfectly safe at the time they passed by the number of peasants going to their labor in the fields.

They arrived at Milan on the 29th of April, and remained three days, but they were so fatigued in body, and their imaginations were so sated with the profusion of masterpieces they had seen, that they could not prevail upon themselves to visit any of the productions of art to be found in this city. It was a sad disappointment to them, however, not to be admitted to a sight of the inside of the famous cathedral, which was being fitted up for the approaching coronation, and none but the numerous workmen employed upon it were allowed to enter.

If Mr. Irving's admiration of the paintings and sculpture of Italy had become somewhat sated, his fondness for its music would seem to have *grown by what it fed on.* When he first attended one of its operas, he had been inclined to think the frantic bravos and bravissimos with which the Italians gave vent to their feelings "a ridiculous affectation. I allowed the Italians," he says, "the hightest musical disposition, but thought they carried their applause beyond their real approbation. In a little while, however, by frequenting the operas and accustoming myself to the novelty of their music, I began to find a fondness for it stealing on myself, and I now hurry to an opera with as much eagerness as an Italian." This was a passion which knew no decline; throughout life he was devotedly fond of this entertainment.

They left Milan on the 2d of May, and the same day arrived at the little village of Sesto, where they procured a bark to transport them across the Lago Maggiore to Magadino at the other end. The remainder of their journey, upon which I cannot detain the reader, lay over Mount St. Gothard to Altorf, from Altorf along the Lake of the four Cantons to Lucerne, from Lucerne to Zurich, from Zurich to Basle, and from Basle through Franche Comté, Alsace, and Champagne to Paris, which they reached on the 24th of May.

The distant view of this capital, when they first came in sight, was very fine. "To us," says the journal, "it was a most interesting sight, and, like mariners

after a long voyage, we hailed with joy our haven of repose."

His residence at Paris extended through four months, during which time he kept no journal, and would seem, also, from the few letters that remain, to have remitted his usual punctuality to the family. The only record he has left behind of his mode of life in the gay metropolis during this sojourn, consists of some brief and hasty memoranda, continued through a few weeks, which I give in part below.

May 24th.—Arrived in Paris this afternoon. Put up at the Hôtel de Richelieu, Rue de la loi.

25th.—Had a levee of tailors, shirt-makers, boot-makers, etc., to rig me out *à la mode de Paris.* . . . .

In the evening went to the Theâtre Montansier in the Palais Royal. Acting humorous and rather gross ; scenery tolerable. After theatre took a stroll in the garden of the Palais Royal; accosted by a *fille de joie*, who begged me to purchase a bouquet for her. I saw it was a mere scheme of the poor girl to get a few sous to buy herself some bread for the next day; it was evident she and the old woman who sold bouquets acted in concert. I pitied her, and paid double price for the bouquet. My head is as yet completely confused with the noise and bustle of Paris.

29th.—Get my protection from the police. In the evening to the Theâtre Français—Tragedy of the Templars—Talma, La Fond, and Mademoiselle Georges—Talma fine figure—great powers.

31st.—'Tended lectures on Botany—evening, opera—music sublime—costume and scenery fine and appropriate.

June 2d.—Walking in the garden of the Tuileries, encountered young French officer with whom I had travelled in diligence last summer from Bordeaux to Toulouse. He had passed all the winter at his mother's in

Languedoc, and had come to Paris in hopes of getting a commission to go over to England in the flotilla—warm in praise of the Emperor—said the army universally loved him, and would carry him even in their hands.

The young officer here mentioned was the one whom the compassionate damsels of Tonneins besought to be kind to his prisoner. As the quondam prisoner was passing by without seeing him, he suddenly broke from a group of companions, and rushing towards him, threw his arms around him and kissed him à la Française on both cheeks before he had time to scan his features or know to whom he was indebted for such an affectionate salutation.

4th.—Left Hôtel de Richelieu and took room the other side of the Seine. Hôtel d'Angleterre, Rue de Colombier, Faubourg St. Martin, at 60 livres per month—room pleasantly situated on ground floor, well furnished, looks out on a handsome little garden—hotel genteel and extensive—in the neighborhood of Vanderlyn.

6th.—Dined with Vanderlyn at a Swiss restaurateur's in Louvre—cheap. In evening went to little theatre of Jeunes Artistes—garden des Capuchins—boys acting plays—sing the fine airs that are produced at the great theatres.

8th.—Went with Vanderlyn to theatre of Port St. Martin—built in thirty days in time of revolution—intended for an opera—superb theatre.

13th.—Went to a 15-sous ball in Palais Royal with Vanderlyn.

The following letter, among other particulars, makes further mention of Vanderlyn :—

[*To Peter Irving.*]

PARIS, July, 15, 1805.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

. . . . In consequence of my acquaintance at the Minister's, I have the reading of all the American papers which he receives, so that I have continually opportunities of informing myself how matters go on at home. . . . . I am very agreeably situated in respect to lodgings. I have taken handsome apartments in company with Mr. Bankhead, late secretary to Mr. Monroe. They are in a genteel hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain, near the Seine. Though retired from the gay, noisy part of the city, we have but to cross the Pont des Arts, and we are immediately among the amusements. This part of Paris is tranquil and reasonable, and almost all the Americans of my acquaintance reside here.

One of my most intimate acquaintances is Vanderlyn; he lives in my neighborhood. By the bye, I wish you would interest yourself with the Academy about this worthy young fellow. He has been sent out here by the Academy to collect casts, etc., and has executed his commission with faithfulness, but he is extremely in want of money. The Academy gave him a credit on Leghorn, in the name of Wm. M. Seton, but the death of that gentleman has rendered the letter useless. He has written repeatedly to the Academy, but has received no answer. His object was to go on to Italy, and he has been detained here merely for want of the means. Mr. McClure, one of our commissioners, has generously patronized him, and advanced him money for the journey; he will therefore set off in about a fortnight. I trust the Academy will evince a spirit of generosity towards a young artist, whose talents and character do credit to our country. They are in a manner responsible, having already taken such marked notice of him. I beg you to attend to this request, and to write Vanderlyn word as *soon as possible*, of the disposition and intentions of the Academy towards him. The poor fellow seems to be quite low-spirited, and to think that the Academy has forgotten him!

By the papers I find that the Emperor is at Fontainebleau, having travelled *incog.* from Genoa to that place in eighty hours! This is an instance of that promptness, decision, and rapidity that characterize his movements. You may well suppose I am impatient to see this wonderful man, whose life has been a continued series of actions, any one of which would be sufficient to immortalize him.

You expect, most probably, that I will say something of Paris, but I must beg you to excuse me. I have neither time nor inclination to begin so endless a subject. I should be at a loss how to commence, and I am almost afraid to own that I have not taken a single note since I have been in this metropolis. This, however, I find to be the case with all my acquaintances, so that I plead for some degree of indulgence on that score. The city is rapidly beautifying under the auspices of the Emperor; the Louvre, Tuileries, etc., are undergoing alterations and repairs. The people seem all gay and happy, and *vive la bagatelle!* is again the burden of their song.

Of all the places that I have seen in Europe, Paris is the most fascinating, and I am well satisfied that for pleasure and amusement it must leave London far behind. The favorableness of the climate, the brilliancy of the theatres, operas, etc., the beauty of the public walks, the gayety, good-humor, and universal politeness of the people, the perfect liberty of private conduct, are calculated to enchant a stranger, and to render him contented and happy with everything about him. You will smile to see that Paris has obtained complete possession of my head, but I assure you that America has still the stronghold of my heart.

I am busily employed in studying the French language, and I hope before I leave France to have a pretty satisfactory acquaintance with it. I shall remain in Paris as late in the fall as possible, as there is no place where I can both amuse and instruct myself at less expense, and more effectually. . . . .

When you see Mr. Hoffman present him my warmest remembrances, and tell him I long for the time when I shall be once more numbered among his disciples.

You will excuse the shortness and hastiness of this letter, for which I can only plead as an excuse that I am a *young man* and in *Paris.*

Your affectionate brother,

W. I.

In what proportion the "young man in Paris" managed to combine amusement and instruction, pleasure and study, it would not be easy to determine. That he did not make complete default in his plans of improvement may be inferred from some entries in his expense book, by which I find he paid for two months' tuition in French, and bought a Botanical Dictionary. In the same memorandum book, under date of August 12th, occurs an entry of payment to "Vanderlyn for Portrait." This was a crayon sketch taken of him by the painter, and represents his hair as falling over his forehead, a peculiarity not observable in any later likenesses.

The letter which follows will enable us to accompany him to London.

[*To Peter Irving.*]

LONDON, October 20, 1805.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

By the date of this letter, you will perceive that I am safely arrived in the land of our forefathers, and have become an inhabitant of the famous and foggy city of London. Thus you see I shift from city to city, and lay countries aside like books, after giving them a hasty perusal. Thank heaven my ramblings are nearly at an end, and in a little while I shall once more return to my friends, and sink again into tranquil domestic life! It may seem strange to you, who have never wandered far from

home, but I assure you it is true, that in a short time one gets tired of travelling, even in the gay and polished countries of Europe. Curiosity cannot be kept ever on the stretch : like the sensual appetites it in time becomes sated, and no longer enjoys the food it formerly searched after with avidity. On entering a strange place at present, I feel no more that interest which prompted me on first arriving in Europe to be perpetually on the hunt for curiosities and beauties. In fact, the duty imposed upon me as a traveller to do so, is often irksome.

On arriving at Naples, I became acquainted with an American gentleman of talents, who had made the tour of Italy. I was much diverted with the manner in which he addressed his valet de place one morning, as we were going out in search of curiosities. "Now, my friend," said he, "recollect, I am tired of churches, convents, palaces, galleries of paintings, subterraneous passages, and great men—if you have anything else to show me, *allons !*" At present I could almost feel inclined to make a similar speech myself. I own, notwithstanding, that London is extremely interesting to me, as it offers both in buildings and inhabitants such a contrast to the cities on the continent, and then it is so completely familiarized to me from having heard and read so much about it since my infancy, that every square, street, and lane appears like an old acquaintance.

I left Paris on the 22d September, in company with Mr. Gorham of Boston, and Mr. Massie of Virginia, and after a pleasing tour through the Netherlands, by the way of Brussels and Maestricht, we arrived at Rotterdam on the thirtieth. We had made a stop of two days at Brussels, which is one of the most beautiful cities I have seen in Europe. We stayed another day at Maestricht, in order to visit a remarkable cavern in its neighborhood, but I will not fatigue you with a description of it. I was much interested by the change that I continually observed as I proceeded from the carelessly cultivated plains of France to those of the Netherlands, where the hand of labor appears to be never idle in the improvement of the soil ; from the dirty, comfortless habitations of the French peasantry, to those of Holland, where cleanliness is almost a vice: in fine, from the light skip and gay, thoughtless air of the Frenchman, to

the heavy tread and phlegmatic features of the Dutchman. How astonishing is it that a trifling space—a mere ideal line—should occasion such vast difference between two nations, that neither the people, houses, manners, language, tastes, should resemble each other. The Italian and the Turk are more similar than the Parisian and the Hollander.

I had intended making a hasty tour in Holland, but on arriving at Rotterdam, I found an excellent packet about sailing for Gravesend. The passing and repassing of these packets is connived at by the French general who commands at Rotterdam, as he pockets a part of the passage money of each passenger. The vessel clears out for Embden under the Prussian flag. On my arrival at Rotterdam, I heard a report that Prussia either had declared, or was about to declare in favor of France, in consequence of which the owners were fearful of sending any more packets to England under Prussian colors. As I dreaded any accidental detention in the phlegmatic cities of Holland, I determined on availing myself of the packet that was about sailing, as did likewise my companions. Indeed, I did not regret much my not being able to see more of Holland, as the little I had already seen, I was told, was a faithful specimen of the rest—a monotonous uniformity prevailing over the whole country.

Leaving, therefore, the gentle Mynheers to smoke their pipes in peace, we embarked on the evening of the third of October, and on the morning of the fourth sailed from the mouth of the Meuse. The next morning on *turning out*, I had the first glimpse of old England ; we were just opposite Margate, within four or five miles of the shore. We anchored the same evening in the Thames, opposite Gravesend. As we were direct from an enemy's country, we were not permitted to land till permits should arrive from the alien office at London. I did not receive mine till the morning of the eighth (suffering a detention of three days), when I went immediately on shore, took a post-chaise, and arrived in the afternoon at London. Such is a concise sketch of my journey. . . . .

In this city, as in Paris, he was a frequent attendant

upon the theatres, and his impressions of John Kemble, Cooke, and Mrs. Siddons, are thus given in a letter to his brother William :—

Kemble appears to me to be a very studied actor. His performances throughout evince deep study and application, joined to amazingly judicious conception. They are correct and highly-finished paintings, but much labored. Thus, therefore, when witnessing the exertion of his powers, though my head is satisfied and even astonished, yet my heart is seldom affected. I am not led away to forget that it is Kemble the actor, not Othello the Moor. Once I must own, however, I was completely overpowered by his acting. It was in the part of Zanga. He was great throughout, but his last scene with Alonzo was truly sublime. I then, in very truth, forgot that it was a mere mimic scene before me—indeed Kemble seemed to have forgotten himself, and for the moment to have fancied himself Zanga. When the delusion ceased I was enraptured. I was surprised at what had been my emotions. I could not have believed that tragic representation could so far deceive the senses and the judgment. I felt willing to allow Kemble all the laurels that had been awarded him. The next time I saw him, however, I was less satisfied. It was in the character of Othello. Here his performance was very unequal. In many parts he was cold and labored ; in the tender scenes he wanted *mellowness* (I think him very often wanting in this quality) ; it was only in particular scenes that he seemed to collect all his powers, and exert them with effect. His speech to the Senate was lofty and admirable ; indeed, in declamation he is excellent. The last time I saw him was in the part of Jaffier, and I again remarked that it was but in certain passages that he was strikingly fine, though his correct and unceasing attention to the character was visible throughout. Kemble treads the stage with peculiar grace and dignity ; his figure is tall and imposing, much such an one as Fennell's. His countenance is noble and expressive ; in a word, he has a most *majestic presence.* I must not forget to observe that the *Pierre* to Kemble's Jaffier was acted by Mr. Hargrave, and a *noisy swaggering*

bully did he make of him. I would have given anything to have had Cooper or Fennell in the character ; so you see a principal character may be miserably performed even on a London stage. Kemble's grand disadvantage is his voice ; it wants the deep, rich, bass tones, and has not sufficient extent. Constant exercise has doubtless done a vast deal for it, and given it a degree of flexibility and softness which it had not naturally. Some of its tones are touching and pathetic, but when violent exclamation is necessary, it is evident from the movements of his head, and mouth, and chest, that he is obliged to use great exertions. This circumstance was at first a considerable drawback on the pleasure I received from his performances. I begin now to get reconciled to it, and not to notice it so much, which confirms me in the opinion I originally entertained that it is necessary to become in some degree accustomed to Kemble's manner before you can perfectly enjoy his acting. To give you, if possible, a fuller idea of my general opinion of Kemble, I shall only say that though at present I decidedly give him the preference, yet were Cooper to be equally studious and pay equal attention to his profession, I would transfer it to him without hesitation. It would be a long time, however, before Cooper would be equally *correct* in his performances. Perhaps he would never be so ; his style is different, and with a little correction, its warmth and richness would make up for the want of Kemble's correctness and precision. Actors are like painters—they seldom combine all these qualities, but excel in different styles.

Cooke is the next to Kemble in the tragic department, or rather his equal, taking them in their different lines. Cooke's range is rather confined; the artful designing hypocrite is his *forte*, and in Iago he is admirable. I never was more completely satisfied with a performance. His Richard, I am told, is equally good, but I have not seen it. In Sir Pertinax MacSycophant, also, he is everything that could be desired, and gives the Scotch accent with peculiar richness. Notwithstanding that he has disgusted the audience several times in consequence of his bacchanalian festivities, he is a vast favorite, and is always hailed with the warmest applause. Indeed, I am told he performs with peculiar spirit when inspired by the grape; he must at any rate be *mellow* on such occasions.

Were I to indulge without reserve in my praises of Mrs. Siddons, I am afraid you would think them hyperbolical. What a wonderful woman! The very first time I saw her perform I was struck with admiration. It was in the part of Calista. Her looks, her voice, her gestures, delighted me. She penetrated in a moment to my heart. She froze and melted it by turns; a glance of her eye, a start, an exclamation, thrilled through my whole frame. The more I see her, the more I admire her. I hardly breathe while she is on the stage. She works up my feelings till I am like a mere child. And yet this woman is old, and has lost all elegance of figure; think then what must be her powers that she can delight and astonish even in the characters of Calista and Belvidera. In person Mrs. Siddons is not unlike her sister, Mrs. Whitlock, for she has latterly outgrown in size the limits even of *embonpoint.* I even think there is some similarity in their countenances, though that of Mrs. Siddons is infinitely superior. It is in fact the very index of her mind; and in its mutable transitions may be read those nice gradations of passion that language is inadequate to express. In dignity and grace she is no way inferior to Kemble, and they never appear to better advantage than when acting together. What Mrs. Siddons may have been when she had the advantages of youth and form I cannot say, but it appears to me that her performance at present leaves room to wish for nothing more. Age has planted no visible wrinkles on her brow, and it is only by the practice and experience of years that she has been enabled to attain her present consummate excellence. . . . .

The enthusiasm here expressed for the great actress, leads me to step aside from the regular order of events to give an anecdote of a later date, for which I shall not find a more appropriate introduction.

Not long after the "Sketch Book" had been published in London, and made its author remarked among its literary circles, he met Mrs. Siddons in some fashionable

assemblage, and was brought up to be introduced. The Queen of Tragedy had then long left the stage, but her manner and tones to the last partook of its measured stateliness. The interview was characteristic. As he approached and was introduced, she looked at him for a moment, and then, in her clear and deep-toned voice, she slowly enunciated, "You've made me weep." Nothing could have been finer than such a compliment from such a source, but the "accost" was so abrupt, and the manner so peculiar, that never was modest man so completely disconcerted and put out of countenance. The appropriate response would have been obvious enough at a more collected moment, but taken entirely by surprise, Geoffrey had not a word to say for himself, and very soon took occasion to retreat and join a group of talkers that were near. After the appearance of his Bracebridge Hall he met her in company again, and was asked by a friend to be presented. He told him he had before gone through that ceremony, but he had been so abashed by her address, and acquitted himself so shabbily, that he was afraid to claim acquaintance. "Come then with me," said his friend, "and I will stand by you;" so he went forward, and singularly enough was met with an address of the self-same fashion: "You've made me weep again." But now he was prepared, and immediately replied with a complimentary allusion to the melting effect of her own pathos, as realized by himself at the period we have been tracing.

In the following letter we have an allusion to Nelson's victory and death. The traveller was at the theatre when the thrilling tidings were announced from the stage, and was witness to the deep and mingled emotions with which it was received.

[*To Peter Irving.*]

LONDON, November 7th, 1805.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

By the papers you will perceive that England is all alive with the news of Nelson's victory. It could not have happened more opportunely, for the disastrous accounts from the continent had made poor John Bull quite heart-sick—nothing was heard from him but execrations of Mack's conduct as cowardly and treacherous, and desponding anticipations of the future. It is the prevalent opinion here that Mack has been bribed, and they are vociferous in their abuse both of him and his purchasers.

Poor John, however, was so completely down-hearted and humble, that I began really to pity him, when suddenly the news of Nelson's triumph arrived, and the old fellow reared his broad rosy countenance higher than ever. To his honor, however, let me say, that I have universally remarked, that whenever speaking of the affair, his first mention was of "poor Nelson's death," with a tribute of feeling to his memory ; but John, as I have before testified, is a "kind-hearted old soul" at bottom. Notwithstanding the brilliancy of this victory and its importance at so alarming a crisis, yet I can scarcely say which is greatest, joy at its achievement, or sorrow for Nelson's fall. Last evening the chief streets and buildings were illuminated, but the illumination was not universal. The song of triumph is repressed—among the lowest of the mob I can hear Nelson's eulogium passed from mouth to mouth ; every one yields his voice to the national tribute of gratitude and affection.

Mr. Irving had anticipated on his arrival in London a

number of introductory letters from home, that would have procured him an agreeable and advantageous acquaintance; but these letters unfortunately miscarried, and the disappointment prevented him from fully enjoying the pleasures of a city, in which everything bore to him an air of business, and in which he had, for a while, to find his entertainment in rambling about the streets. The only letter which he brought with him was one from Mrs. Johnson of the Park Theatre, to Miss De Camp of Covent Garden, which proved in the dearth of others a valuable resource. He had a most friendly reception from her, and I have heard him speak with interest of a dinner at her house, in which he met for the first time with Charles Kemble, whom she afterwards married.

Left still more solitary by the departure of his companions from Paris, the young traveller began to turn his thoughts towards home, without going to Scotland, as his brother had desired. As in Paris, so in London, he kept no journal, but it appears by a small memorandum book, among his papers, that he set out on the 14th of December, on a short tour to Oxford, Bath, and Bristol, with a Mr. Mumford from New York, as a travelling companion; and that the two left London, January 17th, in a post-chaise for Gravesend, where they embarked the next day in the ship *Remittance*, Captain Law, for New York. They had a stormy passage of sixty-four days, and for twenty-four hours were in imminent danger of going ashore in a snow-storm off Long Island. "The passengers," said

Mr. Irving, in speaking of this voyage, "cracked their jokes on each other in great good humor at first, while Mumford sat like an owl, and said nothing; but, before we landed, he became the greatest favorite of all. The familiarity of the others led to quarrels, and the jokes we had cracked on each other soured on our stomachs."

CHAPTER X.

NEW YORK SOCIETY IN 1806. — THE LADS OF KILKENNY. — THE OLD HALL AT NEWARK.—CITY RESORTS.—ADMISSION TO THE BAR.—LETTER TO MR. HOFFMAN.

THE traveller had felt a growing impatience to return home before he embarked.

"Already," he writes in one of his letters prior to his departure from Europe, "I begin to feel the truth of the line in Voltaire,—

"'Il est doux de rentrer dans sa chere patrie.'"

There was much to gladden his return. He came back with health renewed and invigorated. The reputation achieved by his scribblings before he left had made him an object of attention and civility, and at that "home-keeping" era to have visited foreign parts was of itself quite a title to consideration.

New York was a more "handy" city in those days, to borrow a descriptive epithet of the author, and offered much greater facility of intercourse. No man could hide his light under a bushel. Everybody knew everybody, and there was more of good fellowship and careless ease

of manners than distinguish the social circles of either sex in these more formal times. The literati and men of wit and intellect entered more into society, and gave to it something of their own tone and character. If the dinners were less costly than now, they were more merry, and there was greater heartiness of enjoyment. Singing —sentimental and bacchanalian—was quite a feature in the entertainment. Conviviality, however, it must be confessed, was sometimes pushed to an extreme; it was almost treason against good fellowship not to get tipsy, and the senseless custom of compelling guests to drink bumpers, not unfrequently laid many under the table who never would have been led willingly to such excess.

Mr. Irving used to relate a piece of pleasantry of one of his early friends, Henry Ogden, illustrative of this feature of the dinners of those times. Ogden had been at one of these festive meetings on the evening before, and had left with a brain half bewildered by the number of bumpers he had been compelled to drink. He told Irving the next day that in going home he had fallen through a grating, which had been carelessly left open, into a vault beneath. The solitude, he said, was rather dismal at first, but several other of the guests fell in, in the course of the evening, and they had on the whole quite a pleasant night of it.

Among Mr. Irving's associates at this time, few of whom now survive, were Peter and Gouverneur Kemble, Henry Brevoort, Henry Ogden, just named, and James

K. Paulding, who, with himself, his brother Peter, and a few others, made up a small circle of intimates designated by Peter as "the nine worthies," though Washington in his correspondence more frequently alludes to them as "the lads of Kilkenny."

One of their favorite resorts was an old family mansion—old, at least, according to the American calendar of antiquity—which had descended to Gouverneur Kemble from a deceased uncle. It was on the banks of the Passaic, about a mile from Newark, and has been shadowed forth in "Salmagundi" as Cockloft Hall. It was full of antique furniture, and the walls were adorned with old family portraits. The place was in charge of an old man, his wife, and a negro boy, who were its sole occupants except when "the nine," under the lead, and confident in the hospitality of the Patroon, as they styled its possessor, would sally forth from New York and enliven its solitude by their madcap pranks and juvenile orgies. "Who would have thought," said Mr. Irving to Gouverneur Kemble, in alluding to these scenes of high jollity, at the age of sixty-six, "that we should ever have lived to be two such respectable old gentlemen!"

Some of the letters preserved by Mr. Irving contain pleasant allusions to the Hall, and show how fondly this scene of youthful frolic was remembered by the little circle in the separation of after years. "Cockloft Hall is still mine," writes Gouverneur Kemble to his long absent friend in 1824. "I still look forward to the time

when you, Paulding, Brevoort, the Doctor [Peter Irving], and myself shall assemble there, recount the stories of our various lives, and have another game at leap frog."

"Your mention of James Paulding and Gouverneur Kemble," writes Peter to him in 1832, "brings to my memory some of the pleasant scenes in the Hall near Newark, and among the rest the procession in the Chinese saloon, in which we made poor Dick McCall a knight, and I, as the senior of our order, dubbed him by some fatality on the seat of honor instead of the shoulder." And in a still later letter he writes: "I often call to mind our Sundays at the Hall, when we sported on the lawn until fatigued, and sometimes fell sociably into a general nap in the drawing-room in the dusk of the evening."

One of the rendezvous of the little coterie in the city was Dyde's, a genteel public house in Park Row, near the theatre, in which they held convivial suppers, and sometimes regaled their friends from Philadelphia, who, for the time, became "true lads of Kilkenny."

> "To riot at Dyde's on imperial champagne,
> And then scour our city—the peace to maintain,"

is a distinction of "SAD DOGS" in the rhymes of "Salmagundi." There was another place of less note and cheaper prices, a porter-house at the corner of John Street and Nassau, to which they occasionally repaired for festivity and refreshment when their purses were low,

and where they probably had equal merriment, though these entertainments they characterized with humorous disparagement as their "blackguard suppers." Paulding has an allusion to them in a letter to Washington in 1824, recalling old times, in which he indulges in whimsical lament over the degenerate transformation which their host had since undergone. "When I mentioned a jollification just now," he writes, "do you know that the word conjured up the idea of poor B——. Alas for this topsy-turvy world! He who whilom wore a long coat, in the pockets whereof he jingled two bushels of sixpenny pieces, and whose daughter played the piano to the savory accompaniment of broiling oysters, hath sunk into a measurer of tape at the foot of Vesey Street."

In July Mr. Irving concludes an epistle to his young friend, Henry Ogden, who had recently sailed for China, as follows:—

I am so completely engrossed with law at present that I have no time to go about and pick up intelligence. Examination comes on in about three weeks, and I begin to feel the fever incident to occasions of the kind. I wish, while in Canton, you would pick me up two or three queer little pretty things, that would cost nothing, and be acceptable to the girls; but above all, do not forget the Mandarin's dress. If you can conveniently, get two or three drawings of the most superlative tea put up in a little quizzical box for me, and packed up with mighty care and importance. I will have some high fun with it.

The Mandarin's dress and the tea evidently point to some whimsical project, but whether any "high fun" came

of it I cannot say, though there is a hint in his correspondence of Ogden's return, "laden with the riches of the East, some of which were intended for him," and of a supper at the Kembles which followed, "in true Chinese style, in which none were permitted to eat except with chopsticks."

Though Mr. Irving would seem to have been preparing for an examination in August by the preceding extract, he must have deferred it until the autumn, for it was on the 21st of November, 1806, that he went through the ordeal and was admitted to the bar. The termination of his clerkship, however, found him still sadly deficient in legal lore. His studies, previous to his departure for Europe, as we have seen, had amounted to little; his almost two years of absence, though computed in the period of clerkship, could not have enlarged the sphere of his legal knowledge, and the few months of his return previous to his admission, did not add much to the stock.

Soon after his admission, I find him sharing the office of his brother John, at No. 3 Wall Street, and invoking the influence of Mr. Hoffman with the Council of Appointment, for some professional office which he might turn to the advantage of both, evidently reposing for success in the discharge of its duties, should his application prevail, more on the superior legal competency and assiduous business habits of his brother John than upon his own qualifications. I give the letter, which is addressed to Mr. Hoffman at Albany.

New York, February 2, 1807.

Dear Sir: —

I am writing this letter from your parlor, and have the pleasure of informing you that the family, at this moment, are perfectly well; the girls all out in the sunshine; Mrs. H. sewing like a good housewife; little Charles sleeping up stairs, and *little old fashion* by my side, most studiously turning over the leaves of a family Bible. The only occurrences of *importance* that have taken place in the family, since Mrs. Hoffman wrote last, are, that Mr. Edgar has sent to know if you took the house for the ensuing year, and Mrs. Hoffman has answered in the affirmative. Louis has received *sailing orders*, and I have beaten the old lady most deplorably at cribbage. . . . .

Having given you all the domestic intelligence that I am master of, I hope you will not think it impertinent if I speak a little of myself.

I learn with pleasure, that the council of appointment are decidedly Lewisite. As there will, doubtless, be a liberal dispensation of loaves and fishes on the occasion, I would humbly put up my feeble voice in the general application. Will you be kind enough to speak "a word in season" for me? There will, doubtless, be numerous applicants of superior claims to myself, but none to whom a "crumb from the table" would be more acceptable. I can plead no services that I have rendered, for I have rather shunned than sought political notoriety. . . . . I know that there are few offices to which I am eligible, either from age or legal information. My brother, John T. Irving, is much older than myself, and from his knowledge of the law is capacitated to fill offices to which I cannot pretend; our interests are the same, as we shall share whatever falls to either of our lots. . . . . I do not intend that you should give yourself any trouble on my account; your good word is all I solicit, should anything present which you should think suitable to me. . . . .

So little, however, does he seem intent at this time upon professional employment, that we find him concerting with James K. Paulding the project of "Salma-

gundi," the first number of which appeared only two months after the date of his license, and prior by a few days to this unfruitful appeal to Mr. Hoffman. Paulding was then a clerk in the Loan Office, living under the same roof with his brother-in-law, William Irving, and used to amuse his leisure by scribbling satirical strictures for the newspapers. Washington proposed to him to drop that and join with him in the plan of a work which should be mainly characterized by a spirit of fun and sarcastic drollery, and should come out in numbers, and at such intervals as should suit their pleasure and convenience. Paulding readily fell in with the idea. They were afterwards joined by Washington's eldest brother, William, who made up the trio, Launcelot Langstaff, Anthony Evergreen, and William Wizard. Peter, no longer editor of the "Morning Chronicle," in which Paulding and Washington had first tried their wings, would in all probability have formed a fourth if he had been in the city, but he had departed on a tour in Europe, just previous to the appearance of the first number.

The work was undertaken purely for their own amusement; to please themselves, and with no expectation of pecuniary profit. If they covered the expense of paper and printing it was all they cared for, and the publisher, David Longworth, "dusky Davie," as they called him from a song of the period, was made to profess "the same sublime contempt for money with the authors."

The work ran through twenty numbers, and was continued one year.

The first number appeared on the 24th of January, 1807, and the opening article, the joint product of Washington and Paulding, breathes a dashing, buoyant audacity, well calculated to disturb the sobriety of Gotham. The second article—"From the Elbow-chair of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq."—came from the pen of Paulding, and the two which followed, "On Theatrics," and "The New York Assembly," were written by Washington.

The success of the first number was decisive. The sensation produced by it in the New York circles was intense, and great was the curiosity and speculation to know who were the mysterious trio, who, with such unquestioning confidence, had undertaken to amuse, edify, and castigate the town.

The second number appeared on the 4th of February, of which the first article was by Washington, the second and third by Paulding, the poetry, signed Pindar Cockloft, by William Irving, and the concluding advertisement by Washington. There is a trivial anecdote connected with this last article, which illustrates the free and daring humor in which the work was conceived. The manuscript had characterized their satirical pleasantries as "good-natured raillery," which last word, by an expressive blunder, the printer converted into "villainy." Whether the blunder was felicitous or not, there was something waggishly descriptive in the epi-

thet which hit the humor of Washington, and he resolved at once to retain it. The adopted misprint, "good-natured villainy," has stood from that day to this to characterize the merry mischief of their labors.

The third number appeared on the 13th of February, containing, among other papers, the first of the series of letters from Mustapha Rub-a-dub Keli Khan, which was written by Paulding, with the exception of the paragraph giving the account of the Tripolitan's reception on landing, which was thrown in by Washington.

In the preface to the "Salmagundi" in Harper's uniform edition of his works, Paulding remarks: "The thoughts of the authors were so mingled together in these essays, and they were so literally joint productions, that it would be difficult as well as useless to assign to each his exact share." The indication I have here given of their joint property in this oriental paper will elucidate the remark, though it would be pressing it beyond its intent and meaning to confound all the essays in a joint indeterminate authorship. Many of the articles were exclusively from the pen of Paulding; Washington stood alone in the authorship of others, while William's participation in the work was confined to the poetry and the letters of Mustapha in Nos. V. and XIV., though to these last Washington contributed some additional touches. All the remaining letters of Mustapha came exclusively from the pen of Washington, with the exception of that in No. XVIII., which is to be ascribed to

Paulding. I speak with the more confidence in this matter, that I have Paulding's own authority for these special assignments, who claims but two of the nine letters of Mustapha, and distinguishes the authorship of the others as I have indicated. His share in the work, however, though it could not be accurately discriminated, was quite equal to that of Washington.

The fourth number of "Salmagundi" appeared on the 24th of February, making four numbers in a month. The sensation increased with every issue, and eight hundred copies were once disposed of in a day. They were also circulated in other cities of the Union, where imitations sprung up, went through a few numbers, and died. The authors were astonished at their own success, and finding that the work was yielding a large profit to the publisher, began to doubt whether some share of the advantage should not accrue to themselves. Washington, in particular, who, as we have seen, had but recently taken his license, was by no means raised above the necessity of turning the unexpected success of the papers to account. "What arrangements have you made with the Dusky for the profits?" he writes to Paulding from Virginia, in a letter to be hereafter given in full; "I shall stand much in need of a little sum of money on my return."

Some months prior to the date of this extract, Longworth had taken out the copyright of "Salmagundi" before Paulding or Irving was aware of its value, and all they ever received from him was a hundred dollars

apiece, although at the time the original copyright expired, in 1822, Paulding conjectures, in a letter to Ebenezer Irving, that he had made by all accounts ten or perhaps fifteen thousand dollars out of it; probably an extravagant estimate. Longworth had at first suggested a copyright to them, but they did not think it worth while, and he thereupon took it out himself.

Not long after the appearance of the fourth number of "Salmagundi," Mr. Irving visited Philadelphia, and went the rounds of fashion and gayety. I give some specimens of his correspondence at this period.

The letter which follows is addressed to Miss Mary Fairlie, a belle famed for her wit and vivacity, who was afterwards the wife of the eminent tragedian, Thomas A. Cooper. The "fascinating Fairlie," as she is styled in a letter of Mr. Irving, was the "Sophy Sparkle," of "Salmagundi." I am indebted to the politeness of her daughter, Mrs. Robert Tyler, for this and other letters which will be given to the same address.

[*To Miss Mary Fairlie.*]

PHILADELPHIA, March 17, 1807.

Your charming letter has just reached me, and the post shall not depart without an answer, if it is only to testify my gratitude for the exquisite entertainment you have furnished me. I should have written you a second letter without waiting for a reply to my first; but really, I have been reduced to such an extremity of nervous affliction, that I dared not run the hazard of being stupid. O, my friend, how dreadfully I have been maltreated in this most facetious city! The good folk of this place

have a most wicked determination of being all thought wits and *beaux esprits*, and they are not content with being thought so by themselves, but they insist that everybody else should be of the same opinion, and it has produced a most violent attack of puns upon my nervous system. The Philadelphians do absolutely "live and move, and have a being," entirely upon puns, and their wits are absolutely cut up into sixpenny-bits, and dealt out in small change. I cannot speak two sentences but that I see a pun gathering in the faces of my hearers. I absolutely shudder with horror—think what miseries I suffer—me to whom a pun is an abomination; is there anything in the whole volume of the "miseries of human life" to equal it? I experienced the first attack of this forlorn wit on entering Philadelphia; it was equal to a twinge of the gout, or *a stitch in the side.* I found it was repeated at every step. I could not turn a corner, but that a pun was hurled at my head; till, to complete my annoyance, two young devils of punsters, who began just to crow in the art like young bantams, penned me up in a corner at a tea-party, and did so *bepun* me, that I was reduced to absolute stupidity. I hastened home prodigiously indisposed, took to my bed, and was only roused therefrom by the sound of the breakfast-bell. I have suffered more or less ever since; but, thank heaven, it is a complaint of which few die, otherwise I should be under no small apprehension. Your message to the elegant ——— shall be faithfully remembered. —— ——— has sent him a handkerchief of yours, which she happened accidentally to have with her. I expect to see him wearing it in his bosom, or on his hat, or perhaps as a night-cap. He still retains a spark of faithful recollection, and was particular in his inquiries of Brevoort, whether you were not in low spirits. He called on me two or three times, and I on him, but we could not find each other at home; by good fortune, however, I overtook him yesterday, as he was treating his legs to an airing in Market Street. As I hold those ponderous supporters of his body in no inconsiderable estimation, I was particular in noticing their appearance, and am happy to say they are in a state of tolerable prosperity, though they have rather a pensive aspect, owing, I suppose, to the weight of misery and carcass they have to *undergo* (meaning a villainous pun, for which God forgive me).

The dear dog was very loving in his salutation, and made several kinds of *pulse-feeling* questions. Were there not several ladies coming on from New York? No! The reply was like a guillotine; it chopped off his hopes and his question at one stroke, and the unhappy ——— relapsed into stupidity, and thought of the moon! As I have no such thing as malice in my composition, and do love dearly to make everybody happy, I advised him to make New York a visit. He expressed a wish to do so. I begged him to go with me; he wanted to know how soon I should go; this I could not tell; as my stay depends entirely on my whim and my pocket; he seemed to listen to the proposition with complacency, and it shall go hard, but you will have him puffing and lumbering about your parlor in the course of a week or two. . . . .

I have been introduced to Mrs. D—— by her husband. I won't speak all that I think of her; you would accuse me of hyperbole; but, to say that I admire her would be too cold, too feeble. I think she would be a belle in heaven itself. I cannot refrain from gazing on her continually whenever I meet her, and were I an Eastern visionary, I should bow down and do her homage, as one of the Houris destined to perfect the bliss of true believers. This is all honest, sober fact, whatever you may think of it. . . . .

You need not be under any apprehensions of my forgetting New York while you are in it (very like a compliment); but I have so many engagements on hand, am so intolerably admired, and have still so much money in my pocket, that I really can fix no time when I shall return to my New York insignificance.

I fear I shall miss the post, so, though I have a world of matter more to communicate, I must hastily conclude with my warmest remembrance to your family, and a fervent request for an immediate *answer*.

P. S.—As your mamma is so kindly solicitous about my health, do not let her know of my being so violently indisposed with this *pun* fever, particularly as I feel myself on the recovery ever since I have read that estimable work entitled "God's Revenge against Punning."

In her reply of March 19th, this lady begs him to try

to come back by the next assembly, which was that day week and was to be the last.

It seems that he must have returned, for a female correspondent at Philadelphia (March 30th) gives with playful extravagance the following picture of the impression he had left behind. "As for me, my consequence lessens every day; indeed I begin to think seriously of leaving this terrestrial paradise. Half the people exist but in the idea that *you* will one day return. When will pleasure return to these wretched beings? They have no philosophy, and ages will not reconcile them to the loss of your society."

It was on this visit to Philadelphia that Mr. Irving made the acquaintance of Joseph Dennie, then in high repute as the author of the "Lay Preacher" and conductor of the "Portfolio," and next to Charles Brockden Brown, the first American writer who made a profession of literature.

In the eighth number of "Salmagundi," which appeared soon after, he incorporated in the character of Langstaff the following sketch of Dennie's peculiarities:—

Langstaff inherited from his father a love of literature, a disposition for castle-building, a mortal enmity to noise, a sovereign antipathy to cold weather and brooms, and a plentiful stock of whimwhams. From the delicacy of his nerves he is peculiarly sensible to discordant sounds; the rattle of a wheel-barrow is "horrible"; the noise of children "drives him distracted"; and he once left excellent lodgings, merely because the

lady of the house wore high-heeled shoes, in which she clattered up and down stairs till, to use his own emphatic expression, "they made life loathsome" to him. He suffers annual martyrdom from the razor-edged zephyrs of our "balmy spring"; and solemnly declares that the boasted month of May has become a perfect "vagabond." As some people have a great antipathy to cats, and can tell when one is locked up in a closet, so Launcelot declares his feelings always announce to him the neighborhood of a broom—a household implement which he abominates above all others. Nor is there any living animal in the world that he holds in more utter abhorrence than what is usually termed a notable housewife—a pestilent being, who, he protests, is the bane of good-fellowship, and has a heavy charge to answer for the many offenses committed against the ease, comfort, and social enjoyments of sovereign man. He told me not long ago, "that he had rather see one of the weird sisters flourish through his key-hole on a broomstick, than one of the servant maids enter the door with a broom."

Dennie had all the nervous irritability here ascribed to Langstaff, and when he read this extract he saw that he had been sitting for his likeness, and afterwards acknowledged to the author with evident gratification the truth of the portraiture.

CHAPTER XI.

LETTER TO MISS FAIRLIE.—MINGLES IN AN ELECTION.—PASSAGE OF A LETTER FROM MISS FAIRLIE.—HIS LIKENESS.—LETTER TO MISS FAIRLIE.—ATTENDS THE TRIAL OF BURR.—LETTER TO MRS. HOFFMAN.—GENERAL JAMES WILKINSON.—LETTER TO JAMES K. PAULDING.—STRIKING ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST ENCOUNTER OF BURR AND WILKINSON.—STRICTURES ON NO. 10 OF "SALMAGUNDI" BY HIMSELF.—THOMAS A. COOPER, THE TRAGEDIAN.—LETTER TO MISS FAIRLIE.—LAST INTERVIEW WITH BURR.—DEATH OF HIS FATHER.

SOON after his return from Philadelphia, his lively correspondent, Miss Fairlie, paid a visit to Boston. In the following fragment of a letter addressed to her at that place, we have an amusing sketch of himself and other juvenile patriots at the polls:—

[*To Miss Mary Fairlie.*]

NEW YORK, May 2, 1807.

I thank you a thousand times for the wish you express that I should write to you. . . . . Well . . . . We have toiled through the purgatory of an election, and may the day stand for aye accursed on the Kalendar, for never were poor devils more intolerably beaten and discomfited than my forlorn brethren, the Federalists. What makes me the more outrageous is, that I got fairly drawn into the vortex,

and before the third day was expired, I was as deep in mud and politics as ever a moderate gentleman would wish to be ; and I drank beer with the multitude ; and I talked handbill-fashion with the demagogues, and I shook hands with the mob—whom my heart abhorreth. 'Tis true for the two first days I maintained my coolness and indifference. The first day I merely hunted for whim, character, and absurdity, according to my usual custom; the second day being rainy, I sat in the bar-room at the Seventh Ward, and read a volume of Galatea, which I found on a shelf ; but, before I had got through a hundred pages, I had three or four good Feds sprawling around me on the floor, and another with his eyes half shut, leaning on my shoulder in the most affectionate manner, and spelling a page of the book as if it had been an electioneering handbill. But the third day—ah ! then came the tug of war. My patriotism all at once blazed forth, and I determined to save my country ! O, my friend, I have been in such holes and corners ; such filthy nooks and filthy corners, sweep offices and oyster cellars ! "I have been sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life"—faugh ! I shall not be able to bear the smell of small beer or tobacco for a month to come ! . . . .

Truly this saving one's country is a nauseous piece of business, and if patriotism is such a dirty virtue—prythee, no more of it. I was almost the whole time at the Seventh Ward—as you know that is the most fertile ward in mob, riot, and incident, and I do assure you the scene was exquisitely ludicrous. Such haranguing and puffing and strutting among all the little great men of the day. Such shoals of unfledged heroes from the lower wards, who had broke away from their mammas, and run to electioneer with a slice of bread and butter in their hands. Every carriage that drove up disgorged a whole nursery of these pigmy wonders, who all seemed to put on the brow of thought, the air of bustle and business, and the big talk of general committee men. . . . .

I extract from the lady's reply ; reminding the reader that, in the number of "Salmagundi" issued a few weeks

before, there was a queer likeness of Launcelot Langstaff with a preposterous length of nose.

BOSTON, 11th May.

How my heart joyed to hear of your defeat! never did I receive a letter which gave me so much pleasure. I cannot say, however, that it was unexpected, as I am too good a Republican to have thought of leaving New York without being perfectly sure of our victory.

You are all blown. A *cute* young man, an author of the Anthology, dined with us to-day. After having (by the way of entertaining me) been catechized by him on all points, he asked me the usual question of who was the author of "Salmagundi"? I told him that it was not absolutely *known*, but that you were shrewdly *suspected;* he said he thought so; that he had seen you in Italy; that the instant he saw the likeness of Launcelot in No. 8, he perceived it bore a strong likeness to you, indeed very striking; it had your nose and the whole contour of your face exactly; to be sure, he added, it was a little caricatured! I forthwith determined to have it set in pearl, and shall evermore wear it next my heart, in token of the great love and kindness I bear the original!

Mr. Irving had made a sudden departure from New York before the date of this extract, and what follows is written in advance of its receipt.

[*To Miss Mary Fairlie.*]

FREDERICKSBURG, Va., May 13, 1807.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,"

and a pretty rapid one too, sometimes, as witness myself all at once hurried off by the stream to this part of the Union, without a previous pro or con about the matter. You are, doubtless, surprised (if any movement

of mine interests you sufficiently to occasion surprise) at my sudden transition from New York to Virginia, without giving you an inkling of such an intention in my last letter. To save you, therefore, the trouble of wondering about the circumstance, and of running through the whole catalogue of certainties, probabilities, and possibilities, with their attendant hows, and whens, and whys, I merely inform you that I did not so much as dream of this jaunt four-and-twenty hours before my departure —that I am on business ; but having got into this part of the world, I shall spend some time in visiting my Virginia friends, 'tending Burr's trial, etc., etc.

At Baltimore I made a stay of two days, during which I was *toted* about town and introduced to everybody ; in the course of which laborious occupation I encountered several very imminent hazards from the beauteous damsels of the place, who have the same murderous thirst for conquest that characterizes their sex throughout the world ; I particularly mention a Miss ———, a very pretty young woman. I had not been in her company long, before her manners alarmed my suspicions, and upon whispering to a gentleman next to me, I had them fully confirmed ; in short, I discovered that I had fallen into the clutches of a *declared belle ;* whereupon I seized my hat and retreated as rapidly as ever did his Highness the Duke of York. Of all things in the world, I do eschew a professed belle from my very soul. . . .

I am now with my friend Colonel Mercer of Fredericksburg; to-morrow I set off for Richmond, and from thence almost immediately to Williamsburg to see Cabell, who has lately married one of the finest and richest girls in Virginia.

This was his friend and travelling companion, Joseph C. Cabell, who had lately acknowledged the receipt of a gay and humorous letter from him, which convinced him that he was "the same Washington Irving whose name resounded so long in the valley of the Ticino."

The real explanation of his sudden flight from New York was that he went off on an informal retainer from one of the friends of Colonel Burr, whose trial was expected to take place in Richmond. His client had little belief in his legal erudition, and did not look for any approach to a professional debut, but thought he might in some way or other be of service with his pen. He himself felt that the movements and deportment of Burr were likely to be highly interesting in his present circumstances, and seems eagerly to have embraced the opportunity of mingling in the excitements of the trial. Enveloped as had been the proceedings of Burr in doubt and mystery, he did not at this time share in the prevalent belief of his treason, and he writes to Mrs. Hoffman, "though opposed to him in political principles, yet I consider him as a man so fallen, so shorn of the power to do national injury, that I feel no sensation remaining but compassion for him."

In the following letter to the same lady, we find him in attendance on the trial.

[*To Mrs. Hoffman.*]

RICHMOND, June 4, 1807.

. . . You expected that the trial was over at the time you were writing; but you can little conceive the talents for procrastination that have been exhibited in this affair. Day after day have we been disappointed by the non-arrival of the magnanimous Wilkinson; day after day have fresh murmurs and complaints been uttered; and day after day

are we told that the next mail will probably bring his noble self, or at least some accounts when he may be expected. We are now enjoying a kind of suspension of hostilities; the grand jury having been dismissed the day before yesterday for five or six days, that they might go home, see their wives, get their clothes washed, and flog their negroes. As yet we are not even on the threshold of a trial; and, if the great hero of the South does not arrive, it is a chance if we have any trial this term. I am told the Attorney-general talks of moving the Court next Tuesday, for a continuance and a special Court, by which means the present grand jury (the most enlightened, perhaps, that was ever assembled in this country) will be discharged; the witnesses will be dismissed; many of whom live such a distance off that it is a chance if half of them will ever be again collected. The Government will be again subjected to immense expense, and Colonel Burr, besides being harassed and detained for an additional space of time, will have to repeat the enormous expenditures which this trial has already caused him. I am very much mistaken, if the most underhand and ungenerous measures have not been observed towards him. He, however, retains his serenity and self-possession unshaken and wears the same aspect in all times and situations. I am impatient for the arrival of this Wilkinson, that the whole matter may be put to rest; and I never was more mistaken in my calculations, if the whole will not have a most farcical termination as it respects the charges against Colonel Burr. . . . .

To understand the force of this allusion to General James Wilkinson, then at the head of the army, and Governor of the Territory of Louisiana, it will be necessary to remember that he was supposed at the time to be in some way implicated in the schemes of Burr. He had known him in the Revolution, and the intimacy had continued through a long course of years. Not a great while prior to the arrest of Burr, when he was wandering in

the West, they had corresponded in mysterious characters, as if the subject of their communications required concealment, and though he had finally taken an active part in baffling his schemes and bringing him to trial, doubts were still entertained whether—if clear of actual participation in the designs of his former friend—he had not at least pursued a temporizing policy, until he saw the impending explosion. Certain it is that Burr claimed him as an associate, and charged him with perfidy.

On the 24th of June the grand jury, of which the celebrated John Randolph was foreman, came in with charges of treason and misdemeanor against Burr. Two days before, Mr. Irving had written a letter to James K. Paulding, which, among other matters of interest, contains a striking account of the first encounter of Burr and Wilkinson. I give the letter.

RICHMOND, June 22, 1807.

DEAR JAMES:—

I have been expecting a few lines from you for some time past, and am sorry to find you stand upon ceremony. Had I the same leisure that I had when in New York, you should not want for scrawls as often as you choose, but here I have but a few moments that are not occupied in attending the trial, and observing the character and company assembled here. I wish to know all the news about our work, and any literary intelligence that may be in circulation. I am much disappointed at your having concluded the first volume at No. 10. Besides making an insignificant baby-house volume, it ends so weakly at one of the weakest numbers of the whole. At least it is a number which is not highly satisfactory to me, perhaps because I wrote the greatest part of it myself, and that at hurried moments. I had intended concluding it in style, and

commencing Vol. 2 with some eclat: "but let that pass." I have no doubt you had *three special reasons* for what you have done, and am content. What arrangement have you made with the Dusky for the profits? I shall stand much in need of a little sum of money on my return. I shall endeavor to send you more matter for another number, as soon as I can find time and humor to write it in; at present I have neither.

I can appoint no certain time for my return, as it depends entirely upon the trial. Wilkinson, you will observe, has arrived; the bets were against Burr that he would abscond, should W. come to Richmond; but he still maintains his ground, and still enters the Court every morning with the same serene and placid air that he would show were he brought there to plead another man's cause, and not his own.

The lawyers are continually entangling each other in law points, motions, and authorities, and have been so crusty to each other, that there is a constant sparring going on. Wilkinson is now before the grand jury, and has such a mighty mass of *words* to deliver himself of, that he claims at least two days more to discharge the wondrous cargo. The jury are tired enough of his verbosity. The first interview between him and Burr was highly interesting, and I secured a good place to witness it. Burr was seated with his back to the entrance, facing the judge, and conversing with one of his counsel. Wilkinson strutted into the Court, and took a stand in a parallel line with Burr on his right hand. Here he stood for a moment swelling like a turkey cock, and bracing himself up for the encounter of Burr's eye. The latter did not take any notice of him until the judge directed the clerk to swear General Wilkinson; at the mention of the name Burr turned his head, looked him full in the face with one of his piercing regards, swept his eye over his whole person from head to foot, as if to scan its dimensions, and then coolly resumed his former position, and went on conversing with his counsel as tranquilly as ever. The whole look was over in an instant; but it was an admirable one. There was no appearance of study or constraint in it; no affectation of disdain or defiance; a slight expression of contempt played over his countenance, such as you would show on regarding any person to whom

you were indifferent, but whom you considered mean and contemptible. Wilkinson did not remain in Court many minutes.

Do write me immediately. Answer me the questions I have already asked, and give me all the news you hear.

Love to Pindar and family. Yours truly,

W. I.

"Pindar" was his brother William, who wrote the poetical pieces of "Salmagundi" under the signature of Pindar Cockloft. The hurried article to which he objects as having been written by himself, was styled "The Stranger in Philadelphia." It was made up of satirical observations on men and manners in that city, but did not satisfy him, and was not retained in subsequent editions.

Mr. Irving was still absent at Richmond, when the number which succeeded this appeared, containing a letter from Mustapha by himself, and "Mine Uncle John," which is exclusively from the pen of Paulding. Of this finished and delightful sketch he used always to speak in terms of warm admiration. He appreciated it the more, no doubt, from having known the original, a veritable uncle of the writer.

Though his attendance at the trial turned out a professional sinecure, Mr. Irving contrived to pass two months in Richmond very agreeably. "I have been treated," he writes some time before he left, "in the most polite and hospitable manner by the most distinguished persons of the place—those friendly to Colonel

Burr and those opposed to him, and have intimate acquaintances among his bitterest enemies. I am absolutely enchanted with Richmond, and like it more and more every day. The society is polished, sociable, and extremely hospitable, and there is a great variety of distinguished characters assembled on this occasion, which gives a strong degree of interest to passing incidents."

One occurrence which befell him there illustrates somewhat comically a romantic phase of his character.

Cooper, the actor, had been playing a round of characters at Richmond during the trial, and was requested to give the part of Beverly in the "Gamester," but he lacked the necessary equipment of small clothes. Whereupon Mr. Irving lent him a pair for the occasion —breeches being all the vogue in those days—which Cooper afterwards carried off to Baltimore. Here he discovered in the pocket a mysterious locket of hair in the shape of a heart, and he thereupon despatched a humorous half-poetical epistle to Irving to relieve the anxiety he presumed he might feel on account of its supposed loss. The whole lines need not be quoted, but after sundry inquiries as to:—

> "Where was the sylph when his fingers entwined
> The dear lock,"

he adds,—

"Receive these inquiries, dear friend, in good part,
And since you have locked the fair hair in your heart,
Ne'er trust, of the girl who your fancy bewitches,
Such an emblem of love in another man's breeches."

The history of this "emblem of love" is curious. During his romantic sojourn at Genoa, Mr. Irving was very much taken with the beauty of a young Italian lady, the wife of a Frenchman. He had met her frequently in the social circles of Genoa, but had never been introduced to her, and was content to worship the lovely vision afar off. At a party which he attended just prior to his leaving, she dropped her handkerchief, which he, observing, picked up, and with more gallantry than honesty transferred to his own pocket as a secret but precious keepsake. At Catania he had the misfortune to be robbed of this handkerchief. He had gone one evening to the cathedral of St. Agatha to be present at a fête in honor of the saint. The church was brilliantly lighted and densely filled. After moving about among the crowd for a while, he and his naval companions, whose uniform denoted them to be strangers, were ushered very politely into the chapel of St. Agatha, separated from the rest of the church by a grating of gilt iron, and from hence, heretics as they were, they were admitted into an inner chapel where the bust of the saint was deposited, and which was generally sacred from profane intrusion. It was an unusual stretch of civility towards heretics, and here it was—in these sacred precincts—as if as a set-off

to the unwonted courtesy, that his pocket was picked of its stolen treasure.

A history of the whole affair was despatched to his friend Storm at Genoa, lamenting his misfortune. The latter, through some fair medium, communicated it to the lovely Bianca, for that was her name, who thereupon sent him a lock of her hair, with a request that he would come to see her on his return to Genoa. He did not return that way, as we have seen, though such had been his intention, but the hair was inclosed in a locket and worn round his neck, a cherished memorial of a radiant vision which had once crossed his path and been seen no more. It was this locket which had been left in the borrowed breeches, and gave occasion to Cooper's witty *jeu d'esprit.*

On his way home from Richmond, he writes the following letter to his charming correspondent, Miss Fairlie, which among other things gives an interesting account of his last interview with Burr, who seems to have exercised over his youthful fancy that peculiar fascination for which he was so remarkable.

[*To Miss Mary Fairlie.*]

WASHINGTON CITY, July 7, 1807.

The interval that has elapsed, since last I wrote to you, certainly requires some apology; but apologies I always consider as implying some restraint, or ceremony, or control; and, as I wish our correspondence to be perfectly free, pleasant, independent, voluntary, unconstrained, un-

shackled, etc., etc., I am determined, though I have some half a dozen excellent apologies at the end of my pen, yet they shall be passed over in silence, or taken for granted, as best suits your humor. I feel the more indebted to you for the letters I have received, inasmuch as they must have interfered with a thousand of those splendid enjoyments by which you, as a declared belle, must be necessarily engrossed. Trust me, it is grateful to my feelings, and not a little flattering to my vanity, the proud idea, that, when surrounded like the grand Lama, or the immortal Josh, by a crowd of humble adorers, you can still think upon such an insignificant personage as myself, and even steal away from the shrine at which you are worshipped, to bestow on me an hour's conversation. Inspired by such thoughts, I open your letters with a kind of triumph; I consider them as testimonies of those brilliant moments which I have rescued from the buzzards that surround you; moments, perhaps, for which some hapless Damon sighed, of which he counted the tedious seconds by a stop watch; fancied them puffed up into half hours or any other portly dimensions, and cursed the *giant minutes* as they passed! Vain-glorious mortal that I am! perhaps these same epistles on which I so much value myself are merely the effusions of some vacant hour, some interval between dressing and dinner, or dinner and a ball; perhaps the mere method by which you *delassitude* yourself after the fatigues of an evening's campaign, like the illustrious Jefferson, who, after toiling all day in deciding the fates of a nation, retires to his closet and amuses himself with impaling a tadpole; but let them be written when, where, or how they will, be assured they will ever be received with delight, and read with avidity.

I am now scribbling in the parlor of Mr. Van Ness, at whose house I am on a visit; having, as you plainly perceive, torn myself from Richmond. I own the parting was painful, for I had been treated there with the utmost kindness, and having become a kind of old inhabitant of the place, was permitted to consult my own whims, inclinations, and caprices, just as I chose; a privilege which a stranger has to surrender on first arriving in a place. By some unlucky means or other, when I first made my appearance in Richmond, I got the character, among three or

four novel-read damsels, of being an *interesting young man;* now of all characters in the world, believe me, this is the most intolerable for any young man, who has a will of his own to support; particularly in warm weather. The tender-hearted fair ones think you absolutely at their command; they conclude that you must, of course, be fond of moonlight walks, and rides at daybreak, and red-hot strolls in the middle of the day (Fahrenheit's Thermom. 98½ in the shade), "and melting-hot—hissing-hot" tea-parties, and what is worse, they expect you to talk sentiment and act Romeo, and Sir Charles, and King Pepin all the while. 'Twas too much for me; had I been in love with any one of them, I believe I could have played the dying swain, as eloquently and foolishly as most men; but not having the good luck to be inspired by the tender passion, I found the slavery insupportable; so I forthwith set about ruining my character as speedily as possible. I forgot to go to tea-parties; I overslept myself of a morning; I protested against the moon, and derided that blessed planet most villainously. In a word, I was soon given up as a young man of most preposterous and incorrigible opinions, and was left to do e'en just as I pleased. Yet, believe me, I did, notwithstanding, admire the fair damsels of Richmond exceedingly; and, to be candid at once, the character of the whole sex, though it has ever ranked high in my estimation, is still more exalted than ever. I have seen traits of female goodness while at Richmond, that have sunk deeply in my heart—not displayed in one or two individual instances, but frequently and generally manifested; I allude to the case of Colonel Burr. Whatever may be his innocence or guilt, in respect to the charges alleged against him (and God knows I do not pretend to decide thereon), his situation is such as should appeal eloquently to the feelings of every generous bosom. Sorry am I to say, the reverse has been the fact—fallen, proscribed, prejudged, the cup of bitterness has been administered to him with an unsparing hand. It has almost been considered as culpable to evince towards him the least sympathy or support; and many a hollow-hearted caitiff have I seen, who basked in the sunshine of his bounty, when in power, who now skulked from his side, and even mingled among the most clamorous of his enemies. The ladies alone have felt, or at least had

candor and independence sufficient to express those feelings which do honor to humanity. They have been uniform in their expressions of compassion for his misfortunes, and a hope for his acquittal ; not a lady, I believe, in Richmond, whatever may be her husband's sentiments on the subject, who would not rejoice on seeing Colonel Burr at liberty. It may be said that Colonel Burr has ever been a favorite with the sex ; but I am not inclined to account for it in so illiberal a manner ; it results from that merciful, that heavenly disposition, implanted in the female bosom, which ever inclines in favor of the accused and the unfortunate. You will smile at the high strain in which I have indulged ; believe me, it is because I feel it ; and I love your sex ten times better than ever. The last time I saw Burr was the day before I left Richmond. He was then in the Penitentiary, a kind of State prison. The only reason given for immuring him in this abode of thieves, cut-throats, and incendiaries, was that it would save the United States a couple of hundred dollars (the charge of guarding him at his lodgings), and it would insure the security of his person. This building stands about a mile and a half from town, situated in a solitary place among the hills. It will prevent his counsel from being as much with him as they deemed necessary. I found great difficulty in gaining admission to him, for a few moments. The keeper had orders to admit none but his counsel and his witnesses —strange measures these ! That it is not sufficient that a man against whom no certainty of crime is proved, should be confined by bolts, and bars, and massy walls in a criminal prison ; but he is likewise to be cut off from all intercourse with society, deprived of all the kind offices of friendship, and made to suffer all the penalties and deprivations of a condemned criminal. I was permitted to enter for a few moments, as a special favor, contrary to orders. Burr seemed in lower spirits than formerly ; he was composed and collected as usual ; but there was not the same cheerfulness that I have hitherto remarked. He said it was with difficulty his very servant was allowed occasionally to see him ; he had a bad cold, which I suppose was occasioned by the dampness of his chamber, which had lately been white-washed. I bid him farewell with a heavy heart, and he expressed with peculiar warmth and feeling his sense

of the interest I had taken in his fate. I never felt in a more melancholy mood than when I rode from his solitary prison. Such is the last interview I had with poor Burr, and I shall never forget it. I have written myself into a sorrowful kind of a mood, so I will at once desist, begging you to receive this letter with indulgence, and regard, with an eye of Christian charity, its many imperfections.

Believe me, truly and affectionately,

Your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

In the autumn of this year, Mr. Irving lost his father, who had long been suffering from paralysis. He died October 25, 1807, at the age of 76, having sustained through life a character for undeviating rectitude and the most sincere piety. Washington continued for some time to reside with his mother, who was left in independent circumstances.*

* The dwelling in which the father died, and which the widow continued to occupy, was one which he had purchased, and to which he had removed in 1802. It stood, but stands no longer, at the northwest corner of William and Ann Streets.

CHAPTER XII.

DISCONTINUANCE OF "SALMAGUNDI."—DISPARAGING ESTIMATE OF THE WORK BY IRVING.—PAULDING'S ALLUSION TO IT.—REMARKS ON THE SUBJECT BY DUYCKINCK AND BRYANT.—REPRINTED IN LONDON IN 1811.—REVIEWED.—KNICKERBOCKER COMMENCED.—PETER EMBARKS FOR EUROPE.—CHANGE IN THE PLAN OF KNICKERBOCKER.—MATILDA HOFFMAN.—HER DEATH.

THE twentieth number of "Salmagundi," in which the writers take leave of the public, appeared on the 25th of January, 1808. It was an unexpected and abrupt discontinuance. I have heard the youngest of the trio say the work was given up just when his mind was kindling with new conceits, and he had designed, among other plans in embryo, a marriage of William Wizard with one of the Miss Cocklofts, and had amused himself in idea with a description of their queer nuptials. Paulding also intimates in the opening article of the number, which is written by him, that it was not "for want of subjects" they did not keep on, but gives no glimmering of the true cause, which, in fact, grew out of a difficulty between themselves and their publisher, who had put the price at a shilling, and was disposed to limit somewhat dictatorially for these novices

in authorship the quantity of matter for each number.

The reader of "Salmagundi" at the present day must bear in mind that it was given to the world when our city scarce numbered more than eighty thousand inhabitants, and that its pages are impressed with the local images and humors of that epoch. "Take it altogether," says a critic in the "North American Review," in looking back upon it, "it was certainly a production of extraordinary merit." Whatever its merit, however, in other eyes, Mr. Irving never valued himself much upon his share of it in his riper years. Paulding has an allusion to this in one of his letters to him, in which he says: "I know you consider old Sal. as a sort of saucy, flippant trollope, belonging to nobody, and not worth fathering." "The work was pardonable as a juvenile production," writes Washington to Brevoort, in 1819, "but it is full of errors, puerilities, and imperfections. I was in hopes it would gradually have gone down into oblivion." But this is the rigorous and over-sensitive estimate of his maturer years. Mr. Evert A. Duyckinck, in his preface to the recent volume of "Salmagundi," printed from the original edition with notes, gracefully remarks, in allusion to Mr. Irving's too slighting appreciation of the work: "We cannot suppose him insensible to the many excellences which the work undoubtedly possesses; charms of manner and of thought springing from the fresh, joyous period of youth, and lending their

grace to the brightest pages of his matured labors. 'Salmagundi' is the literary parent not only of the 'Sketch Book' and the 'Alhambra,' but of all the intermediate and subsequent productions of Irving, even of some slight ornaments of the graver offspring of the 'Columbus' and 'Washington.' There is, for instance, in one of the later numbers, a chapter of 'The Chronicles of the renowned and ancient city of Gotham,' which anticipates the humor of Knickerbocker; there are traits of tenderness and pathos suggestive of the plaintive sentiment of the 'Sketch Book;' and the kindly humors of the Cockloft mansion are an American Bracebridge Hall." Bryant, too, in his genial and very beautiful commemorative address, remarks of "Salmagundi:" "Its gayety is its own: its style of humor is not that of Addison nor Goldsmith, though it has all the genial spirit of theirs; nor is it borrowed from any other writer. It is far more frolicsome and joyous, yet tempered by a native gracefulness. 'Salmagundi' was manifestly written without the fear of criticism before the eyes of the authors, and to this sense of perfect freedom, in the exercise of their genius, the charm is probably owing, which makes us still read it with so much delight. Irving never seemed to place much value on the part he contributed to this work, yet I doubt whether he ever excelled some of those papers in 'Salmagundi,' which bear the most evident marks of his style; and Paulding, though he has since acquired a reputation by his other writings, can hardly

be said to have written anything better, than the best of those which are ascribed to his pen."*

"Salmagundi" was reprinted in London in 1811, and critically noticed in the "Monthly Review." "I don't know whether I mentioned to you" [writes Washington to his brother William], "that 'Salmagundi' has been reviewed in the London 'Monthly Review,' and much more favorably than I had expected. The faults they point out are such as I had long been sensible of, and they seem particularly to attack the quotations and the Latin interwoven in the poetry, which certainly does halt most abominably in the reading. On the whole, however, I think we came off very handsomely, and I only hope the other critics may be as merciful."

It was not long after the completion of "Salmagundi" that Mr. Irving resumed his literary labors. Peter had returned from a year's absence in Europe, just before the appearance of the last number, and in conjunction, as the younger informs us in the account of its composition, the two brothers commenced the "History of New York." The first idea of the work was a mere *jeu d'esprit* in burlesque of Dr. Samuel Mitchill's, "Picture of New York," then just published, and with this view they took a vast quantity of notes, in emulation of the erudition

* *A Discourse on the Life, Character, and Genius of Washington Irving*, delivered before the New York Historical Society, at the Academy of Music, in New York, on the 3d of April, 1860, by William Cullen Bryant.

displayed in the commencement of that work, which began with an account of the Aborigines. They started, therefore, with the creation of the world. The author has informed us how this idea expanded into a different conception, after the departure of his brother a second time for Europe; but it would seem that the original plan of the work must have been near its fulfillment, as early as April 30, 1808, as I find a letter of that date from his brother Peter to him, in which he says: "I presume you must be aware *esta obra*" (the language used to designate it—being the Spanish for "that work") "must terminate for the present at the point at which I left it. It should, therefore, be completed without loss of time, and I entreat you either to whip your imagination into a gallop, or to leave it for an uncomplying jade, and saddle your judgment. If you do not, I shall have to give the thing such a hasty finish as circumstances may permit, immediately on my return—for my pocket calls aloud and will not brook delay." At the date of this letter the writer was at Schenectady, on his way to Johnstown, to visit a sick sister (Mrs. Dodge). The next day he met very unexpectedly, at the same place, the party to whom it was addressed, Washington having left New York on the 28th, on a sudden mission to Montreal, and having diverged at Albany to Schenectady. Here he prevailed on Peter to defer his visit to Johnstown, and accompany him to Montreal; and the two brothers, partners in pleasure as in purse, proceeded together to that place.

On his return, Washington hears, at Saratoga Springs, of his sister's death.

The following letter was written the next day, at Albany :—

[*To Mrs. Hoffman.*]

ALBANY, June 2, 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND :—

I have just arrived in Albany, and found two letters from you and Mr. Hoffman, so kind and so affectionate that I cannot express to you how grateful they were to my feelings. My journey has been tedious and unpleasant, but it is so far over, and past fatigues are soon forgotten.

On the road, as I was travelling in high spirits with the idea of home to inspire me, I had the shock of reading an account of my dear sister's death, and never was a blow struck so near my heart before. Five years have nearly elapsed since I have seen her, and though such an absence might lessen the pang of eternal separation, still it is dreadfully severe. One more heart lies still and cold that ever beat towards me with the warmest affection, for she was the tenderest, best of sisters, and a woman of whom a brother might be proud. . . . .

To-morrow morning early I set off for Johnstown. Would to Heaven that I had gone there a month ago. . . . .

On returning to Albany from Johnstown, he had the novel luxury of descending the Hudson by steamboat; leaving, as his record testifies, June 8th, at 8 A. M., and arriving in New York the next evening.

In December of this year, Mr. Irving made a second trip to Montreal, on business for a commercial house in New York. It was a sad disappointment to him, upon his return, to find that his brother Peter had sailed again for Europe. He had gone out to Liverpool, about

the 1st of January, on pressing business for his brother William's house, Irving & Smith, leaving Washington to proceed with the "History of New York." It was then that the latter changed the whole plan of the work, and, discarding what had reference to a later period than the Dutch dynasty, and grappling with the other mass of notes, undertook to frame a work according to his new conception. I have heard him say he had hard work to condense into its present shape the ponderous mass of notes which had been taken for the first book, as a burlesque of erudition and pedantry; that he managed, with infinite labor, to compress it into five introductory chapters, and in subsequent editions would have been glad to compress these into one, but was deterred from undertaking it by the labor it would cost. The residue of the book was exclusively his, and I cannot but regard it as a fortunate circumstance, that it was not completed in conjunction, for Peter had not the rich comic vein of Washington; and though his taste was pure and classic, it was a little too nice and fastidious not to have sometimes operated as a drawback upon the genial play of his brother's exuberant humor.

The "History of New York" was far advanced towards its completion, when Mr. Irving was called to encounter a blow which left him for a while little heart for his work, and probably gave a color to his whole future existence. For some months past, the partiality with which he had regarded the second daughter of Mr. Hoffman

had deepened into a serious passion, and the point to which all his hopes were turning lay in a union with her. He was not one, however, to have been easily instigated to the imprudence of involving another in his own lot without some "sober certainty" of income. "I think," he writes in one of his later letters, "these early and improvident marriages are too apt to break down the spirit and energy of a young man, and make him a hard-working, half-starving, repining animal all his days." Sometimes his sense of the imprudence of early matrimony, where the lover is without the means of maintaining a wife, would appear in a playful illustration. "Young men in our country," he would say, "think it a great extravagance to set up a horse and carriage without adequate means, but they make no account of setting up a wife and family, which is far more expensive." But in proportion as he felt the improvidence of such a step, in the same degree did he feel his own precarious prospects, and the necessity of bettering his condition. His letters to Peter, of this period, are unfortunately lost, but the replies of the latter have been preserved, and show what uncongenial plans he was sometimes revolving to advance his fortunes. "I am averse," says this brother, in a letter dated Liverpool, March 9th, 1809, "to any supercargo-ship, or anything that may bear you to distant or unfriendly climates. I would not take one of those cursed India voyages—hardly—for a young fortune." Other letters contain intimations of his repining at being unem-

ployed in some means of steady livelihood; and of plans and purposes which were passing through his mind, evidently pointing to some advantage which might place him in a condition to link another's fortunes with his own. In the midst of these came the blow, by which the dearest hope of his life was forever overthrown.

Matilda Hoffman, the intended sharer of his lot in life, closed her brief existence in the city of New York, on the 26th of April, 1809, in the eighteenth year of her age. Though not a dazzling beauty, she is described as lovely in person and mind, of the most gentle and engaging manners, and with a sensibility that mingled gracefully with a delicate and playful humor. In a letter to Washington, written just after the tidings of her death had reached him, Peter has this allusion to her: "May her gentle spirit have found that heaven to which it ever seemed to appertain! She was too spotless for this contaminated world." It is an indication of the depth of the author's feeling on this subject, that he never alluded to this part of his history, or mentioned the name of Matilda even to his most intimate friends; but after his death, in a repository of which he always kept the key, a package was found, marked on the outside "Private Mems.;" from which he would seem to have once unbosomed himself. This memorial was a fragment, of which the beginning and end were missing. The ink was faded, and it was without address, but it has since appeared, from the testimony of a daughter, that it was addressed to Mrs.

Amelia Foster, an English lady whom, as will be seen hereafter, he met at Dresden at the close of 1822, and with whose family, during his sojourn in that city, he became extremely intimate. The daughter says: "It was left with us under a sacred promise that it should be returned to him; that no copy should be taken; and that no other eyes but ours should ever rest upon it. The promise was faithfully kept"—which will account for its remaining among his papers. The communication was evidently the result of inquiries about his early history, and how it happened he had never married, for towards its close, after recounting the story of his youthful love, and its sad termination, he says: "You wonder why I am not married. I have shown you why I was not long since. . . . . My time has now gone by, and I have growing claims upon my thoughts, and my means, slender and precarious as they are."

With these private memoranda was found a miniature of great beauty, inclosed in a case, and in it a braid of fair hair, and a slip of paper, on which was written in his own handwriting, "Matilda Hoffman."

The two months succeeding the death of Matilda, were spent in the retirement of the country, at the house of his friend, Judge William P. Van Ness, at Kinderhook, afterwards the residence of President Van Buren.

It is a striking evidence how little Mr. Irving was ever disposed to cultivate or encourage sadness, or suffer his "melancholy to sit on brood," that he should be engaged

during this period of sorrow and seclusion, in revising and giving additional touches to his "History of New York." In the private communication before mentioned, in alluding to this period, he says: "When I became more calm and collected, I applied myself, by way of occupation, to the finishing of my work. I brought it to a close, as well as I could, and published it; but the time and circumstances in which it was produced, rendered me always unable to look upon it with satisfaction."

Although the poignancy of his grief had worn away when he returned to the city, his countenance long retained the trace of melancholy feelings. A portrait by Jarvis, taken some months afterwards, and conceded without dissent at that time, to be a faithful and admirable likeness, is remarkable for its expression of pensive refinement. Mr. Irving never alluded to this event of his life, nor did any of his relatives ever venture, in his presence, to introduce the name of Matilda. I have heard of but one instance, in which it was ever obtruded upon him, and that was by her father, Mr. Hoffman, nearly thirty years after her death, and at his own house. A granddaughter had been requested to play for him some favorite piece on the piano, and in extracting her music from the drawer, had accidentally brought forth a piece of embroidery with it. "Washington," said Mr. Hoffman, picking up the faded relic, "this is a piece of poor Matilda's workmanship." The effect was electric. He had been conversing in the sprightliest mood before,

and he sunk at once into utter silence, and in a few moments got up and left the house.

It is an evidence with what romantic tenderness Mr. Irving cherished the memory of this early love, that he kept by him, through life, the Bible and Prayer-book of Matilda. He lay with them under his pillow, in the first days of keen and vivid anguish that followed her loss; and they were ever afterwards, in all changes of climate and country, his inseparable companions.

Perhaps the following anecdote may be regarded as of kindred significance. But two or three years before his death, in the course of an interesting conversation with a niece, who was visiting him, he was led to descant upon the solitude of a life of celibacy; and then, as if suddenly struck with the incongruity of his own practice, he remarked to her in a half-playful, half-mournful way, "You know I was never intended for a bachelor." She did not, of course, intrude upon the sacredness of his recollections to inquire how it happened he had never married; but a few hours afterwards, as if furnishing his own solution to the enigma, he handed her a piece of poetry, with the remark, "There's an autograph for you." She took it and casting her eye upon the paper, perceived it to be a copy of those noble lines of Campbell, "What's hallowed ground?" It was in his own handwriting, and bore the marks of having been transcribed years before. I quote some of the stanzas :—

"That's hallowed ground, where, mourned and miss'd,
The lips repose our love has kiss'd :—
But where's their memory's mansion ? Is't
Yon churchyard's bowers ?
No ! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

"A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound ;
The spot where love's first links were wound,
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
And up to heaven.

"For time makes all but true love old ;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould,
And will not cool
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool."

It is in the light of this event of Mr. Irving's history, that we must interpret portions of his article on "Rural Funerals" in the "Sketch Book," and also that solemn passage in "St. Mark's Eve," in "Bracebridge Hall," beginning, "There are departed beings that I have loved as I never shall love again in this world—that have loved me as I never again shall be loved." To this sacred recollection also, I ascribe this brief record, in a notebook of 1822, kept only for his own eye : "She died in the beauty of her youth, and in my memory she will ever be young and beautiful."

CHAPTER XIII.

LETTER TO PETER IRVING.—CURIOUS HERALDING OF THE "HISTORY OF NEW YORK."—CONCERN OF A CITY FUNCTIONARY FOR THE MISSING DIEDRICH.—ITS PUBLICATION.—VISIT TO ALBANY.—DIEDRICH'S RECEPTION AMONG THE DUTCH.—OPINIONS OF KNICKERBOCKER.—SCOTT.—VERPLANCK.—LETTER TO MRS. HOFFMAN.

THE first letter I find, after his return from Kinderhook, is addressed to his brother Peter, from which I make the following extract:—

. . . . I am really at a loss what to write to you about. I have been so little abroad in the world since my return from Van Ness' that I know nothing how matters are going on. . . . . My health has been feeble and my spirits depressed, so that I have found company very irksome, and have shunned it almost entirely. I propose setting out on an expedition to Canada with Brevoort on Saturday next, to be absent sixteen days. There is a steamboat on the lake which makes the journey sure and pleasant. I trust the jaunt will perfectly renovate me. On my return I shall go to Mr. Hoffman's retreat at Hellgate, and prepare *esta obra* for a launch. . . . .

We are all well. Irving & Smith are highly satisfied with your assiduity. I refer you to Hal and Sally for family particulars.

The "Hal and Sally" here mentioned, were Henry Van Wart and his wife, the youngest sister of Mr. Irving.

Mr. Van Wart had engaged in business in England, just after his marriage in 1806, in connection with the house of Irving & Smith in New York; he had returned to this country in 1808, under an apprehension of impending war between the United States and Great Britain, and was now about to go back, to find in England his permanent home.

The country retreat spoken of, in which Mr. Irving was to prepare his "History of New York" for publication, was delightfully situated at Ravenswood, near Hellgate. He passed much of his time here in August and September, and had a boat at command belonging to his friend Brevoort, called The *Tinker*, in which he used to ply between the city and this summer residence of the Hoffmans.

In the November succeeding, Mr. Irving repaired to Philadelphia, to superintend the publication of his "History of New York." He adopted the expedient of putting it to press in that rather than his native city, to prevent, as far as possible, any idea of the real character of the work from getting wind in advance of its appearance. At the same time curiosity was awakened in New York, by a series of preparatory advertisements, foreshadowing its appearance, without betraying its grotesque and mock-heroic qualities. These were afterwards collected by me at his request, and inserted by him after "The Author's Apology," in the introduction to his revised edition of Knickerbocker in 1848.

The first of these Notices appeared in the "Evening Post" about six weeks prior to the publication, and was as follows :—

DISTRESSING.

Left his lodgings some time since, and has not since been heard of, a small elderly gentleman, dressed in an old black coat and cocked hat, by the name of KNICKERBOCKER. As there are some reasons for believing he is not entirely in his right mind, and as great anxiety is entertained about him, any information concerning him left either at the Columbian Hotel, Mulberry Street, or at the office of this paper, will be *thankfully* received.

P. S.—Printers of newspapers would be aiding the cause of humanity in giving an insertion to the above.—*Oct.* 25.

In less than a fortnight this was followed by another :—

To the Editor of the "Evening Post" :—

SIR :—Having read in your paper of the 26th October last a paragraph respecting an old gentleman by the name of *Knickerbocker*, who was missing from his lodgings ; if it would be any relief to his friends, or furnish them with any clue to discover where he is, you may inform them that a person answering the description was seen by the passengers of the Albany stage early in the morning about four or five weeks since, resting himself by the side of the road a little above Kingsbridge. He had in his hands a small bundle tied in a red bandana handkerchief ; he appeared to be travelling northward, and was very much fatigued and exhausted.

Nov. 6, 1809. A TRAVELLER.

To this succeeded, in ten days, a letter signed by Seth Handaside, landlord of the Independent Columbian Hotel, Mulberry Street :—

SIR :—You have been good enough to publish in your paper a paragraph about Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker, who was missing so strangely from his lodgings some time since. Nothing satisfactory has been heard of the old gentleman since ; but a *very curious kind of a written book* has been found in his room in his own handwriting. Now I wish you to notice him, if he is still alive, that if he does not return and pay off his bill, for board and lodging, I shall have to dispose of his Book, to satisfy me for the same.

This device to call attention to the appearance of the forthcoming work was sufficiently ingenious and original, and it is an amusing incident, in this connection, that one of the city authorities found his sympathies so much enlisted by the appeal, as to call on the author's brother, John T. Irving, and consult him on the propriety of offering a reward for the discovery of the missing Diedrich.

Though the author had carried the manuscript in a complete state to Philadelphia, yet he afterwards made some additions, as was not unusual with him, as the work was going through the press. It was here that he wrote the voyage of Peter Stuyvesant up the Hudson, and the enumeration of the army. Coming home late one night, and finding himself locked out of his lodgings, he repaired to the quarters of a bachelor friend, but could not sleep after obtaining admittance. It was then that the idea of that journey flashed through his mind; and so rapidly did the images crowd upon him, that he rose from the bed to strike a light, and write them down

—but he could not find the candle, and after stumbling about for awhile, to the annoyance of his sleepy but wondering companion, he managed to get hold of a piece of paper, and jot down some of his impressions in pencil in the dark. The next morning he stopped the press, until he had finished his picture and secured its admission.

On the 6th of December, 1809, appeared the advertisement of its actual publication, in these words:—

IS THIS DAY PUBLISHED,

BY INSKEEP AND BRADFORD—No. 128 BROADWAY,

A HISTORY OF NEW YORK.

In 2 vols. duodecimo—price 3 dollars.

Containing an account of its discovery and settlement, with its internal policy, manners, customs, wars, etc., etc., under the Dutch government, furnishing many curious and interesting particulars never before published, and which are gathered from various manuscripts and other authenticated sources, the whole being interspersed with philosophical speculations and moral precepts.

This work was found in the chamber of Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker, the old gentleman whose sudden and mysterious disappearance has been noticed. It is published in order to discharge certain debts he has left behind.

This advertisement, it will be seen, is unpromising enough, and awakens no expectation but of a sober mat-

ter-of-fact history of our Dutch progenitors—an impression which the covert humor of its dedication, "To the New York Historical Society," "as a humble and unworthy testimony of the profound veneration and exalted esteem of the Society's sincere well-wisher and devoted servant, Diedrich Knickerbocker," would no doubt help to confirm. It is easy, therefore, to imagine the astonishment of many, on taking up the work, to find that the author had seized upon "the events which compose the history of the three Dutch governors of New York, merely as a vehicle to convey a world of satire, whim, and ludicrous description."

I give a contemporaneous notice of the work from the "Monthly Anthology and Boston Review," the precursor of the "North American." The notice begins with a short sketch of the original possession of the country by a few Dutch colonists, and its erection into an English province in 1664, and proceeds:

The meagre annals of this short-lived Dutch colony have afforded the groundwork for this amusing book, which is certainly the wittiest our press has ever produced. To examine it seriously in a historical point of view would be ridiculous; though the few important events of the period to which it relates are, we presume, recorded with accuracy as to their dates and consequences.

These materials, which would hardly have sufficed to fill a dry journal of a few pages, are here extended to two volumes. They only compose the coarse net-work texture of the cloth, in which the author has embroidered a rich collection of wit and humor. The account of these honest Dutch governors has been made subservient to a lively flow of good-

natured satire on the follies and blunders of the present day, and the perplexities they have caused.

The great merit, and indeed almost the only one, which the varied labors of former times have left to the literature of the present day, aptness and fertility of allusion, will be found almost to satiety in these pages. Those who have a relish for light humor, and are pleased with that ridicule which is caused by trifling, and, to the mass of the world, unobserved relations and accidents of persons and situations, will be often gratified. They will soon perceive that the writer is one of those privileged beings, who, in his pilgrimage through the lanes and streets, the roads and avenues of this uneven world, refreshes himself with many a secret smile at occurrences that excite no observation from the dull, trudging mass of mortals. "The little Frenchmen, skipping from the Battery to avoid a shower, with their hats covered with their handkerchiefs;" the distress of the "worthy Dutch family" annoyed by the vicinage of "a French boarding-house," with all its attendant circumstances, even down to "the little pug-nose dogs that penetrated into their best room," are examples, among many others, of this disposition. The people of New England are the subjects of many humorous remarks, but we are glad to observe made with so much good-nature and mingled compliment and satire, that they themselves must laugh.

Many of the descendants of the original colonists, however, looked at it with a less indulgent eye. This irreverent handling of their Dutch ancestors, and conversion of the field of sober history into a region of comic romance, was not to their taste. "Your good friend, the old lady," writes Mrs. Hoffman to him, at Philadelphia, on its first appearance, "came home in a great stew this evening. Such a scandalous story had got about town—a book had come out, called a 'History of New York;'

nothing but a satire and ridicule of the old Dutch people—and they said you was the author; but from this foul slander, I'll venture to say, she has defended you. She was quite in a heat about it." The old lady here alluded to was the mother of Josiah Ogden Hoffman.

If some of the Dutch were nettled, others perceived that the work was written in pure wantonness of fun, without a particle of malevolence, and were willing to laugh with the rest of the community, over pages of which a correspondent of a Baltimore paper wrote at the time: "If it be true, as Sterne says, that a man draws a nail out of his coffin every time he laughs, after reading Irving's book your coffin will certainly fall to pieces."

Walter Scott was the first transatlantic author to bear witness to the merit of Knickerbocker. In the following letter to Henry Brevoort, who had presented him with a copy of the second edition in 1813, he writes :—

My dear Sir :—

I beg you to accept my best thanks for the uncommon degree of entertainment which I have received from the most excellently jocose history of New York. I am sensible, that as a stranger to American parties and politics, I must lose much of the concealed satire of the piece, but I must own that looking at the simple and obvious meaning only, I have never read anything so closely resembling the style of Dean Swift, as the annals of Diedrich Knickerbocker. I have been employed these few evenings in reading them aloud to Mrs. S. and two ladies who are our guests, and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing. I think, too, there are passages, which indicate that the author possesses powers of a different kind, and has some touches which remind me much of Sterne. I beg you

will have the kindness to let me know when Mr. Irving takes pen in hand again, for assuredly I shall expect a very great treat which I may chance never to hear of but through your kindness.

Believe me, dear sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

ABBOTSFORD, 23 April, 1813.

It was some years after the date of this letter, that his friend, Gulian C. Verplanck, in an anniversary discourse, delivered before the New York Historical Society, December 7, 1818, when the author was in Europe, took occasion to allude to this burlesque history in a spirit of regret, at the injustice done by it to the Dutch character. "It is painful," he says, "to see a mind as admirable for its exquisite perception of the beautiful, as it is for its quick sense of the ridiculous, wasting the riches of its fancy on an ungrateful theme, and its exuberant humor in a coarse caricature."

This censure was much softened by the complimentary remarks which followed, which nevertheless did not prevent his brother Ebenezer, who feared its effect upon a new edition of the work which had just been put to press in Philadelphia, from giving vent to some vexation on the subject in a letter to Washington. The latter writes, in reply:

I have seen what Verplanck said of my work. He did me more than justice in what he said of my mental qualifications; and he said nothing of my work that I have not long thought of it myself. . . . He is

one of the honestest men I know of, in speaking his opinion. There is a determined candor about him, which will not allow him to be blinded by passion. I am sure he wishes me well, and his own talents and acquirements are too great to suffer him to entertain jealousy; but were I his bitterest enemy, such an opinion have I of his integrity of mind, that I would refer any one to him for an honest account of me, sooner than to almost any one else.

To Brevoort, to whom he had just transmitted across the Atlantic the first number of the "Sketch Book," which included the story of "Rip Van Winkle," he alludes to these critical strictures in a more playful vein. After a high compliment to the oration of Verplanck, he adds:—

I hope he will not put our old Dutch burghers into the notion that they must feel affronted with poor Diedrich Knickerbocker, just as he is about creeping out in a new edition. I could not help laughing at this burst of filial feeling in Verplanck, on the jokes put upon his ancestors; though I honor the feeling, and admire the manner in which it is expressed. It met my eyes just as I had finished the little story of "Rip Van Winkle," and I could not help noticing it in the introduction to that bagatelle. I hope Verplanck will not think the article is written in defiance of his Vituperation. Remember me heartily to him, and tell him I mean to grow wiser, and better, and older, every day, and to lay the castigation he has given seriously to heart.

The avails of the first edition of Knickerbocker, I have heard Mr. Irving say, amounted to about three thousand dollars.

Soon after its publication he was urged by his friends

to offer himself at Albany as a candidate for a clerkship in one of the Courts in New York. He could plead no party services, for he had shunned rather than sought political notoriety, but his brother-in-law, Daniel Paris, was a member of the Council of Appointment, and ready to forward his interest, and this presented an opportunity to provide for his maintenance and give him leisure for literary pursuit, which it was urged he ought not to lose. He failed to get the post, however, mainly through the counterworking of some candidates for other offices, who sought, by such manœuvre, to compel the support of Paris to their claims. The integrity of Paris, however, was of too stubborn a mould for such a game.

I insert two letters written during his absence.

[*To Mrs Hoffman.*]

JOHNSTOWN, Feb. 12, 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND :—

I wrote Mr. Hoffman a hasty letter from Albany, uncertain whether it would reach New York before his departure, and should have written him again, but that I concluded from what he told me before I left the city, that he would start for Albany on Saturday last. His presence has been anxiously looked for at Albany, and I am in hopes he will arrive there either this evening or to-morrow. I stayed three days there, and then left it for Johnstown ; though I could have passed several days there with much satisfaction, in attending the profound discussions of the Senate and Assembly ; and the movements of the crowd of office-hunters, who, like a cloud of locusts, have descended upon the city to devour every plant and herb, and every "green thing." The anxiety I felt, however,

to see my sister induced me to hasten my departure, and one or two other considerations of trifling moment, concurred in urging me on. . . . .

Your city is no doubt waiting with great solicitude to hear of the proceedings of the Council of Appointment. The members have a difficult task allotted them, and one of great responsibility. It is impossible they should avoid disappointing many, and displeasing more, but the peculiar circumstances in which they are placed entitle them to every indulgence. I wish Mr. H. had started when I did ; his presence would, I think, have been of infinite service.

I can give you nothing that will either interest you or yield you a moment's amusement. I have witnessed nothing since my departure but political wrangling and intriguing, and this is unimportant to you; and my mind has been too much occupied by worldly cares and anxieties to be sufficiently at ease to write anything worthy perusal. Add to this, I have been sick either from a cold, or the intolerable atmosphere of rooms heated by stoves, and have been disgusted by the servility, and duplicity, and rascality I have witnessed among the swarms of scrub politicians who crawl about the great metropolis of our State like so many vermin about the head of the body politic; excuse the grossness of this figure, I entreat you.

I have just written to Peter Kemble, and strangely forgot to tell him (being a brother sportsman) that I had just returned from a couple of hours' bushbeating, having killed a brace of partridges and a black squirrel ! Give my love to all, and believe me ever affectionately,

Your Friend,

W. I.

The following letter was written after he had renounced all hopes of success, and gives an amusing picture of his reception at the head-quarters of Dutch domination, and his success in mollifying the wrath of some of the older families who had felt themselves aggrieved in the liberties taken with their ancestors.

[*To Mrs. Hoffman.*]

ALBANY, Feb. 26, 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND :—

I have just left Mr. Hoffman, who is suffering under a severe attack of the sick headache, and groaning in his bed most piteously. Since last I wrote you, I have relinquished all cares and thoughts about an appointment, and am now merely remaining in Albany to witness the interesting scenes of intrigue and iniquity that are passing under my eye—to inform myself of the manner of transacting legislative business, with which I was before but little acquainted—to make myself acquainted with the great and little men of the State whom I find collected here, and lastly to enjoy the amusements and society of this great metropolis. I think I have most bountiful variety of occupation. You will smile, perhaps, when I tell you, that in spite of all my former prejudices and prepossessions, I like this queer little old-fashioned place more and more, the longer I remain in it. I have somehow or another formed acquaintance with some of the good people, and several of the little Yffrouws, and have even made my way and intrenched myself strongly in the parlors of several genuine Dutch families, who had declared utter hostility to me. Several good old ladies, who had almost condemned my book to the flames, have taken me into high favor, and I have even had the hardihood to invade the territories of Mynheer Hans ———, and lay siege to his beauteous daughter, albeit that the high blood of all the burghers of the ——— family was boiling against me, and threatening me with utter annihilation.

So passes away the time. I shall remain here some days longer, and then go to Kinderhook. What time I shall return to New York I cannot tell. I have no prospect ahead, nor scheme, nor air castle to engage my mind withal ; so that it matters but little where I am, and perhaps I cannot be more agreeably or profitably employed than in Van Ness' library. I shall return to New York poorer than I set out, both in pocket and hopes, but rich in a great store of valuable and pleasing knowledge

which I have acquired of the wickedness of my fellow-creatures. That, I believe, is the only kind of wealth I am doomed to acquire in the world, but it is a kind of which I am but little covetous. . . . .

Though he was very much fêted and caressed at Albany before he left, yet many at first were very slow to extend any civility to him. One lady was pointedly indignant against him, and in an outburst of wrath vowed, if she were a man, she would horsewhip him. The historian was wonderfully amused on hearing this, and with a degree of modest impudence quite foreign to his natural character, forthwith determined to seek an introduction. He accordingly prevailed on a friend to take him to her house. She received him very stiffly at first, but before the end of the interview he had succeeded in making himself so agreeable that she relaxed entirely from her hauteur, and they became very good friends.

She was satisfied, I presume, that he had taken the old Dutch names at random, without intending personal allusion, which was the case, as he has himself told me. "It was a confounded impudent thing in such a youngster as I was," said he to me in his latter years, "to be meddling in this way with old family names; but I did not dream of offense."

CHAPTER XIV.

LETTER TO MR. HOFFMAN.—TO MRS. HOFFMAN.—BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF CAMPBELL.—FIRST PERUSAL OF THE "LADY OF THE LAKE."—LONGINGS FOR INDEPENDENCE.—PARTNERSHIP PROPOSAL.—EMBRACES IT.

THE following account of a journey to Philadelphia, in which Mr. Irving acted as escort to Mrs. Hoffman and her three infant children, is not without interest, as an example of the jocose extravagance in which he sometimes indulged in scribbling to Mr. Hoffman :—

[*To Mr. Hoffman.*]

PHILADELPHIA, June 5, 1810.

DEAR SIR :—

We arrived safe in Philadelphia this morning, between eight and nine o'clock, and took the city by surprise, the inhabitants not having expected us until evening. All this is in consequence of my unparalleled generalship, which already begins to be talked of with great admiration throughout the country. I took a light coachee from Brighton to Brunswick where we breakfasted, and finding it impossible to procure a four-horse carriage there, I changed carriage and horses and pushed on to Trenton, where, while the Philistines were dining, I engaged a fresh carriage and horses for Philadelphia, and made out to reach Homesburgh (about ten miles from Philadelphia) between seven and eight in the evening. I was

anxious to get as far as possible, lest the weather might change, or the children get unwell. The journey has been infinitely more comfortable and pleasant than I had anticipated. Yesterday was a fine day for travelling, and I never knew children to travel so well. Charles has behaved like a very good boy, and George is one of the sprightliest little travellers I ever knew ; he has furnished amusement during the whole ride, and what is still better, has gained unto himself a very rare and curious stock of knowledge; for besides the unknown tongue in which he usually converses, and which none but Mammy Caty (who you know is at least one-half witch) can understand, he has picked up a considerable smattering of High Dutch since he entered the State of Pennsylvania, so that I regretted exceedingly, and that more than once during my travels, that the immortal Psalmanazar was not present to discourse with him.

Little Julia has had an astonishing variety of complaints since our leaving New York ; has had two doctors to attend her, has taken three score and ten doses of medicine, not to mention anise-seed tea and peppermint cordial, and what is passing strange, is still alive, fat and hearty ; a case only to be paralleled by that of the famous Spinster of Ratcliff Highway, who was cured of nineteen diseases in a fortnight, and every one of them mortal !

You cannot conceive what speculation our appearance made among the yeomanry of Jersey and Pennsylvania. Many of the excellent old Dutch farmers mistook us for a family of Yankee squatters, and were terribly alarmed, and the little community of Bustletown (who are very apt to be thrown into a panic) were in utter dismay at our approach, insomuch that when we entered one end of the town, I saw several old women in Pompadour and Birdseye gowns, with bandboxes under their arms, making their escape out of the other. However, I contrived to pacify them by letting them know it was the family of the Recorder of New York, who, being an orthodox Bible man, always travelled into foreign lands, as did the Patriarchs of yore—that is to say, with his wife, and his sons, and his daughters, his men-servants and his maid-servants, and his cattle and the stranger that is within his gates, and everything that is his, whereat they were exceeding glad and glorified God.

We are all comfortably situated at Ann's,* who lives in a little palace. . . . . Mary is much improved in her looks, and appears to be a great favorite with the family. Ann has taken her under her care, and is making her a hard student. She has already read seven pages in Rollin, and the whole history of Camilla and Cecilia, not to mention a considerable attack which she has made upon "the Castle of Inchvalley ; a tale, alas, too true !"

In the hurry of my writing the above (for I write as fast as we travelled) I forgot to mention to you that having safely arrived within the suburbs of Philadelphia, the old carriage in which we came from Trenton sank beneath its burden and gave up the ghost !

In other words, we broke down just after entering the city; but as it was merely a spring had given way, the whole party, man, woman, and child, were dug out of the ruins without any other mishap than that of overturning the medicine chest, and spilling fifteen phials, which were as full of plagues as those mentioned in the Revelation. I immediately perceived a change in little Julia for the better, and I make bold to conjecture that had a dozen more been demolished, she would have been the heartiest child in Philadelphia at this present writing. You cannot imagine the astonishment of all Philadelphia at seeing so many living beings extracted out of one little carriage.

Farewell, my good sir. Remember me to the remnants and rags of your household that remain behind. Keep all marauders from breaking into my room and disturbing the pictures of my venerable ancestors, and believe me Ever your friend,

W. I.

A letter to Mrs. Hoffman at Philadelphia, after his return to New York, shows him to be domesticated at a cottage on the east bank of the Hudson, within a few

* Ann was the eldest daughter of Mr. Hoffman, married, the year before, to Charles Nicholas, of Philadelphia. Mary was a younger sister by the first marriage, afterwards Mrs. Philip Rhinelander.

miles of the city, which Mr. Hoffman had hired for a summer retreat. At its close he says:

> Tell Charles I will be able to write to him about the beginning of the week, as Mr. Campbell is to spend part of to-morrow with me. . . . .

The Campbell here mentioned, was a brother of the Bard of Hope. He was a resident of New York, and had lately applied to Mr. Irving for his good offices in procuring the publication of "O'Connor's Child," and a new edition of "Gertrude of Wyoming," the manuscript of which the poet had sent out to him, with a view to a pecuniary remuneration on this side of the water. Mr. Irving proposed the publication to Charles I. Nicholas and his partner, booksellers in Philadelphia, who agreed to undertake the work for a stipulated sum, provided he would preface it with a biographical sketch of the poet. To this he assented; and having obtained some meagre particulars from the brother, worked them up into a brief biography, which was received with approbation by the public, though it gave little satisfaction to the author himself. He once told me it was written against the vein, and was, as he expressed it, "up hill work."

In a pencil memorandum, half effaced, which I found among his papers after his death, we have this further sketch of him at the Hoffman's rural retreat on the Hudson. He had borrowed from Inskeep and Bradford, the English copy of the "Lady of the Lake," before they were to put it to press, and all eagerness to devour it,

had stolen forth with his secret treasure to have the first reading to himself. More than once I have heard him descant upon the delight of this stealthy perusal, and the surprise with which he started to his feet at the unexpected denouement,

"And Snowdon's knight is Scotland's king."

But here he is at his solitary enjoyment:—

August 12, 1810.

Seated, leaning against a rock with a wild cherry-tree over my head, reading Scott's "Lady of the Lake." The busy ant hurrying over the page—crickets skipping into my bosom—wind rustling among the top branches of the trees. Broad masses of shade darken the Hudson and cast the opposite shore in black.

I am strongly reminded, by this picture, of his expressive invitation to a friend at a later day—to make him a visit at Sunnyside. "Come and see me, and I'll give you a book and a tree."

In the next written trace of him this year, I find him towards the end of August, at the hospitable seat of Captain Phillips, in the Highlands, a favorite resort of himself, the Kembles, Paulding, Brevoort, and, somewhat later, James Renwick. Near by was the mountain brook described in "The Angler" of the "Sketch Book," and here it was that Brevoort sallied forth to catch trout, with the elaborate equipment set forth in that article. A female correspondent, describing to him a walk over

these grounds some years later, and "up the lonely brook so familiarized to her by his descriptions," says: "Here we were shown Paulding's seat," and "your place of study (and I suspect—sleep)."

The biographical sketch of Campbell was the only thing which came from his pen this year, and his literary pursuits would seem now to have been brought to a stand. The success of Knickerbocker had been far beyond his expectations, but it did not quicken his zeal for literature as a profession. He liked the exercise of his pen as an amusement, or a source of occasional profit, but to be tied down to a literary career as his destiny, to be under bonds to write for a livelihood, this presented no enviable prospect to him. Indeed, his whole soul recoiled from the idea of a dependence upon literature for his daily bread. Such a career was beset with too many trials and vexations, was too precarious, too fitful, too much exposed to caprice, vicissitude, and failure. His happiness was at stake in obtaining some employment that would insure a steady income; and disappointed, as we have seen, in some hopes of an office, for which his friends had urged his claims, and shut out apparently from every other avenue to a modest competence—he seems at this period to have pondered the future with a boding heart. Brevoort, to whom he confided his doubts and misgivings, used playfully to rally him on his dread of the alms-house; but his brother Peter, with a deeper insight into his nature, read the

traces of these feelings in his letters in a different vein. He knew well, that though never inclined to take trouble upon interest, he was not so constituted that he could live for the moment without casting anxious glances ahead, dreading, of all things, to have his spirit clouded by an uncertain future.

As there had been a sort of literary alliance in regard to Knickerbocker, so whatever either did at this time was for the benefit of both. Peter's letters abound in allusions to a sort of compact or partnership, by which they held all things in common. His main anxiety abroad seems to have aimed at rendering his expedition useful to Washington as well as to himself.

I have already authorized you (he writes) to appropriate the proceeds of my expedition in any way that may seem for our mutual benefit. I need not repeat that I consider your attention to *esta obra* as amply performing your part in our little partnership. In truth I only require you to be cheerful and not to repine at being unemployed, and I shall be happy. My only fear is that you may indulge different feelings, and so acquire a temper of mind unfavorable to happiness. Be assured that if nothing of further profit grows out of my present occupation, we will, on my return, devise other plans of advantage.

And again:—

I need not say how deeply essential your health and happiness are to my own enjoyment. I have the apprehension that you allow yourself to be dispirited by the idea that you are prevented by want of opportunity from playing an active part in our little partnership. Be assured that I am sincere in the expression of my opinion that the state of compelled

inactivity is much the more irksome than that of active employment. On my honor, I consider yours the more difficult situation of the two. I shall only regret that you should view it differently, yet that I trust cannot be. We certainly understand each other too well to have any consideration for the laws of *meum* and *tuum* between us, or for either of us to care on which side the opportunity of profitable exertion lies.

These passages give an interesting picture of the character of Peter, but it is doubtful whether they would have been effectual to repress the impatient longing of Washington for some active pursuit; if they had not speedily been followed by a letter from his brother, of a very different description, which seemed to open the long-coveted prospect to independence.

I have just received (writes Peter from London, May 31, 1810) a proposal from brother Ebenezer to form a connection in business, and have written to him that it will be a pleasure to me, if it will be agreeable to him, to form a third with you and myself. He will explain the plan contemplated. . . . .

It has never been my idea that you should become engaged in commerce, except so slightly as not to interfere with your other habits and pursuits. Nor would I have it. The drudgery of regular business I would not undertake for any reasonable consideration. Those who have been educated for it, and practiced in it, I have no doubt find it pleasant; to me and to you it would be excessively irksome.

My own plan here is to give it close attention at the necessary periods of purchase and shipment, and to be a man of leisure during the intervals. I have no doubt that we shall in a short time realize enough to establish a little castle of our own, in which we may assemble the good fellows we esteem.

Washington grasped readily at this proposal, especially as the business was not likely to be attended with any trouble to himself, while it allowed long intervals of leisure to his brother Peter—and afforded to Ebenezer a sphere of activity, in which he took delight. The firm took the name of P. & E. Irving & Co., in New York, and P. Irving & Co., in England. Peter made the purchases and shipments at Liverpool, while Ebenezer conducted the sales at New York. By the terms of the partnership, the profits were to be divided into fifths, the two active partners to receive each two fifths and Washington one; but if he should marry or become an active partner, the profits were then to be divided into equal thirds. It was not expected by his brothers, however, that he would pay any attention to the business; their object in giving him an interest in their concern, being mainly to provide for his subsistence, and leave him at liberty to cultivate his general talents, and devote himself to literature.

CHAPTER XV.

VISIT TO WASHINGTON.—LETTER TO BREVOORT.—JARVIS THE PAINTER.—MRS. MADISON'S LEVEE.—KNICKERBOCKER THE CONGRESSMAN.—EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO MRS. HOFFMAN. — MRS. RENWICK. — LETTER TO BREVOORT.— LETTER TO WILLIAM IRVING.—JOEL BARLOW AND THE SECRETARYSHIP OF LEGATION. — LETTERS TO BREVOORT. — GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, THE ACTOR. — HIS PERFORMANCE OF MACBETH. — HIS BENEFIT AT THE PARK THEATRE.

THE winter which succeeded his partnership was one of great anxiety to the merchants. Their interests were likely to be seriously affected by the measures of Congress; and his brothers, William and Ebenezer, thought it advisable to have an agent at the seat of government, to watch the moving of the waters, and give the earliest intimations of coming danger. This business was confided to Washington; who, nothing loth, accordingly started for his destination, on the 21st of December, 1810, and reached it on the 9th of January, 1811—a degree of speed not calculated to encourage the hope of his proving a very alert channel of intelligence.

In a letter to his brother Ebenezer, dated Washington, January 9, 1811, he writes:—

I arrived here this evening, after literally struggling through the mud and mire all the way from Baltimore. I must confess I am not one of the most expeditious travellers in the world ; but it was impossible to withstand the extremely friendly and hospitable attentions of the good people of Philadelphia and Baltimore ; at any rate, I am a mere morta on these occasions, and yield myself up, like a lamb to the slaughter.

Congress has been sitting with closed doors for two or three days, engaged, as it is supposed, in the Florida business. I have not been able to learn anything of matters as yet, but I mean to be as deep in the mysteries of the cabinet as that "entire chrysolite" of wisdom, ... notwithstanding that he rode post, as I am well informed, from New York to Washington, with his finger beside his nose, and nodding and winking all the way to every man, woman, and child he saw.

In a letter which follows to Brevoort, who had accompanied him to Philadelphia, we have among other things an allusion to a French translation of Knickerbocker, to Jarvis the painter, and to Mrs. Madison.

City of Washington, Jan. 13, 1811.

Dear Brevoort :—

I have been constantly intending to write to you; but you know the hurry and confusion of the life I at present lead, and the distraction of thought which it occasions, and which is totally hostile to letter writing. The letter, however, which you have been so good as to write me, demands a return of one kind or another ; and so I answer it, partly through a sense of duty, and partly in hopes of inducing you to write another.

My journey to Baltimore was terrible and sublime—as full of adventurous matters and direful peril as one of Walter Scott's pantomimic, melodramatic, romantic tales. I was three days on the road, and slept one night in a log-house. Yet somehow or another, I lived through it all ; and lived merrily into the bargain, for which I thank a large stock of good humor, which I put up before my departure from New York, as travelling stores to last me throughout my expedition. In a word, I left

home, determined to be pleased with everything, or if not pleased, to be amused, if I may be allowed the distinction, and I have hitherto kept to my determination.

I remained two days in Baltimore, where I was very well treated, and was just getting into a very agreeable society, when the desire to get to Washington induced me to set off abruptly, deferring all enjoyment of Baltimore until my return. While there I dined with Coale [the bookseller]. At his table I found Jarvis, who is in great vogue in Baltimore, painting all the people of note and fashion, and universally passing for a great wit, a fellow of infinite jest; in short, "the agreeable rattle." I was likewise waited on by Mr. Tezier, the French gentleman who has translated my history of New York. He is a very pleasant, gentlemanly fellow, and we were very civil to each other, as you may suppose. He tells me he has sent his translation to Paris, where I suspect they will understand and relish it about as much as they would a Scotch haggis and a singed sheep's-head.

The ride from Baltimore to Washington was still worse than the former one; but I had two or three odd geniuses for fellow-passengers, and made out to amuse myself very well. I arrived at the inn about dusk; and understanding that Mrs. Madison was to have her levee or drawing-room that very evening, I swore by all my gods I would be there. But how? was the question. I had got away down into Georgetown, and the persons to whom my letters of introduction were directed, lived all upon Capitol Hill, about three miles off, while the President's house was exactly half way. Here was a non-plus enough to startle any man of less enterprising spirit; but I had sworn to be there, and I determined to keep my oath, and like Caleb Quotem, to "have a place at the Review." So I mounted with a stout heart to my room; resolved to put on my pease blossoms and silk stockings; gird up my loins; sally forth on my expedition; and like a vagabond knight-errant, trust to Providence for success and whole bones. Just as I descended from my attic chamber, full of this valorous spirit, I was met by my landlord, with whom, and the head waiter, by the bye, I had held a private cabinet counsel on the subject. Bully Rook informed me that there was a party of gentlemen just going

from the house, one of whom, Mr. Fontaine Maury of New York, had offered his services to introduce me to "the Sublime Porte." I cut one of my best opera flourishes; skipped into the dressing-room, popped my head into the hands of a sanguinary Jacobinical barber, who carried havoc and desolation into the lower regions of my face; mowed down all the beard on one of my cheeks and laid the other in blood like a conquered province; and thus, like a second Banquo, with "twenty mortal murthers on my head," in a few minutes I emerged from dirt and darkness into the blazing splendor of Mr. Madison's drawing-room. Here I was most graciously received; found a crowded collection of great and little men, of ugly old women and beautiful young ones, and in ten minutes was hand and glove with half the people in the assemblage. Mrs. Madison is a fine, portly, buxom dame, who has a smile and a pleasant word for everybody. . . . .

Since that memorable evening I have been in a constant round of banqueting, reveling, and dancing. The Congress has been sitting with closed doors, so that I have not seen much of the wisdom of the nation; but I have had enough matter for observation and entertainment to last me a handful of months. I only want a chosen fellow like yourself to help me wonder, admire, and laugh—as it is, I must endeavor to do these things as well as I can by myself.

I am delightfully moored "head and stern" in the family of John P. Van Ness, brother of William P. He is an old friend of mine, and insisted on my coming to his house the morning after my arrival. The family is very agreeable.

The other evening, at the City Assembly, I was suddenly introduced to my cousin, the Congressman from Scaghticoke, and we forthwith became two most loving friends.

—— ——— is here, and "my brother George" into the bargain. ——— is endeavoring to obtain a deposit in the Mechanic's Bank, in case the U. S. Bank does not obtain a charter. He is as deep as usual; shakes his head, and winks through his spectacles at everybody he meets. He swore to me the other day, that he had not told anybody what his opinion was, whether the bank *ought* to have a charter or not; nobody in Wash-

ington knew what his opinion was—not one—nobody—he defied any one to say what it was—"anybody—damn the one—no, sir—nobody knows" —and, if he had added nobody cares, I believe honest ——— would have been exactly in the right. Then there's his brother ———, "damn that fellow—knows eight or nine languages—yes, sir—nine languages—Arabic, Spanish, Greek, Ital—and there's his wife now—she and Mrs. Madison are always together. Mrs. Madison has taken a great fancy to her little daughter; only think, sir, that child is only six years old, and talks the Italian like a book, by God—little devil learnt it all from an Italian servant—damned clever fellow—lived with my brother —— ten years—says he would not part with him for all Tripoli," etc., etc., etc.

A letter to Mrs. Hoffman, from Washington, at this time, concludes with the following message to Mrs. Renwick:—

When you see my good friend Mrs. Renwick, tell her I feel great compunction at having deprived her of her Tartan pladdie all the winter; but if it will be any gratification to her, she may be assured it has been of signal comfort to me, and has occasionally served as a mantle to some of the prettiest girls in Washington.

This lady, whose name will be held in honor as the heroine of "The Blue-eyed Lassie" of Burns, was the daughter of the Rev. Andrew Jeffrey, of Lochmaben, in Dumfries-shire, Scotland. She was early transplanted to these shores, and passed the greater part of her life in the city of New York, where her house was a cherished resort of Mr. Irving. A brief and well-written Memoir of her, by Mrs. Balmanno, printed privately for her family and friends, speaks of her as follows: "Up to the advanced age of seventy-seven, she adorned a high social

position with all those qualities of heart and mind, all those sweet and captivating amenities of manner, which had, in her youth, when joined to great personal attractions, rendered her one of the most fascinating maidens of Annandale." She often met the Scottish poet at her father's fireside, and besides "the blue-eyed Lassie," he made her the subject of another song, "When first I saw my Jeanie's face," which is contained in the memoir above mentioned. As this effusion has never appeared in any collection of the works of the immortal bard, I am tempted to quote the fine compliment of the concluding stanza :—

"But sair I doubt some happier swain
Has gained my Jeanie's favor,
If sae may every bliss be hers,
Tho' I can never have her.

"But gang she east, or gang she west,
'Twixt Nith and Tweed all over,
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
She'll always find a lover."

It was to the subject of this poetic effusion, that the author of the "Sketch Book" was indebted for the slip of ivy from Melrose, which she planted with her own hands, and lived to see, running in rich luxuriance over the walls of Sunnyside.

I give some further letters of this period :—

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7, 1811.

DEAR BREVOORT :—

I am ashamed at not having answered your letter before, but I am too much occupied and indeed distracted here by the multiplicity of objects before me, to write with any degree of coherency.

I wish with all my heart you had come on with me, for my time has passed delightfully. I have become acquainted with almost everybody here, and find the most complete medley of character I ever mingled amongst. As I do not suffer party feelings to bias my mind, I have associated with both parties, and have found worthy and intelligent men in both, with honest hearts, enlightened minds, generous feelings, and bitter prejudices. A free communication of this kind tends more than anything else to divest a man's mind of party bigotry ; to make him regardless of those jaundiced representations of persons and things which he is too apt to have held up to him by party writers, and to beget in him that candid, tolerant, good-natured habit of thinking, which I think every man that values his own comfort and utility should strive to cultivate.

You would be amused, were you to arrive here just now, to see the odd and heterogeneous circle of acquaintance I have formed. One day I am dining with a knot of honest, furious Federalists, who are damning all their opponents as a set of consummate scoundrels, panders of Bonaparte, etc., etc. The next day I dine, perhaps, with some of the very men I have heard thus anathematized, and find them equally honest, warm, and indignant ; and if I take their word for it, I had been dining the day before with some of the greatest knaves in the nation, men absolutely paid and suborned by the British government.

To show you the mode of life I lead, I give you my engagements for this week. On Monday I dined with the mess of officers at the barracks ; in the evening a ball at Van Ness's. On Tuesday with my cousin Knickerbocker and several merry Federalists. On Wednesday I dined with General Turreau, who had a very pleasant party of Frenchmen and democrats ; in the evening at Mrs. Madison's levee, which was brilliant and crowded with interesting men and fine women. On Thursday a din-

ner at Latrobe's. On Friday a dinner at the Secretary of the Navy's, and in the evening a ball at the Mayor's. Saturday as yet is unengaged. At all these parties you meet with so many intelligent people that your mind is continually and delightfully exercised.

The Supreme Court has likewise within a day or two brought a crowd of new strangers to the city. Jo. Ingersoll, Clement Biddle, Clymer, Goodloe Harper, and several others have arrived. . . . . This place would suit you to a fraction, as you could find company suitable to every varying mood of mind, and men capable of conversing and giving you information on every subject on which you might wish to be informed.

To make intelligible the following interesting portion of a reply to a letter of his brother William, it is necessary to premise, that his name had been suggested as Secretary of Legation to France, under Joel Barlow as Minister. The author of the "Columbiad," however, had somehow or other associated him with some strictures on his Epic of which he was innocent, and would not be likely to incline to such a secretary.

[*To William Irving.*]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9, 1811.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

I am very much obliged to you for your kind letter of the 5th. I had begun to feel quite impatient at not hearing from home, and to think that the news I occasionally scribbled from here might be of little importance. . . . .

Your opinion with respect to the matter I hinted at has decided me, should anything of the kind be proposed. I have heard, however, nothing further on the subject, and do not suffer it to occupy my thoughts much. I should only look upon it as an advantageous opportunity of

acquiring information and materials for literary purposes, as I do not feel much ambition or talents for political life. Should I not be placed in the situation alluded to, I shall pursue a plan I had some time since contemplated, of studying for a while, and then travelling about the country for the purpose of observing the manners and characters of the various parts of it, with a view to writing a work, which, if I have any acquaintance with my own talents, will be far more profitable and reputable than anything I have yet written. Of this, however, you will not speak to others. But whatever I may write in future I am determined on one thing—to dismiss from my mind all party prejudice and feeling as much as possible, and to endeavor to contemplate every subject with a candid and good-natured eye.

Whether the author ever finished the contemplated plan of study, here alluded to, does not appear; but certain it is, that the literary promise of this letter was never fulfilled. The work, of the nature and design of which we have only this imperfect intimation, was not even commenced.

In the letter which follows, we have, with other matters, further allusion to the appointment:—

[*To William Irving*].

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16, 1811.

. . . . The discussion of the Bank question is going on vigorously in the Senate. Giles made a very ingenious speech both for and against it. He was opposed to the Bank, but the enemies of the Bank thought he had done their cause more harm than any that had spoken on the opposite side. It seems Giles was compelled to take the side he did by the instructions of his constituents, but like an elephant he trampled down his own army. I was very much pleased with his speaking; he is a close

reasoner and very perspicuous. Clay, from Kentucky, spoke against the Bank. He is one of the finest fellows I have seen here, and one of the finest orators in the Senate, though I believe the youngest man in it. The galleries, however, were so much crowded with ladies and gentlemen, and such expectations had been expressed concerning his speech, that he was completely frightened and acquitted himself very little to his own satisfaction. When his speech is printed, I will send it to you; he is a man I have great personal regard for. . . . .

As to the appointment of which I spoke to you, I do not indulge any sanguine hopes about it, and don't trouble myself on that score. I find that it has been the custom to leave the choice to the minister himself, in which case I have no chance. The Secretary of State was the first person who suggested the idea, and he is very solicitous for it; indeed, I have experienced great civility from him while here. The President, on its being mentioned to him, said some very handsome things of me, and I make no doubt will express a wish in my favor on the subject, more especially as Mrs. Madison is a sworn friend of mine, and indeed all the ladies of the household and myself great cronies. I shall let the thing take its chance. I have made no application, neither shall I make any; and if I go away from Washington with nothing but the great good will that has been expressed and manifested towards me, I shall thank God for all his mercies, and think I have made a very advantageous visit.

To the same brother he writes, February 20, 1811:—

The non-intercourse question will come before the House either tomorrow or next day, and the discussion will be extremely animated. . . . . Jack Randolph has been keeping himself up for the non-intercourse question, and I expect will attack it with all his forces. There is no speaker in either house that excites such universal attention as Jack Randolph. But they listen to him more to be delighted by his eloquence and entertained by his ingenuity and eccentricity, than to be convinced by sound doctrine and close argument.

[*To Henry Brevoort.*]

WASHINGTON, March 5, 1811.

. . . . I shall leave this city the day after to-morrow. I should have gone to-morrow, but the stage books are full. You cannot imagine how forlorn this desert city appears to me, now the great tide of casual population has rolled away. The three or four last days have been quite melancholy. Having formed a great number of intimate and agreeable acquaintances, I have been continually taking leave of persons for whom I had contracted a regard, and who are dispersing to various parts of this immense country, without much chance of our ever meeting one another again. I think nothing would tempt me to remain again in Washington, until the breaking up of Congress ; unless I might start off with the first of the tide.

P. S.—About the time you receive this, I expect "my cousin" Knickerbocker will arrive in N. Y.; I wish you would call at the City Hotel, and look for him, and give him some attention among you; he is a right honest, sound-hearted, pleasant fellow.

[*To the same.*]

PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1811.

MY DEAR FELLOW :—

I arrived in this city the day before yesterday, and was delighted to find a letter from you, waiting for me on Charles' mantel-piece. I thank you for this mark of attention, and for the budget of amusing and interesting news you have furnished me with. I stopped but four days at Baltimore on my return; one of which I was confined at home by indisposition. The people of Baltimore are exceedingly social and very hospitable to strangers ; and I saw that if I let myself once get into the stream, I should not be able to get out again under a fortnight at least ; so being resolved to push homewards as expeditiously as was reasonably possible, I resisted the world, the flesh, and the devil at Baltimore; and after three days and nights' stout carousal, and a fourth's sickness, sor-

row, and repentance, I hurried off from that sensual city. By the bye, that little "Hydra and chimera dire," Jarvis, is in prodigious great circulation at Baltimore. The gentlemen have all voted him a rare wag and most brilliant wit; and the ladies pronounce him one of the queerest, ugliest, most agreeable little creatures in the world. The consequence is that there is not a ball, tea-party, concert, supper, or any other private regale, but that Jarvis is the most conspicuous personage; and as to a dinner, they can no more do without him, than they could without Friar John at the roystering revels of the renowned Pantagruel. He is overwhelmed with business and pleasure, his pictures admired and extolled to the skies, and his jokes industriously repeated and laughed at. . . . .

Jack Randolph was at Baltimore for a day or two after my arrival. He sat to Jarvis for a likeness for one of the Ridgeley's, and consented that I should have a copy. I am in hopes of receiving it before I leave Philadelphia, and of bringing it home with me. . . . .

I was out visiting with Ann yesterday, and met that little assemblage of smiles and fascinations, Mary Jackson. She was bounding with youth, health and innocence, and good humor. She had a pretty straw hat tied under her chin with a pink ribbon, and looked like some little woodland nymph, just lured out by spring and fine weather. God bless her light heart, and grant that it may never know care or sorrow! it's enough to cure spleen and melancholy only to look at her.

Your familiar pictures of home make me extremely desirous again to be there. It will be impossible, however, to get away from the kind attentions of our friends in this city, until some time next week, perhaps towards the latter end, when I shall once more return to sober life, satisfied with having secured three months of sunshine in this valley of shadows and darkness. . . . .

I rejoice to hear of the approaching nuptials of our redoubtable Highland chieftain, and hope you are preparing a grand Epithalamium for the joyful occasion. Remember me affectionately to the Hoffmans, Kembles, etc.

Yours ever,

W. Irving.

March 18th he writes to Brevoort :—

I shall be with you in a few days, and then we will look out for Gouv, and prepare for the captain's Hymeneals.

He had hardly reached New York, however, before he found himself constrained to return to Washington—apparently on some mission of commercial necessity. He writes thence to Brevoort, April 2d, 1811 :—

I have been whirled here with such rapidity, that I can scarcely realize the transition ; it is quite contrary to my loitering *hospitable* mode of travelling. I have seen nobody on my route but the elegant Jarvis, whom I found sleeping on a sofa bed in his painting room, like a sleeping Venus, and his beautiful dog couched at his feet. I aroused the varlet, and bid him on pain of death to have the likeness of Randolph done on my return; he breakfasted with us, and entertained us with several jokes, which had passed the ordeal of Baltimore dinner-tables.

In the following letter to Brevoort from Philadelphia on his return, we have an allusion to George Frederick Cooke, the great actor, who had come the year previous to this country, in which he died in 1812.

PHILADELPHIA, April 11, 1811.

DEAR BREVOORT :—

I have neglected answering your letter from an expectation that I should have been home before this ; but I have suffered day after day to slip by, and here I still am, in much the same mood as you are when in bed of a fine genial morning, endeavoring to prolong the indolent enjoyment, to indulge in another doze, and renew those delicious half-waking dreams that give one an idea of a Mussulman's paradise.

I have for a few months past led such a pleasant life, that I almost shrink from awaking from it into the commonplace round of regular existence ; "but this eternal blazon must not be" (Shakespeare), so in two or three days I'll take staff in hand and return to the land of my fathers. To tell the truth, I have been induced to stay a day or two longer than I otherwise would have done, to have the gratification of seeing Cooke in Kitely and Lear; the first he plays to-night, the other on Wednesday. The old fellow is in great repute here, and draws excellent houses. I stopped in accidentally at the theatre a few evenings since, when he was playing Macbeth ; not expecting to receive any pleasure, for you recollect he performed it very indifferently in New York. I entered just at the time when he was meditating the murder, and I remained to the end of the play in a state of admiration and delight. The old boy absolutely outdid himself ; his dagger scene, his entrance to Duncan's chamber, and his horror after the commission of the deed, completed a dramatic action that I shall never forget as long as I live ; it was sublime. I place the performance of that evening among the highest pieces of acting I have ever witnessed. You know I had before considered Cooper as much superior to him in Macbeth, but on this occasion the character made more impression on me than when played by Cooper, or even Kemble. The more I see of Cooke, the more I admire his style of acting ; he is very unequal, from his irregular habits and nervous affections ; but when he is in proper mood, there is a truth, and, of course, a simplicity in his performance, that throws all rant, stage-trick, and stage-effect completely in the background. Were he to remain here a sufficient time for the public to perceive and dwell upon his merits, and the true character of his playing, he would produce a new taste in acting. One of his best performances may be compared to a master-piece of ancient statuary, where you have the human figure, destitute of idle ornament, depending upon the truth of anatomical proportion and arrangement, the accuracy of character and gracefulness of composition ; in short, a simple display of nature. Such a production requires the eye of taste and knowledge to perceive its eminent excellences ; whereas, a vulgar spectator will turn from it to be enraptured with some bungling workmanship, loaded with

finery and drapery, and all the garish ornaments in which unskillfulness takes refuge.

Sully has finished a very fine and careful portrait of Cooke, and has begun a full-length picture of him in the character of Richard. This he is to receive three hundred dollars for from the gentlemen of Philadelphia who opened a subscription for the purpose, which was filled up in an hour. The picture is to be placed in the Academy of Arts. . . . .

Walsh's 2d number will be out in two or three days ; I have seen it, but not had time to read more than a few pages of a masterly review of Hamilton's works. I think the number will do him great credit.

Give my love to all who love me, and remember me kindly to the rest.

Yours truly, W. I.

I know not how soon it was after his return to New York, that he witnessed a performance of Cooke, of another sort, which I have heard him describe. It was at his benefit at the Park theatre, and he was to play Shylock and Sir Archy MacSarcasm. Mr. Irving was in a stage box. He went through Shylock admirably, but had primed himself with drink, to such a degree, before the commencement of the afterpiece, that he was not himself. His condition was so apparent that they hurried through the piece, and skipped, and curtailed, to have the curtain fall, when lo! as it was descending, Cooke stepped out from under it and presented himself before the footlights, to make a speech. Instantly there were shouts from the pit: "Go home—Cooke—go home—you're drunk." Cooke kept his ground. "Didn't I please you in Shylock?" "Yes—yes—you played that nobly." "Well, then, the man who played Shylock well couldn't be

drunk." "You weren't drunk then, but you're drunk now," was the rejoinder, and they continued to roar: "Go home—go home—go to bed." Cooke, indignant, tapped the handle of his sword emphatically: "'Tis but a foil;" then extending his right arm to the audience, and shaking his finger at them—"'tis well for you it is," and marched off amid roars of laughter. It was a rich scene.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHANGE OF QUARTERS.—LITERARY RELAXATION.—PASSAGES OF A LETTER TO BREVOORT.—BREAKING OUT OF THE WAR.—LETTER OF JAMES K. PAULDING.—VISIT TO WASHINGTON.—LETTER TO JAMES RENWICK.—LETTER TO PETER IRVING.—TO BREVOORT.

IN the spring of 1811, Washington, who had hitherto resided with his mother, took up his quarters with Brevoort, at Mrs. Ryckman's, in Broadway, near the Bowling Green. Here they had a parlor in common, with bedrooms off, and Brevoort had a large and well-selected library, which was always at the command of his companion. This would seem to have been a situation propitious to literary labor, yet, with the exception of a revised edition of the "History of New York," the two years spent here were barren of literary fruit. He had at first intended a pretty thorough dedication of his time and talents to these congenial pursuits, but this purpose, however sincerely entertained, soon lost its sway over him. The spur of necessity was needed to quicken and invigorate his literary ambition, which gradually wore off under the temptations to ease and indolence which his circumstances offered, until at

last he settled down into a sort of gentleman of leisure; not neglectful of mental cultivation, it is true, yet mainly intent upon the pleasures and amusements of the passing hour. Not without a shade of self-upbraiding, however, did he surrender himself to the indulgence of such entire literary relaxation. His conscience often smote him during this interval, I have heard him say, that he did not devote himself more closely to his pen; but his compunction was not sufficiently keen to break the spell which held his faculties in bondage.

In March of the following year, Brevoort sailed for Europe, leaving Irving at Mrs. Ryckman's, in possession of his library, but sadly missing his intellectual sympathy and companionship, and earnestly longing for his return from an absence which was unexpectedly lengthened to twenty months. "I have not been very well since your departure," he writes to him, March 17th, "and am completely out of spirits. I do miss you terribly. I dined yesterday at a small party at Mrs. Renwick's, and was at a tea-party in the evening; and yet passed one of the heaviest days I have toiled through this long time." Brevoort, too, seems to have felt the separation, and writes: "I long to fill the vacant chair, on the opposite side of the well-recollected table in our private sanctuary. Ah! how often has that friendly table sustained your incumbent head of a winter's evening! What treasures of moral precepts and good-humored sallies has that table witnessed! enough to reform a

guilty world, but alas! forever lost to an admiring posterity."

In a letter to Brevoort, of March 29, 1812, we have this allusion to the revised edition of Knickerbocker, upon which he had been engaged :—

I have been so much occupied of late, partly by a severe indisposition of my good old mother (who has, however, recovered), and partly by my History, that I have not had time to write you a letter worth reading. I will atone for it hereafter. I have concluded my bargain with Inskeep and am about publishing. I receive $1,200 at six months for an edition of 1,500 copies. He takes all the expense of printing, etc., on himself.

In this edition he dropped the dedication to the New York Historical Society.

The war between Great Britain and the United States, which broke out in June, 1812, presented no very comfortable prospect to the merchant, and Mr. Irving seems to have entertained the most serious forebodings of its effect upon the commercial interests. It was probably this circumstance that turned his thoughts once more into the channel of literature, and induced him to harbor a project of a joint undertaking with Paulding, which is alluded to at the close of the following extract from a letter of the latter. The letter transmits a copy of Paulding's "Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan," and is addressed to Washington at the residence of Captain Phillips, that favorite rendezvous in the Highlands, to which he had gone in August :—

September 5th, 1812.

DEAR WASHINGTON:—

I send you a copy of "John Bull," who has made some talk here, but I believe don't sell very well; for what reason I leave you to judge, it being such an excellent work. There has been an advertisement in the papers for a week past, noticing the intended publication of a work, called "The Beauties of Brother Bullus, by his sister Miss Bull—a." The title, I think, is not very promising; and I have discovered that it is written against my Bull. Inskeep says it is the joint production of Parson Mason and his Polygraph Bristed, so you see what Goliaths are coming forth against me. If this piece should be illiberal towards me, and I can once fasten it upon these jockeys, I think there will be a little sport, particularly if you should be here and inclined to lend a hand. I have finished the draft of one essay and am at work with another; so you see I don't forget the main object of our lives; nor do I mean to suffer myself to be involved in any controversy that will interfere with our contemplated undertaking.

What this contemplated undertaking was does not appear. It was never carried out, very possibly from Mr. Irving's being soon after induced to listen to a proposition to assume the conduct of a periodical magazine, the "Select Reviews," in which Paulding also found scope for his pen.

In the autumn of 1812, Mr. Irving was selected to form one of a Committee of Merchants, deputed by the commercial community to repair to the seat of government, to obtain a remission of their bonds. This kept him for six weeks at Washington. During this period, he addressed several letters to James Renwick, then at the early age of nineteen filling gratuitously the chair of

Natural Philosophy in Columbia College, made vacant by the death of his relative, Dr. Kemp. I have space only for the last, which treats of the "Select Reviews" he had undertaken to edit, and makes allusion to a matrimonial report, out of which, no doubt, his friends were having a little fun at his expense.

[*To James Renwick.*]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18, 1812.

DEAR JAMES :—

In one of your letters you desired to know when I would be in Philadelphia, and you proposed passing the holidays there. I forgot to answer the question, nor would I have been able to have done it with certainty. I now expect to leave this city to-morrow. Our business is yet undecided, and will probably linger through several days more ; but I consider the battle as won ; and, as there are enough here without me, to take care of our interests ; and as it is very important I should be elsewhere, I have made up my mind to depart. I may possibly stop a day in Baltimore, as I shall meet Gouverneur Kemble there, and I wish to give him a farewell cheering ; I shall then make the best of my way to Philadelphia, where I shall probably pass some days ; but, if possible, I will pass *my* holidays in New York. I never wish to spend the merry Christmas and jolly New Year elsewhere than in the gamesome city of the Manhattoes.

My dear fellow, you cannot imagine how I long to be once more at home, to doff this burden of care and business, and resume what the "Portfolio" calls my "elegant leisure." By-the-bye, I have been "stayed with flagons and comforted with apples" by these editors and newspaper writers, until I am sick of puffing. This "Select Review" has drawn upon me such an abundance of worthless compliments, that I really stagger under the trash. Add to this, my publisher . . . .

has been advertising, every day or two, some new edition and improvement to be made to the "Select Reviews," of which I have known nothing until I saw the advertisements. At one time there is to be a series of portraits of our naval commanders, with biographical sketches. At another, a history of the events of our maritime war, etc., on the plan of —the British Naval chronicle! and here am I—poor I—while absent here, tied by the leg to the footstool of Congress, most wickedly made the editor of a vile farrago, a congregation of heterogeneous articles, that have no possible affinity to one another.

I have written to Philadelphia that I would not consent to have such a fool's cap put on my head; and if they intended to interfere in the conduct of the work, I should decline having anything to do with it. I think Job was a little out when he wished that his enemy had written a book; had he wished him to be obliged to print one, he would have wished him a curse indeed! . . . .

Tell your good lady mother that Mrs. Madison has been much indisposed, and at last Wednesday evening's drawing-room Mrs. Gallatin presided in her place; I was not present, but those who were, assure me she filled Mrs. Madison's chair to a miracle. You may likewise tell her that she may call in her report about Madame —— and myself as soon as she pleases, for it is all over with me in that quarter; I was last evening to have been introduced to her, and to have gone on a little *moonlight* party to Mason's Island; you may suppose what a favorable opportunity it was for sentiment and romance. As my unlucky stars would have it, I dined with a choice party at the Speaker's, drank wine, got gay, went home, fell asleep by the fireside, and forgot all about Madame ——— until this morning. Do beg your mother, for God's sake, to look out for some other lady for me. I am not particular about her being a princess, provided she has plenty of money, a pretty face, and no understanding.

God bless you,

W. I.

Not long after the date of this extract he had returned

to "the gamesome city of the Manhattoes," whence he addressed the following letters :—

[*To Peter Irving at Liverpool.*]

New York, Dec. 30, 1812.

. . . . I mentioned in former letters that I had undertaken to conduct the "Select Reviews" at a salary of 1,500 dollars. It is an amusing occupation, without any mental responsibility of consequence. I felt very much the want of some such task in my idle hours ; there is nothing so irksome as having nothing to do. You will, in future, send the periodical publications to me, and from time to time send an account of cost and charges, that I may settle with my bookseller. I wish you also to forward, as soon as they can be procured, copies of new works that appear, that are not of a local or too expensive nature, fit for republication in this country. I suppose you can make arrangements with the principal booksellers to this effect, who would be attentive to so regular a customer. Any periodical work, besides those at present sent, which you may think of importance, I wish you to subscribe to.

We are all alive at present in consequence of our naval victories. God knows they were well-timed to save the national spirit from being depressed and humiliated by the paltry war on the frontiers. The impolicy of depending on militia and volunteers is now made glaringly apparent, particularly for offensive war, and the nation is incensed at having its character for bravery jeoparded by such short-sighted measures and such miserable military quacks as have been bolstered into command. Should this war continue, resort will be had to regular forces, a larger army will be raised by means of increased bounty and pay; and from the evidences given by our regular troops whenever they have had an opportunity to grapple with the foe, I make no doubt that they will sustain the national character as gallantly on land as it has been on the ocean. . . . .

The day before yesterday a public dinner was given in honor of Hull, Jones, and Decatur. It was the most splendid entertainment of the kind

I ever witnessed. The City Assembly Room was decorated in a very tasteful manner with the colors and flags of the *Macedonian.* Five rows of tables were laid out lengthways in the room, and a table across the top of the room, elevated above the rest, where the gallant heroes were seated, in company with several of our highest civil and military officers. Upwards of four hundred citizens of both parties sat down to the dinner, which was really sumptuous. The room was decorated with transparencies representing the battles, etc. The tables were ornamented with various naval trophies, and the whole entertainment went off with a soul and spirit which I never before witnessed. I never in my life before felt the national feeling so strongly aroused, for I never before saw in this country so true a cause for national triumph. . . . .

P. S.—I had almost forgot to mention that Dunlap has nearly finished a Biography of Cooke. He wishes to send a copy of the MSS. out to you and get you to dispose of it advantageously for him. He will write to you particularly on the subject, and, as he is an old friend and a very worthy man, I make no doubt you will do everything in your power to benefit him. . . . .

[*To Henry Brevoort.*]

NEW YORK, Jan. 2, 1813.

. . . . I am now once more at my old quarters, and am at this moment writing at my usual corner of the table before the fire, which honest John has just trimmed and replenished ; would to heaven, my dear fellow, you were, as formerly, seated opposite to me ! I cannot tell you, my good Hal, how very much I miss you. I feel just as I did after the departure of my brother Peter, whose place you had, in a manner, grown into and supplied. The worthy Patroon, also, has departed for Spain, to reside at Cadiz, and, though I rejoice in his good prospects, yet I cannot but deplore his departure. So we get scattered over this troubled world—this making of fortunes is the very bane of social life ; but, I trust, when they are made, we shall all gather together again and pass the rest of our lives with one another.

When you return we must determine on some new mode of living, for I am heartily tired of this boarding-house system. Perhaps it will be better to get a handsome set of apartments and furnish them. But of this we will talk further when we meet. I was at your father's two or three days since. The old gentleman is highly tickled with the success of our navy. He was so powerfully excited by the capture of the *Macedonian,* that he actually performed a journey to the Brothers, above Hell-gate, where the frigates lay, wind-bound ; and he brought away a piece of the *Macedonian,* which he seemed to treasure up with as much devotion as a pious Catholic does a piece of the true cross. Your mother is well, and is looking forward with the utmost impatience for your return.

A few days since we had a superb dinner given to the naval heroes, at which all the great eaters and drinkers of the city were present. It was the noblest entertainment of the kind I ever witnessed. On New Year's eve a grand ball was likewise given, where there was a vast display of great and little people. Little Rule Britannia made a gallant appearance at the head of a train of beauties, among whom were the divine H———, who looked very inviting, and little Taylor, who looked still more so.

Britannia was gorgeously dressed in a queer kind of hat of stiff purple and silver stuff, that had marvelously the appearance of copper, and made us suppose she had procured the real Mambrino's helmet. Her dress was trimmed with what we simply mistook for scalps, and supposed it was in honor of the nation ; but we blushed at our ignorance on discovering that it was a gorgeous trimming of marten tips—would that some eminent furrier had been there to wonder and admire.

The little Taylor was as amusing and fascinating as ever. She is an arrant little tory, and entertained me exceedingly with her sly jokes upon our navy. She looks uncommonly well, and is as plump as a partridge. . . . .

Our winter does not promise to be as gay even as the last ; neither do I feel as much disposition to enter into dissipation. Mrs. Renwick's family is in mourning for the death of Dr. Kemp; of course, they do not go abroad so much, and their fireside is more quiet and pleasant. . . . .

The Gracies are likewise in mourning for the death of old Mrs. Rogers,

Mrs. Gracie's mother. Mr. Gracie has moved into his new house, and I find a very warm reception at the fireside. Their country-seat was one of my strongholds last summer, as I lived in its vicinity. It is a charming, warm-hearted family, and the old gentleman has the soul of a prince. . . . . This war has completely changed the face of things here. You would scarcely recognize our old peaceful city. Nothing is talked of but armies, navies, battles, etc. Men who had loitered about, the hangers on and incumbrances of society, have all at once risen to importance and been the only useful men of the day. Had not the miserable accounts from our frontiers dampened in some measure the public zeal, I believe half our young men would have been military mad. As it is, if this war continue, and a regular army be raised, instead of depending on volunteers and militia, I believe we shall have the commissions sought after with avidity by young gentlemen of education and good breeding, and our army will be infinitely more respectable, and infinitely more successful.

I hope this letter may find you on the eve of your departure for this country. I do long most earnestly to see you here again. I suppose my brother will remain longer in Europe ; and much as I wish to see him home once more, I feel content that he should stay until he can return with money in both pockets, and the whole of us be able to live after our own hearts for the rest of our lives.

God bless you, my dear fellow. Yours ever,

W. I.

MR. HENRY BREVOORT, JR.

The vessel being detained, he adds in a postscript of January 12th.

Get my brother Peter to have his likeness taken by some good painter, and bring it out with you—*do not neglect this.** Look for scarce and odd books, and make up a collection of quaint and curious works. When at

* Peter, though not ill-favored, would not consent then, or ever, to have his likeness taken.

London visit the Talbot Inn Burrough, High Street, Southwark. It is the ancient Tabard Inn where your old friend Geoffrey Chaucer and his pilgrims lodged on their journey to Canterbury, 1383; and they pretend to show you the chamber where he supped—vide "Gentleman's Magazine" for September, 1812. I happened to lay my hands on the passage this morning.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE "ANALECTIC MAGAZINE" COMMENCED.—HIS CONTRIBUTIONS TO IT.—LETTER TO EBENEZER IRVING.—BREVOORT TRANSMITS SCOTT'S OPINION OF THE HISTORY OF NEW YORK.—INTRODUCES FRANCIS JEFFREY.—PETER IRVING AND CAMPBELL THE POET.—LETTER OF PETER IRVING.—A DAY AT SYDENHAM.—MRS. SIDDONS.—BREVOORT'S RETURN.—CHANGE OF QUARTERS TO MRS. BRADISH'S.—LETTER TO EBENEZER IRVING.

FROM Edinburgh, where Brevoort was busily employed in various studies, which were enlivened by the kind attentions of a most intelligent circle of acquaintances, he writes to Washington, December 9th, 1812 :—

I have just written to my friend Sherbette in Paris to use his utmost endeavors in procuring and forwarding to New York the different periodical journals of France, as well as those of note published on the continent, such, for instance, as Kotzebue's, etc. All these are intended for the benefit of "The Independent Columbian Review," which I am happy to learn, is soon to issue from Mulberry Street under the fostering care of Seth Handaside, Esq., already so advantageously known to the reading world for his spirited efforts in the cause of letters.

The work here playfully mentioned as "The Independent Columbian Review," was the "Select Reviews," a

monthly periodical established in Philadelphia, to which allusion has been made in former letters. The name was changed to the "Analectic Magazine" when Mr. Irving assumed the editorial charge. His contributions, extending through the years 1813 and 1814, consisted of a review of the works of Robert Treat Paine, then dead; a review of odes, naval songs, and other occasional poems by Edwin C. Holland of Charleston; a notice of Paulding's "Lay of the Scottish Fiddle;" of Lord Byron; "Traits of Indian Character," and "Philip of Pokanoket," afterwards incorporated in the "Sketch Book;" and biographies of Captain James Lawrence, Lieutenant William Burrows, Commodore Oliver Perry, and Captain David Porter.

There was also a biographical sketch of Thomas Campbell, the poet, revised, corrected, and materially altered from the former, published in the March number of 1815.

In addition to these productions from his own pen, he received occasional articles from Paulding and Verplanck, which are designated by their respective initials, P. and V.

The conduct of this Magazine, which he had hoped to find a mere pastime, proved to be an irksome business. He had a great repugnance to periodical labor of every description, and to one branch of it, criticism, his aversion was pointed, for he wished to be just, and could not bear to be severe. He shrunk from the idea of inflicting

pain. "I do not profess," he says in one of his articles, "the art and mystery of reviewing, and am not ambitious of being wise or facetious at the expense of others." The naval biographies afforded a more agreeable occupation. It was a proud satisfaction to record the triumphs, to quote the strong language of a letter to his brother William, "of that choice band of gallant spirits who had borne up the drowning honor of their country by the very locks," and he hoped by these hasty and imperfect sketches "not merely to render a small tribute of gratitude to these intrepid champions of his country's honor," but to assist in promoting a higher tone of national feeling.

It was about this period that Mr. Irving received from his friend Brevoort the letter of Scott already given, speaking in such cordial praise of his "History of New York":—

Before I left Edinburgh (he writes from London, June 24th), I presented Walter Scott with a copy of the second edition of Knickerbocker, in return for some very rare books that he gave me, respecting the early history of New England. I inclose you a letter that I received from him since. You must understand his words literally, for he is too honest and too sincere a man to compliment any person.

In the same letter, after giving a sketch of Sir James Mackintosh and other luminaries whom he had met, Brevoort adds:—

And now, having made you slightly acquainted with these eminent personages, let me have a higher gratification in making you personally

known to one of the most distinguished literary ornaments of this country. I mean Francis Jeffrey, Esq., of Edinburgh, the conductor of the "Review."

He is to embark from Liverpool in the ship *Hercules* by the 5th of next month for Boston, accompanied by his brother, Mr. John Jeffrey, for the purpose of settling some domestic concerns. I am deeply indebted to him, both for his hospitality to me in Edinburgh, as well as for the letters he gave me to persons in London. I have endeavored to repay him by giving him a letter to you, one to Mr. Hoffman, one to our friend Mrs. Renwick (who is his namesake), and another to Judge Van Ness, besides many others to different parts of America.

I enjoin it upon you all to receive him in the most friendly manner, so that I may make some returns to him.

I really cannot fix upon any man in this country, whose acquaintance is better worth cultivating than Mr. J. You will find him full of the most precise as well as universal knowledge of men and things on this side of the water, which he will delight to communicate as copiously as you please. You will do well to see as much of him as you can ; he will be glad to make friends with you, and after you have become reconciled to somewhat of an artificial manner, you will find him one of the most sprightly and best-tempered men imaginable.

As his introductory letters will be chiefly to persons connected with the Federal party, I wish you to make him known to both sides. It is essential that Jeffrey may imbibe a just estimate of the United States and its inhabitants ; he goes out strongly biased in our favor, and the influence of his good opinion upon his return to this country, would go far to efface the calumnies and the absurdities that have been laid to our charge by ignorant travellers. Persuade him to visit Washington, and by all means to see the Falls of Niagara : the obstacles which the war may oppose may be easily overcome, and at all events he may see them without ever crossing into Canada.

As his business is wholly of a private nature, neither political nor commercial, I hope Government will not limit his motions.

Your brother has also given Mr. J. a letter to you.

Mr. Irving could not be indifferent to the pleasure of a meeting with this celebrated personage; but whether he obeyed the injunction of his friend and saw as much of him as he could, I cannot say. I have heard him recall a dinner at Mr. Gracie's, in which he was particularly brilliant, and he always spoke of him as one of the celebrities that did not disappoint you, whose conversation was as eloquent as his reviews.

In the autumn of this year Peter Irving had interested himself most warmly in behalf of Thomas Campbell, the poet, who was in great need of an American friend to secure for him the copyright of a work, which he meant to publish contemporaneously in England and the United States. Campbell says to him in a letter, dated September, 17, 1813: "I look back to the day we had to ourselves at Sydenham as one which I shall never forget;" and in another, a month later (October 19), in return for a copying-machine, which Peter had sent him, he writes: "It is really like a friend and most warm-hearted on your part to take such an interest in my new work. Your present shall be beside me, and my constant friend and memorial of you, as long as I continue to scribble prose or verse." December 15th he invites him to Sydenham to meet Mrs. Siddons; and here is Peter's hasty account of the visit in a letter to Washington:—

London, Dec. 18, 1813.

My dear Brother:—

I this instant learn that a vessel is to sail from Liverpool, but that I must write this day, and the hour of limitation is nearly at hand. . . . .

The day before yesterday I passed delightfully with Campbell, the poet, in his retreat at Sydenham. I had also the further treat of meeting Mrs. Siddons there, and having considerable conversation with her during dinner. It was a rich gratification to see the Queen of Tragedy thus out of her robes. Yet her manner even at the social board still partakes of the state and gravity of tragedy. Not that there is an unwillingness to unbend, but that there is a difficulty in throwing aside the solemnity of long-acquired habit. She reminded me of Walter Scott's knights "who carved the meal with their gloves of steel, and drank the red wine through their helmets barred." There was, however, entirely the disposition to be gracious, and to play her part like herself in conversation. She, therefore, exchanged anecdote and incident, in the course of which she detailed her feelings and reflections while wandering among the sublime and romantic scenery of North Wales and on the summit of Pennmanmawr. As she did this, her eye kindled and her features beamed, and in her countenance, which is indeed a volume where one may read strange matters, you might trace the varying emotions of her soul. I was surprised to find her face, even at the near approach of sitting by her side, absolutely handsome, and unmarked with any of those wrinkles which generally attend advanced life. Her form is at present becoming unwieldy, but not shapeless, and is full of dignity. Her gestures and movements are eminently graceful. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell say that I was quite fortunate, and might flatter myself on her being so conversible, for that she is very apt to be on the reserve towards strangers. The circumstance of being from another quarter of the world has given her an interest in the conversation she would not otherwise have felt.

Campbell is just completing a work in three pretty thick octavo volumes. The subject is to be characters of the principal poets, with specimens of their writing. From the passages he read to me from the account of Sir William Jones and some others, it will be a most eloquent and interesting work. He will wish you to dispose of the copyright in America, or make such arrangements as may be best for his interest. And as he intends the publication to be contemporaneous in both countries, and contemplates to publish here about in June, it may be advis-

able for you instantly to take preparatory steps. The manuscript will be sent in a few weeks. This opportunity is so excessively sudden, that I am unable to give further particulars. But lose no time and do everything the best in your power, as I have a warm friendship for him. Give my love to mother and to all.

Your affectionate brother,

P. I.

Washington, however, had no opportunity of supporting the interest of Campbell, as his brother urged, for there was greater delay than the poet anticipated in the preparation of his work; and in March, 1814, he informs Peter he had come to an arrangement with Murray not to deliver his MSS. until September, and that he would not publish before December, 1814, or January, 1815; and he was anxious, if possible, to sell the copyright in the United States for as much as it would fetch, instead of waiting the slow return of profits by editions. "Of that sort of profit," he says, "I have had too sad experience on this side of the Atlantic."

On his return to New York, Brevoort resumed his quarters with Irving at Mrs. Ryckman's, No. 16 Broadway, but they soon after changed to Mrs. Bradish's, a choice house kept on the most liberal scale at the corner of Greenwich and Rector Streets. Here they had, as before, a parlor in common. Among the occasional inmates in 1814 were that "second Sindbad, Captain Porter," of whom Mr. Irving prepared a biographical sketch for the "Analectic," and Commodore Decatur and his wife.

In the subjoined extract we have a playful account of

a transient visit to the household of his brother, who was absent on a tour with his wife. The interest and diversion he found with children was characteristic of him through life.

[*To Ebenezer Irving.*]

NEW YORK, August 12, 1813.

DEAR BROTHER :—

I have just come from your house, where they are all well and in good order. . . . . The children are very hearty, and exceeding good boys. They were highly delighted with your letter, received yesterday, in which you mention them all ; and Pierre assures me that Theodore not only spells Ba-ba, but Di-al, which he intends informing you of under his own hand. He has been projecting a mighty letter to you for several days, but has been delayed by a great scarcity of pen, ink, and paper. The two latter, he informed me this morning, he had procured, but was in want of a pen. I have put him in the way of getting one, and trust he will find no further difficulty in accomplishing this great undertaking. I have told him to write on one page of a sheet, and I will fill up the letter. He said he supposed his mamma would be able to tell his writing from mine ; but to make him quite easy on that score I have agreed that we shall each put our names to our respective letters.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WAR.—THE FLAG.—HEARS OF THE BRITISH ENTRY INTO WASHINGTON.—JOINS THE STAFF OF GOVERNOR TOMPKINS.—AN EXPECTED ATTACK ON THE CITY.—SENT TO SACKETT'S HARBOR ON LAKE ONTARIO.—HIS JOURNEY.—RETURN TO NEW YORK.—TOMPKINS.—AN UNEXPECTED SALUTE AND ITS RESULT.—WILLIAM IRVING IN CONGRESS.—WASHINGTON'S LETTER TO HIM.—HIS VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA.—FAILURE OF MOSES THOMAS, THE PUBLISHER OF THE "ANALECTIC."—DECATUR AND HIS PROPOSITION.—EMBARKATION FOR EUROPE.

MR. IRVING had deeply regretted that the difficulties between England and the United States had reached the lamentable extremity of war, but, hostilities once commenced, his sympathies were all on the side of his country. In his biographical sketch of Perry, published in the "Analectic Magazine," he writes :—

Whatever we may think of the expediency or inexpediency of the present war, we cannot feel indifferent to its operations. Whenever our arms come in competition with those of the enemy, jealousy for our country's honor will swallow up every other consideration—our feelings will ever accompany the flag of our country to battle, rejoicing in its glory, lamenting over its defeat. For there is no such thing as releasing ourselves from the consequences of the contest. He who fancies he can stand aloof in interest, and by condemning the present war, can exonerate him-

self from the shame of its disasters, is woefully mistaken. Other nations will not trouble themselves about our internal wranglings and party questions; they will not ask who among us fought, or why we fought, but *how* we fought. The disgrace of defeat will not be confined to the contrivers of the war, or the party in power, or the conductors of the battle; but will extend to the whole nation, and come home to every individual. If the name of American is to be rendered honorable in the fight, we shall each participate in the honor; if otherwise, we must inevitably support our share of the ignominy.

With such sentiments, watching with mingled pride and sorrow the alternations of defeat and success, it may be imagined with what a feeling of outraged patriotism he heard of the triumphant entry of the British into Washington, and the acts of uncivilized hostility which followed.

He was descending the Hudson in the steamboat when the tidings first reached him. It was night, and the passengers had betaken themselves to their settees to rest, when a person came on board at Poughkeepsie with the news of the inglorious triumph, and proceeded in the darkness of the cabin to relate the particulars; the destruction of the President's house, the Treasury, War, and Navy offices; the Capitol, the depository of the national library and public records. There was a momentary pause after the speaker had ceased, when some paltry spirit lifted his head from his settee, and in a tone of complacent derision "wondered what *Jimmy* Madison would say now." "Sir," said Mr. Irving, glad of an

escape to his swelling indignation, "do you seize on such a disaster only for a sneer? Let me tell you, sir, it is not now a question about *Jimmy* Madison, or *Jimmy* Armstrong.* The pride and honor of the nation are wounded; the country is insulted and disgraced by this barbarous success, and every loyal citizen would feel the ignominy and be earnest to avenge it." "I could not see the fellow," said Mr. Irving, when he related the anecdote to me, "but I let fly at him in the dark." A murmur of approbation followed the outburst, and then every ear was listening for the reply, but the energy of the rebuke had cowed the spokesman, for he did not again raise his voice.

The spirit shown in this rebuke did not evaporate in words. On his arrival in New York he repaired immediately to Governor Tompkins with an offer of his services. The latter showed no backwardness in securing the new recruit, and at once made him his aide and military secretary with the rank of Colonel. The letters addressed to him at this period bear this martial designation; "Washington Irving, Esquire,' being transformed into "Colonel Washington Irving." A general order of the commander-in-chief, of 2d September, 1814, bears the signature of "Washington Irving, Aide-de-camp."

This destruction of Washington kindled a flame of

* The Secretary of War.

patriotic energy throughout the country. The citizens of New York had before been busy in making preparations to repel a threatened invasion, but this urged them to the completion of their works of defense with redoubled spirit. The city was alive with the zeal of its inhabitants. Persons exempt from military service enrolled themselves anew; all trades and professions took their tour of duty at the line of fortifications, raised night and day on the heights of Brooklyn and Harlem; even clergymen with their parishioners sometimes volunteered in these measures of defense; and teachers with their juvenile scholars also turned out for a day's duty. The victorious outrage was well stigmatized in the House of Parliament as an "enterprise which most exasperated the people, and least weakened the Government of any recorded in the annals of war." Scarcely two weeks had elapsed before the disgrace was wiped out in the death of the invading general, the repulse of the British at Baltimore, the defeat of England's veterans at Plattsburg, and the overthrow and surrender of her fleet on Lake Champlain. If Mr. Irving entered upon his military functions at a disastrous period, it was not long before he had cause for rejoicing.

He had been two or three weeks in the staff of the governor when it became necessary for the latter to proceed to Albany to attend an extraordinary session of the legislature, which he had convened to meet on the 26th of September.

From Albany he writes to Brevoort, at Burlington, on Lake Champlain, September 26th, 1814:—

I have been incessantly occupied since I saw you by the duties of my station; and feel more pleased than ever with it. I am very anxious to hear how matters go with you. I think there is no prospect of immediate peace, and am of opinion that, should the British wait the results of the present campaign, they will rather be disposed to continue hostilities, to wipe out the stains of late defeats. This scourging campaign has on the whole been thus far a degrading one to them, and the victory on Champlain will be a pill not easily swallowed. I wish you would treasure up all the striking particulars you may hear concerning it, as I must give McDonough a dash.

Shortly after his arrival at Albany, it was rumored that Sackett's Harbor was threatened with an attack by land and water; and eager to share in the excitement, the secretary requested from the governor some mission to the lines. He was accordingly sent to Sackett's Harbor with discretionary powers to consult with the commanding officers stationed there; and, if necessary, to order out more militia.

I leave this (he writes from Albany to his brother Ebenezer, September 28th), at four o'clock in the morning for Sackett's Harbor. Affairs, I am afraid, are about to look squally on our Canada frontier. Drummond has fallen back to Fort George, and Brown is not in sufficient force to pursue him. Izard has landed at Genesee River; and by the time he forms a junction with Brown, or advances on Fort George, Drummond, I apprehend, will be able to get to the head of the lake, so that I think he has escaped from our clutches. In the meanwhile, we hear that Chauncey is at Sackett's Harbor. If the enemy takes the lake with his large ship,

Chauncey is dished; he dare not come out, and may be attacked in the harbor by land and sea. It is said he does not mean to remain in the harbor ; but to put out again immediately. As there is no regular force there of any consequence, I shall be empowered, if on consulting the officers there, it is deemed necessary, to order out a requisite militia force. Should matters be safe there, and the lake be unmolested by the enemy, I think it probable I shall sail to the upper part of it, and visit Brown's army ; having powers to transact business there, if necessary.

The travelling, at present, is rough ; but the expedition will be a very interesting one.

He proceeded to Utica in the stage, and at that point took horse for Sackett's Harbor, which with all diligence he could not reach under three days, for the roads were exceedingly heavy, and the journey rough and toilsome, though not without interest. A great part of his lonely ride lay through the track which he had traversed with the Hoffmans and Ogdens in 1803; but eleven years had made great changes in the face of the country.

At the close of an account of this forest ride, left among his papers, he says :—

After toiling along this rough road, amidst the most lonely and savage scenery, I at length came to where the country suddenly opened; Sackett's Harbor lay before me—a town which had recently sprung up in the bosom of this wilderness ; beyond it the lake spread its vast waters like an ocean, no opposing shore being visible ; while a few miles from land rode a squadron of ships of war at anchor on the calm bosom of the lake, and looking as if they were balanced in the air.

The next day he writes :—

[*To Ebenezer Irving.*]

SACKETT'S HARBOR, Oct. 3, 1814.

DEAR BROTHER :—

I arrived here this morning after incessant travelling through the mire for four or five days—the last three on horseback. The British have completed their large ship, and she has dropped down to Snake Island, where she lays under the batteries.* Chauncey lays at anchor about six miles off the harbor. It is expected the British will immediately take the lake, and Chauncey be obliged to come in. Preparations are making to resist an attack by land and sea, which is expected. Breastworks are throwing up and pickets erected, which will inclose the whole place, and form protection for the militia. I have been constantly employed at the general's quarters all day, so that I have not been able to look about me. In compliance with the instructions of the governor, I have ordered out a large reinforcement of militia, and hope they may come in time ; but there is a sad deficiency of arms and military munitions. I write in great haste, as the mail is on the point of departing. Give my love to mother and the family ; I am in excellent health, and feel all the better for hard travelling. Should there be no business to detain me here, I shall leave this place in a day or two. I wish first to visit Chauncey's fleet, and should like to witness an action were there a prospect of an immediate one.

The first wish was gratified the next day. In a letter to his brother William he says :—

The *Lady of the Lake* happening to come into the harbor, I went out in her to the fleet, which lay at anchor off Stoney Island, about eleven miles distant, and remained aboard with Chauncey for part of two days ; during which time he took me round the little fleet, and I had a fine opportunity of witnessing their admirable order and equipment. It is a gallant little squadron, and I could not but regret continually that it should

* A mistake. She had not dropped down. This large ship was the *St. Lawrence*, of 90 guns.

be doomed to rot in a fresh-water pond. The *Superior* is by great odds the finest frigate I was ever on board of. Her gun-deck shows a tremendous battery. I was in hopes of having an opportunity of looking into Kingston harbor and getting a peep at that *big ship*, which is the bugbear of these seas; the *Lady of the Lake*, however, was not sent on a reconnoitring expedition while I was in the fleet, and I did not think proper to make any request.

Nothing could exceed the surprise of Chauncey on receiving Mr. Irving on board of his ship in these remote solitudes. "You here?" he exclaimed, in extending his hand; "I should as soon have thought of seeing my wife."

As there was no immediate prospect of anything at Sackett's Harbor, the aide set off on the 7th of October, for Albany, in company with a commissary.

As they were wending their way towards Utica they were constantly meeting with squads of militia from Herkimer, Oneida, and the Black River counties, trudging towards Sackett's Harbor to reinforce the inadequate defense for that place, who would hail him as they passed with "What news of the Big Ship?" then jeer him for going the wrong way, and banter him to face about, little dreaming that it was to him they were indebted for the summons to turn out.

On the 12th of October he was again in New York, having every reason to be delighted with his position in the governor's staff. In a letter to his brother William, at Washington, he says (October 14th):—

I feel more and more satisfied with my situation. It gives me a charming opportunity of seeing all that is going on, and Tompkins is absolutely one of the worthiest men I ever knew. I find him honest, candid, prompt, indefatigable, with a greater stock of practical good sense and ready talent than I had any idea he possessed, and of nerve to put into immediate execution any measure that he is satisfied is correct. I expect he will have the command here in a few days, in which case my situation will be everything I could wish.

A letter of the 27th October to the same brother says :—

The governor arrived in town yesterday, and this day will take command. I expect and hope he will keep his staff stirring, and have been endeavoring as much as the little leisure I have would permit to prepare myself for the duties of my situation.

These duties were sufficiently agreeable, but he used frequently to be annoyed by the good-humored facility of Tompkins in giving audience to the hosts of danglers that beset a man in office, when his time was too precious for such courtesy, even if his personal dignity had not required a more chary demeanor. "Let me," he would sometimes say in a spirit of friendly expostulation, "receive their messages, and, if it be important for you to see them, I will admit them one at a time. Some degree of form and etiquette is indispensable." Tompkins would consent, but soon his good-nature would get the better of his dignity, and he would sally forth to meet some importunate demand from without, when his attention would be instantly claimed by a multitude of

other spirits in waiting. "I had constantly to go out," said once the quondam aide to me, "and dig him out of the crowd."

While Washington was in the staff, his brother William was representing his native city in Congress. This brother, like himself, lacked confidence for a public speaker, and was too apt to become embarrassed and break down under any formal attempt to deliver his views; while in conversation he spoke with an animation and fluency that once elicited from the distinguished Lowndes of South Carolina the exclamation, grasping him at the same time by the hand, "Why in the name of God, will you not speak in this way in the House?" He could not, however, command his nerves, and lost heart whenever he attempted to speak; so that, during the seven years that he was in Congress, though an efficient and popular member, he rarely rose to his feet. The following extract from a letter of Washington, dated December 20th, 1814, and which I quote in illustration of the writer's sensitive patriotism, has reference to one of the few occasions on which he broke silence. It was on a bill to authorize a draft of militia from the several States. His speech took strong ground in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war, and reprobated the mistaken economy which, by withholding what was necessary, rendered useless what was bestowed. The bill, as introduced, provided for eighteen months' service, but was reduced to twelve.

As to the bill on which you spoke (writes Washington), I consider it another of those skeleton measures, which, after having been stripped of flesh, and blood, and muscles, is sent forth to mock the country with a mere shaking of dry bones. We shall now have men for six months to drill and make soldiers of, and six months to feed and support in winter-quarters. If it had been eighteen months we might have had two campaigns out of them, or if six months, we could have one and no after trouble and expense of keeping them through a long winter : I think you were right, however, to support any show of defense, though I regret that you were not able to effect anything more substantially efficient. I am really heartsick at the present wretched state of public affairs, and loathe that make-shift policy that has only aimed at scuffling through present embarrassments, and maintaining present popularity at the risk, or rather certainty, of future confusion and disaster.

A few days after this, Governor Tompkins repaired to Albany to attend the session of the legislature, leaving General Boyd in command of the station. Mr. Irving's connection with the staff was consequently dissolved without anything having occurred to give prominence to his brief military career of four months, or test his martial accomplishments. He used jokingly to speak of an equestrian mischance of the governor as the only event of his campaign. Tompkins was about to visit a fort on Brooklyn Heights, manned by marines. It was surrounded by a deep trench, over which you passed into the fort by a somewhat narrow causeway. The governor, who was not over-firm in the stirrups, had a rather mettlesome steed, and, fearing the effect of the customary salute, sent his aide in advance to have it dispensed

with. The marines would not be balked in this way. They were annoyed at being disappointed of their salute, and, determined upon some ceremonial of respect, when the governor was making his exit, by a preconcerted movement they jumped upon the cannon, and made the welkin ring with their cheers. Never was a popular demonstration so ill-timed. The governor was just crossing the causeway, when, startled with the stentorian chorus, the horse gave a pirouette, and the next thing I saw, said his aide, was Tompkins lying in the ditch and his steed bounding madly away. The aide hastened to the rescue of his dismounted chief, and was glad to perceive that he had received no greater injury than a sprained thumb and a sudden sickness of the stomach; but ever afterwards—on such perilous occasions—the governor was apt to give his steed to him and borrow for the nonce his "Archy." This was a little bay of which he once wrote, "I never had occasion to lay the whip on his back, and, indeed, would almost as soon have had it laid on my own." *

Of a piece with this military history was his jesting advice to Samuel Swartwout, the Major of the Iron Greys, a choice corps of volunteers to which his friend Brevoort belonged. The Major was very fussy about their equipments; first this thing was wrong, then that;

* A letter to his brother Ebenezer furnishes this other characteristic token of affection for the animal: "When you next visit little Archy's stall, pat him on the sides for me."

now their guns were too light, then they were too heavy. "Put two men to a gun, Sam," was the remedy advised under the last annoyance.

Soon after his retirement from the staff, Washington made a jaunt to Philadelphia, and had thoughts of proceeding to the seat of government to apply for a commission in the regular army, but was prevented in the way detailed in the following letter to his brother William :—

PHILADELPHIA, January 15, 1815.

DEAR BROTHER :—

On arriving in Philadelphia I find that Bradford and Inskeep have failed and ruined poor Moses Thomas, the bookseller, who publishes the "Analectic." This will detain me here some time to arrange my affairs with him and settle about the future fate of the Magazine. This circumstance, and the vileness of the roads, etc., have induced me to give up my intention of visiting Washington for the present. I shall therefore return to New York in about a week.

He "signed off what was owing to him," and being anxious that the Magazine should not fall through, effected an arrangement by which it was continued, though he never resumed the editorship.

Before he returned from Philadelphia, where his stay was prolonged to the beginning of February, came the news of the victory of New Orleans and the tidings of peace.

During his absence his friend Decatur had put to sea in the frigate *President* and been captured by a British squadron. Having been released, he got back to the city

in time to witness the illumination which announced the rejoicing of the citizens at the return of peace; but he had scarcely arrived when an act passed the two Houses of Congress, announcing the existence of a state of war between the United States and Algiers. The Dey of Algiers had taken advantage of the war with England to prey upon the commerce of the United States in the Mediterranean, and several citizens had been confined in prisons, and large sums refused for their ransom. Two squadrons were accordingly fitted out to obtain redress. The command of the first was offered to Decatur, and of the second to Bainbridge. This last was to follow the first, and on its arrival in the Mediterranean the commander of the first was to return in a single vessel, and leave the two squadrons in charge of Bainbridge. The command of the first had been offered to Decatur by the government in token of their undiminished confidence; yet he hesitated about accepting it, and consulted Irving on the subject. The latter was his fellow-boarder at Mrs. Bradish's, whence Decatur had started on his unfortunate cruise, leaving his wife behind, who was miserable during his absence, and would sometimes walk her room whole nights, incapable of sleep. Mr. Irving strongly urged his acceptance, insisting that he should by no means lose the opportunity of emerging from the cloud which had come over his celebrity by the loss of the *President;* that here was a chance for a brilliant dash; that he could precede Bainbridge, who was fitting out at

Boston, and, as he expressed it to me, "whip off the cream of the enterprise." The distress of his wife at the idea of this renewed separation so soon after his return caused Decatur to hesitate, but at length he decided to go, and, turning suddenly to Mr. Irving, he proposed that he should accompany him, offering as an inducement the attraction of a cruise in the Mediterranean, and a promise to land him wherever he wished.

The project was too captivating to be resisted. Mr. Irving took but half an hour to consult with his brother Ebenezer, his partner, and decided to go. His trunks were soon packed and on board of the frigate, the *Guerriere.* Just at this time, when on the eve of departure, came news of Bonaparte's return from Elba, and it was deemed prudent by the government to delay the expedition for a while under this new turn of affairs. Meanwhile, Mr. Irving thought he perceived some little wavering on the part of the Commodore, and unwilling to embarrass his decision, should he incline to relinquish the command, he had his trunks brought ashore. But as he was now fully bent on a voyage to Europe, had made all his preparations, and was sure, as he thought himself, of fortune's favors from the success of the commercial establishment into which he had been admitted, he determined to embark, and mingle for a while in the exciting scenes that seemed to be opening on that side of the Atlantic.

The fleet weighed anchor on the 20th of May, and if

Mr. Irving had accompanied Decatur, as he was so near doing, he would have been on board of his vessel in her brilliant action with the *Mazouda*, which took place in less than a month after the gallant hero had sailed, and in which the Algerine frigate was captured, and Hammida, her famous Rais or Admiral, killed.

It was on the 25th of May, only five days after the departure of Decatur, that he bade adieu to his aged mother, his brothers, and friends, and embarked on board of the ship *Mexico* for Liverpool, looking forward to a pleasant voyage, but little dreaming that the ocean he was to cross would roll its waters for seventeen years between him and his home.

CHAPTER XIX.

ARRIVAL AT LIVERPOOL.—NEWS OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—ELATION OF JOHN BULL.—PETER'S INDISPOSITION.—VISIT TO BIRMINGHAM.—TO LONDON.—TO SYDENHAM.—MRS. CAMPBELL.—TOUR IN WALES.—FIRST EXPERIENCE IN THE CARES OF BUSINESS.—EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO BREVOORT.—LETTER TO BREVOORT.—SORDID CARES.—ANXIETY FOR REMITTANCES.—EXCURSION TO LONDON.—MISS O'NEIL.—KEAN.—CAMPBELL.

MR. IRVING had led a very listless life for a month or two before he left New York, and was building, at his departure, large anticipations upon the exciting scenes that would follow the return of Bonaparte from Elba. The curtain, however, had already fallen upon this brief interlude when he landed at Liverpool. The first spectacle which met his eye, was the mail coaches coming in, decked in laurel, and dashing proudly through the streets with the tidings of the battle of Waterloo and the flight of Napoleon. From this time he was all alive to watch the progress of Bonaparte's disastrous career, though his letters are somewhat sparing of remark on the astounding catastrophe. In writing to Brevoort, July 5th, he observes :—

I have forborne making any comments on the wonderful events that are taking place in the political world. They are too vast and astonish-

ing to be grasped in the narrow compass of a familiar letter, and, indeed, as yet I can do nothing but look in stupid amazement, wondering with vacant conjecture "what will take place next ?" I am determined, however, to get a near view of the actors in this great drama.

In pursuit of this purpose in part he went up to London for a few days before Parliament rose, and on his return to Birmingham he thus records his impressions of the prince and people most deeply interested in these momentous events:—

Since I wrote you last (to Ebenezer, July 21st) I have made a short visit to London, where I was much gratified by seeing the House of Lords in full session, and the Prince Regent on the throne, on the proroguing of Parliament. The spirits of this nation, as you may suppose, are wonderfully elated by their successes on the continent, and English pride is inflated to its full distention by the idea of having Paris at the mercy of Wellington and his army. The only thing that annoys the honest mob is that old Louis will not cut throats and lop off heads, and that Wellington will not blow up bridges and monuments, and plunder palaces and galleries. As to Bonaparte, they have disposed of him in a thousand ways ; every fat-sided John Bull has him dished up in a way to please his own palate, excepting that as yet they have not observed the first direction in the famous receipt to cook a turbot—"first catch your turbot."

In a postscript he adds:—

The bells are ringing, and this moment news is brought that poor Boney is a prisoner at Plymouth. *John has caught the Turbot !*

I am extremely sorry (he writes to his brother William the same day) that his career has terminated so lamely ; it's a thousand pities he had not fallen like a hero at the battle of Waterloo.

And soon after, announcing to Brevoort that Bonaparte had at length left the coast for St. Helena, he says, with a strong feeling of sympathy for his fallen fortunes and the dreary exile to which he was devoted :—

I must say I think the Cabinet has acted with littleness towards him. In spite of all his misdeeds, he is a noble fellow, and I am confident will eclipse, in the eyes of posterity, all the crowned wiseacres that have crushed him by their overwhelming confederacy.

If anything could place the Prince Regent in a more ridiculous light, it is Bonaparte suing for his magnanimous protection. Every compliment paid to this bloated sensualist, this inflation of sack and sugar, turns to the keenest sarcasm ; and nothing shows more completely the caprices of fortune, and how truly she delights in reversing the relative situations of persons, and baffling the flights of intellect and enterprise—than that, of all the monarchs of Europe, *Bonaparte* should be brought to the feet of the *Prince Regent.*

> "An eagle towering in his pride of place
> Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed."

And now, having been led away for a moment to trace the tone of his allusion to the vast events that came breaking upon him at his arrival on the shores of Europe, I return to more domestic details.

Nearly seven years had passed since his parting with Peter, "a fearful lapse of time to gentlemen of a certain age ;" yet he found him in manner and conversation so much like old times that it soon seemed, he says, as if they had parted but yesterday. "I found him," is his language to Ebenezer, "very comfortably situated, having handsome furnished rooms, and keeping a horse, gig,

and servant, but not indulging in any extravagance or dash. He lives like a man of sense, who knows he can but enjoy his money while he is alive, and would not be a whit the better though he were buried under a mountain of it when dead." Peter was at this time confined to the house by an indisposition, which, though apparently yielding to strict regimen and medical prescription, ultimately lengthened into a most tedious illness, driving him in September to Harrowgate for the benefit of the waters, and thence, almost a cripple from rheumatism, to his sister's house in Birmingham, where he lingered, an uncomplaining invalid, to the middle of May.

Washington spent a week with Peter at Liverpool, and then took leave of him, seemingly recruiting rapidly in health, "for the redoubtable castle of Van Tromp," as he playfully styles the residence of his brother-in-law, Henry Van Wart, in the vicinity of Birmingham.

> I found (he writes to Brevoort) the baron and the baroness, and all the young Van Tromps, in excellent health and spirits, and most delightfully situated in the vicinity of the town.

Everything about the little retreat he describes as exactly to his taste. "The house, the grounds, the household establishment, the mode of living; never before did I find myself more comfortably at home." From Birmingham he went, for a few days, to London, and made an excursion thence to Sydenham to visit Campbell, who, unfortunately, was not at home.

I spent an hour (he writes) in conversation with Mrs. Campbell, who is a most engaging and interesting woman. Campbell was still engaged in getting his critical work through the press ; and as he is a rigid censor of his own works, correcting is as laborious as composition to him. He alters and amends until the last moment. I am in hopes when he has this work off his hands, he will attempt another poem. Mrs. Campbell gave me some anecdotes of Scott, but none so remarkable as to dwell in my memory. He has lost much by the failure of the Ballantynes, but is as merry and unconcerned to all appearance as ever ; one of the happiest fellows that ever wrote poetry. I find it is very much doubted whether he is the author of Waverley and Guy Mannering. Brown, one of the publishers, positively says he is not.

It was in this interview with the poet's wife, that the conversation took place of which he has given an account in the introduction to the American reprint of Beattie's "Life of Campbell."

I had considered (he says) the early productions of Campbell as brilliant indications of a genius yet to be developed ; and trusted that, during the long interval which had elapsed, he had been preparing something to fulfill the public expectation. I was greatly disappointed, therefore, to find that, as yet, he had contemplated no great and sustained effort. [He expressed to Mrs. Campbell his regret "that her husband did not attempt something on a grand scale."] "It is unfortunate for Campbell," said she, "that he lives in the same age with Scott and Byron." I asked why. "O !" said she, "they write so much and so rapidly. Now Campbell writes slowly, and it takes him some time to get under way ; and just as he has fairly begun, out comes one of their poems, that sets the world agog, and quite daunts him, so that he throws by his pen in despair." I pointed out the essential difference in their kinds of poetry, and the qualities which ensured perpetuity to that of her husband.

"You can't persuade Campbell of that," said she. "He is apt to under value his own works, and to consider his own little lights put out whenever they come blazing out with their great torches."

I repeated the conversation to Scott (continues Mr. Irving) some time afterward, and it drew forth a characteristic comment.

"Pooh!" said he, good-humoredly, "how can Campbell mistake the matter so much? Poetry goes by quality, not by bulk. My poems are mere cairngorms, wrought up, perhaps, with a cunning hand, and may pass well in the market as long as cairngorms are the fashion; but they are mere Scotch pebbles, after all; now Tom Campbell's are real diamonds, and diamonds of the first water."

From London Mr. Irving returned to his "English home," the domestic circle at Birmingham, and made an excursion thence to Kenilworth, Warwick, and Stratford-on-Avon with James Renwick.

After pausing a few days at Birmingham, on their return, he and Renwick set out again on a tour by the way of Bath and Bristol through South and North Wales to Liverpool, where he joined his brother Peter about the middle of August. "I found Renwick," he writes, "an excellent travelling companion, and from his uncommon memory an exceeding good book of reference, so as to save me a vast deal of trouble in consulting my travelling books." He gives no particulars of his "delightful tour," but his pencil memoranda abound with sketches taken on his route, and record in language that cannot clearly be deciphered that he clambered up to the tower of the cathedral which commands a noble view of the valley in which Gloucester stands, and was locked up by the old

sexton while he accompanied other visitors round the church, fearful he might give him the slip.

Soon after Washington got to Liverpool, Peter left for Harrowgate, and his indisposition continuing, his absence was prolonged through more than eight months.

Washington had now to take charge of the establishment, which, as he was very inexperienced, was a sufficient employment for all his faculties. The confused manner in which the business had been conducted in consequence of Peter's illness and the death of his principal clerk, obliged him to examine everything thoroughly, and by that means to acquaint himself with every detail. Averse as he was to business, he now gave himself up to it entirely, and he had a faculty of applying himself thoroughly to a subject until he had mastered it. "I am leading a solitary bachelor's life in Peter's lodgings," he writes to his mother, September 21st, "and perhaps should feel a little lonesome were I not kept so busy." September 24th, he was instituting an examination into the accounts of the concern, and having the books brought up, for which purpose he had studied book-keeping.

I bring together some passages from his letters to Brevoort during this period.

LIVERPOOL, *Aug.* 19, 1815.— . . . . I received a very good, that is to say, a very characteristic letter from that worthy little tar, Jack Nicholson, dated 7th July, on board the *Flambeau* off Algiers; and giving a brief account of our affairs with Algiers. He mentions that "they

fell in with and captured the admiral's ship, and killed him." As this is all Jack's brevity will allow him to say on the subject, I should be at a loss to know whether they killed the admiral *before* or *after* his capture. The well-known humanity of our tars, however, induces me to the former conclusion. . . . .

This triumph will completely fix Decatur's reputation ; he may now repose on his laurels, and have wherewithal to solace himself under their shade. Give my hearty congratulations to Mrs. Decatur, and tell her that now I am willing she shall have the Commodore to herself, and wish her all comfort and happiness with him. A gallanter fellow never stepped a quarter-deck. God bless him!

Sept. 8.—I am in hopes of soon seeing Charles King,* in Liverpool, to await the arrival of his family. I saw much of him while in London, and as you may suppose, found him a most desirable companion in the metropolis. Charles is exactly what an American should be abroad —frank, manly, and unaffected in his habits and manners ; liberal and independent in his opinions, generous and unprejudiced in his sentiments towards other nations, but most loyally attached to his own. . . . .

I should like to see the "National Intelligencer," now that Jim is writing for it. The late triumphs on the continent will be sore blows to Jim's plans; they will materially delay the great object of his life—the overthrow of the British empire.

During this interval, though his letters to Brevoort might savor of pleasantry, the sordid cares of the counting-house took up his whole time and completely occupied his mind, "so that at present," he writes in October, "I am as dull, commonplace a fellow as ever figured upon 'Change." At this time he had begun to apprehend

* Now President of Columbia College.

that Peter, following too many others at that period, had purchased too deeply for their capital, and he had become very anxious and apprehensive about their fall payments, and how he was to meet the great demands for funds which began to press upon them.

His constant injunction to his brother Ebenezer, who, meanwhile, was straining every nerve to do it, was to remit continually until all the goods were paid for; not to flag, nor think, because he had done well, he could afford for a time to do nothing.

I could not help smiling (says he) at a passage in one of brother William's letters to Van Wart, wherein he intimates that they should have to stop to take breath from remitting; but in the meantime he must wait patiently and do his best. This was something like the Irishman calling to his companion, whom he was hoisting out of the well, to hold on below while he spit on his hands.

On the 10th of November Mr. Irving was able to "emerge from the mud of Liverpool, and shake off the sordid cares of the counting-house," and join "the little family circle at Birmingham," where Peter was now confined in helpless inactivity. From Birmingham he made a three weeks' visit to London, returning in time to eat his Christmas dinner with his relatives, and to learn how cruelly circumstances had operated against their fall business; the goods that had been shipped for New York failing, through adverse winds, to reach that market in season, and having to lie over for the spring. Notwith-

standing this great discouragement, Ebenezer wrote in a cheerful and resolute spirit, but it was easy to foresee how much their difficulties must be increased from this source, and what a taste they were likely to have of the anxieties, embarrassments, and disadvantages of an overstrained business.

I close the year 1815 with the following letter to Brevoort, which touches upon his visit to London, and his theatrical experiences :—

BIRMINGHAM, December 28, 1815.

DEAR BREVOORT :—

It is a long while since I have heard from you; and since your last, we have been very uneasy, in consequence of hearing of your being dangerously ill. Subsequent accounts, however, have again put you on your legs, and relieved us from our anxiety. I have lately been on a short visit to London; merely to see sights, and visit public places. Our worthy friend Johnson, and his brother, arrived in town while I was there, and we were frequently together. The Governor enjoyed the amusements of London with high zest, and, like myself, was a great frequenter of the theatres—particularly when Miss O'Neil performed. We were both agreed that were you in England, you would infallibly fall in love with this "divine perfection of a woman." She is, to my eyes, the most soul-subduing actress I ever saw. I do not mean from her personal charms, which are great, but from the truth, force, and pathos of her acting. I never have been so completely melted, moved, and overcome at a theatre as by her performances. I do not think much of the other novelties of the day. Mrs. Mardyn, about whom much has been said and written, is vulgar without humor, and hoydenish without real whim and vivacity ; she is pretty, but a very bad actress. Kean—the prodigy—is cried up as a second Garrick—as a reformer of the stage, etc., etc.; it may be so. He may be right, and all the actors wrong: this is certain, he is either

very good or very bad—I think decidedly the latter ; and I find no medium opinions concerning him.

I am delighted with Young, who acts with great judgment, discrimination, and feeling. I think him much the best actor at present on the English stage. His Hamlet is a very fine performance, as is likewise his Stranger, Pierre, Chamont, etc. I have not seen his Macbeth, which I should not suppose could equal Cooper's. In fact, in certain characters, such as may be classed with Macbeth, I do not think that Cooper has his equal in England. Young is the only actor I have seen that can be compared with him. I cannot help thinking that if Cooper had a fair chance, and the public were to see him in his principal characters, he would take the lead at once of the London theatres. But there is so much party work, managerial influence, and such a widely spread and elaborate system of falsehood and misrepresentation connected with the London theatres, that a stranger, who is not peculiarly favored by the managers or assisted by the prepossessions of the public, stands no chance. I shall never forget Cooper's acting in Macbeth last spring, when he was stimulated to exertion by the presence of a number of British officers. I have seen nothing equal to it in England. Cooper requires excitement to arouse him from a monotonous, commonplace manner he is apt to fall into, in consequence of acting so often before indifferent houses. I presume the crowded audiences, which I am told have filled our theatres this season, must bring him out in full splendor.

While at London I saw Campbell, who is busily employed printing his long-promised work. The publisher has been extremely dilatory ; and has kept poor Campbell lingering over the pages of this work for months longer than was necessary. He will in a little while get through with the printing of it ; but it will not be published before spring. As usual, he is busy correcting, altering, and adding to it, to the last, and cannot turn his mind to anything else, until this is out of hand.

Later in life, after fuller opportunity of seeing him, Mr. Irving wrote to Brevoort of Kean as follows :—

Kean is a strange compound of merits and defects. His excellence consists in sudden and brilliant touches—in vivid exhibitions of passion and emotion. I do not think him a *discriminating* actor, or critical either at understanding or delineating *character;* but he produces effects which no other actor does. He has completely bothered the multitude; and is praised without being understood. I have seen him guilty of the grossest and coarsest pieces of false acting, and most "tyrannically clapped" withal; while some of his most exquisite touches passed unnoticed.

Miss O'Neil, of whom he writes with such enthusiasm in the letter just given, afterwards played a round of her most effective parts at Birmingham; and Mr. Irving was so completely carried away by his admiration of her acting, that when offered to be introduced to her he declined, unwilling to take the risk of a possible disenchantment. She had lost herself so completely in the characters she represented that he feared to have the illusion broken. "Well," said Scott, when he afterwards told him of his reasons for this avoidance, "that was very complimentary to her as an actress, but I am not so sure that it was as a woman."

CHAPTER XX.

ANXIOUS DAYS.—LETTER TO BREVOORT.—PETER'S RETURN TO LIVERPOOL.—VAIN ATTEMPTS TO REVIVE THE LITERARY FEELING.—LETTER OF ALLSTON.—DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.—LETTER TO ALLSTON.—OGILVIE'S PREDICTION.—A DAY WITH CAMPBELL.—DINNER WITH MURRAY.—D'ISRAELI.—LETTER TO PETER IRVING.

HAVE no intention for the present of visiting the continent. I wish to see business on a regular footing before I travel for pleasure. I should otherwise have a constant load of anxiety on my mind.

So wrote Washington to his brother Ebenezer at the close of 1815. Yielding to a roving propensity, "the offspring of idleness of mind and a want of something to fix the feelings," he had pulled up anchor in New York seven months before to drift about Europe in search of novelty and excitement, ready, as he expresses it, "to spread his sails wherever any vagrant breeze might carry him," and now, for weary months, he is detained in Liverpool by irksome and unexpected employment, and we find him at the opening of another year renouncing every project he had in view when he embarked, and sighing for the easy, unconcerned days and tranquil nights he had enjoyed before he left.

Peter still continued an invalid at Birmingham. Washington, therefore, went to Liverpool after New Year to put business in train for the next month's payments, and then start for London, "to endeavor to make some financial arrangements." Expecting little from remittances for some time to come, he wished to make matters easy ahead as much as possible. "I would not again," he writes from Liverpool, January 9th, 1816, "experience the anxious days and sleepless nights which have been my lot since I have taken hold of business to possess the wealth of Crœsus." The next evening he left that city for Birmingham, where he spent a few hours on the morrow, and then proceeded to London, in which city he remained two months. I give some extracts from a letter to Brevoort, dated at Birmingham, March 15, 1816; after his return from that city.

My dear Brevoort :—

I have received your most kind letter of February 18th, and also the magazines and newspapers, forwarded by Mr. Selden. I believe I am also still in your debt for your letters of the 1st January; but, indeed, I have been so completely driven out of my usual track of thought and feeling by "stress of weather" in business, that I have not been able to pen a single line on any subject that was not connected with traffic. . . . . We have, in common with most American houses here, had a hard winter of it in money matters, owing to the cross purposes of last fall's business, and have been harassed to death to meet our engagements. I have never passed so anxious a time in my life; my rest has been broken, and my health and spirits almost prostrated; but thank Heaven, we have weathered the storm, and got into smooth water; and I begin to feel myself

again. Brom * has done wonders, and proved himself an able financier; and, though a small man, a perfect giant in business. I cannot help mentioning that James Renwick has behaved in the most gratifying manner. At a time when we were exceedingly straitened, I wrote to him begging to know if he could in any way assist us to a part of the amount we were deficient. He immediately opened a credit for us to the full amount, guaranteeing the payment of it, and asking no security from us than our bare words. But the manner in which this was done, heightened the merit of it, from the contrast it formed to the extreme distrust and tenfold caution that universally prevailed throughout the commercial world of England, in the present distressed times. . . . .

I have had much gratification from the epistles of that worthy little tar, Jack Nicholson, who, I find, still sighs in the bottom of his heart for the fair ———, though he declares that his hopes do not aspire to such perfection. Why did not the varlet bring home the head of Rais Hammida, and lay it at her feet? that would have been a chivalric exploit few ladies could have withstood; and if Paulding had only dished him up in full *length* (if I may be allowed the word), in a wood-cut in the "Naval Chronicle," like little David of yore, with the head of Goliah in his fist, I think his suit would have been irresistible.†

. . . . I wish you would send to me the numbers of the "Analectic Magazine" that have the Traits of Indian Character and the story of King Philip; likewise a copy of the "History of New York;" send them by the first opportunity.

He was probably meditating at this time a revised edition of Knickerbocker, with illustrations by Allston and Leslie, whom he had met in London.

At the date of this letter Mr. Irving hoped that they had now got through their difficulties, and that future

* A nickname for his brother Ebenezer.

† The "American Naval Chronicle" formed a department of the *Analectic Magazine*, to which Paulding was contributing the biographies.

business would not merely be profitable, but easy and pleasant; and with such feelings he returned to Liverpool, leaving Peter still at Birmingham, not yet "able to trust his rheumatic limbs out of the house." He was destined, however, to find "everybody dismal," from the hard times, and to continue to lead an anxious life.

May 9th he writes to Brevoort:—

> I was in hopes of hearing from you by the *Rosalie*, but was disappointed. A letter from you is like a gleam of sunshine through the darkness that seems to lower upon my mind. I am here alone, attending to business; and the times are so hard, that they sicken my very soul. Good God! what would I give to be once more with you, and all this mortal coil shuffled off my heart.

About this time Peter returned to Liverpool reëstablished in health, and his presence enabled Washington once more to repair to Birmingham. But he had been "so harassed and hag-ridden by the cares and anxieties of business," and had been so long "brooding over the hardships of the disordered times," that it was in vain that he attempted to divert his thoughts into other channels and employ himself with his pen. "My mind is in a sickly state," he writes July 16th, "and my imagination so blighted that it cannot put forth a blossom nor even a green leaf. Time and circumstances must restore them to their proper tone."

The sunny spot in this gloomy year was a little excursion into Derbyshire which he concerted with Peter,

when a suspension for a while of dismal letters from New York left him a disposition for a ramble among the scenes described by "old Izaak Walton." This excursion was made about the beginning of August. The rest of the year was spent under his sister's roof at Birmingham, in a vain attempt to revive the literary feeling.

On the 23d of February in the following year he went back to Liverpool, feeling that his company was important to keep up Peter's spirits.

About this time Mr. Irving was preparing a new edition of his "History of New York," for which Allston and Leslie were making designs. In a letter from the former, dated London, April 15, he remarks:—

> I have made a design for your Knickerbocker, but I shall say nothing about it, as I hope you will soon be here to see it.

He then speaks of having "added four new incidents to the first three acts of the play" he was intending to offer to the theatres, and adds in a postscript: "I have completed a sketch, and am making other preparations for a large picture; but more of this when I see you. I promise myself much advantage as well as pleasure from your society the ensuing summer."

This expectation, however, was put to flight by a sudden resolution of Mr. Irving to return home, which gives occasion to the following interesting letter from Allston, in which he unfolds the design of his large picture, and of his sketch for Knickerbocker:—

London, 9th May, 1817,
8 Buckingham Place, Fitzroy Sq.

Dear Irving :—

Your sudden resolution of embarking for America has quite thrown me, to use a sea-phrase, all a-back ; I have so many things to tell you of —to consult you about, etc., and am such a sad correspondent, that before I can bring my pen to do its office, 'tis a hundred to one but the occasions for which your advice would be wished, will have passed and gone. One of these subjects (and the most important) is the large picture I talked of soon beginning : The prophet Daniel interpreting the *handwriting on the wall* before Belshazzar. I have made a highly finished sketch of it, and I wished much to have your remarks on it. But as your sudden departure will deprive me of this advantage, I must beg, should any hints on the subject occur to you during your voyage, that you will favor me with them, at the same time you let me know that you are again safe in our good country. I think the composition the best I ever made. It contains a multitude of figures, and (if I may be allowed to say it) they are without confusion. Don't you think it a fine subject ? I know not any that so happily unites the magnificent and the awful : a mighty sovereign, surrounded by his whole court, intoxicated with his own state—in the midst of his revelings, palsied in a moment under the spell of a preternatural hand suddenly tracing his doom on the wall before him ; his powerless limbs, like a wounded spider's shrunk up to his body, while his heart, *compressed to a point*, is only kept from vanishing by the terrific suspense that animates it during the interpretation of his mysterious sentence : his less guilty, but scarcely less agitated queen, the panic-struck courtiers and concubines, the splendid and deserted banquet table, the half-arrogant, half-astounded magicians, the holy vessels of the Temple (shining, as it were, in triumph through the gloom), and the calm, solemn contrast of the Prophet, standing like an animated pillar in the midst, breathing forth the oracular destruction of the empire ! The picture will be twelve feet high by seventeen feet long. Should I succeed in it even to my wishes I know not what may be its fate. But I leave the future to Providence. Perhaps I may send it to America.

Agreeably to your request I send, by the coach, the design for Knickerbocker. The subject is Wouter Van Twiller's decision in the case of Wandle Schoonhoven and Barent Bleecker. I think the astonished constable the best figure. Indeed, that relating to him appeared to me the driest part of the joke. Let me know how you like it. If you don't like it—mind—I sha'n't be offended. 'Tis a sad bore to be obliged to laugh through complaisance ; so I won't take it amiss even though you should be grave upon it. By the bye, I should like to know whether that lawsuit satirizes any *living* persons. If so, I should be sorry, for though they may cheerfully join in the laugh themselves at a ridiculous description, they would not so well bear a pictured personal caricature. Do let me know, and I will make a design for another part of the book that shall hurt nobody. Now, don't laugh at me. I would only be a harmless creature. I send at the same time a design by Leslie. The subject is the Dutch courtship. It is really a very beautiful drawing. If you mean to have them engraved, I think they had better be done here. They could not engrave them well in America. Here they would be well done, and much cheaper. If you think so too, and will leave them with your brother to be sent to me, I will see that they are properly done. You will probably see in New York a little picture of "Rebecca at the Well" which I painted last summer for my friend Van Schaick. My friends here thought it one of my best pictures. I hope he likes it. I have not heard. I shall not regret that I have written so much about myself if it induce you, in return, to favor me with some of your plans and projects.

Wishing you a prosperous voyage, and happy meeting with your friends, I remain truly your friend,

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

Campbell, also, under the impression that he was about returning to America, had sent him the printed sheets of the greater part of the first two volumes of his new work, wishing him to try if something could not be procured for it.

In the conclusion of his letter, dated May 26th, he remarks :—

I congratulate you on the happiness of returning to your native land. Alas ! you leave us in sad times. I have been just telling Ogilvie that if things get worse here I shall expect to finish my days teaching Greek in America. I fear our political horizon is brewing a storm that will not soon be allayed. I see no termination of our difficulties. God knows I love my country, and my heart would bleed to leave it, but if there be a consummation such as may be feared I look to taking up my abode in the only other land of Liberty, and you may behold me perhaps flogging your little Spartans of Kentucky into a true sense and feeling of the beauties of Homer.

Mr. Irving sent the sheets to his friend Brevoort, with an earnest request that he would do what he could to promote the poet's interest, and in the conclusion of his letter gives this explanation of his change of purpose :—

I received some time since your kind letter urging my return. I had even come to the resolution to do so immediately, but the news of my dear mother's death put an end to one strong inducement that was continually tugging at my heart, and other reasons have compelled me to relinquish the idea for the present.

What the " other reasons " were, does not appear.

The death of his mother, which was the main cause of his postponement, took place on the 9th of April. When he parted from her in New York he had expected to return after a short absence and settle down beside her for the rest of her life. She was near seventy-nine when she died.

I now follow with the reply to Allston's letter.

[*To Washington Allston.*]

BIRMINGHAM, May 21, 1817.

MY DEAR ALLSTON :—

Your letter of the 9th instant, and likewise the parcel containing the pictures, came safely to hand, and should have been acknowledged sooner, but I have been much discomposed since last I wrote to you, by intelligence of the death of my mother. Her extreme age made such an event constantly probable, but I had hoped to have seen her once more before she died, and was anxious to return home soon on that account. That hope is now at an end, and with it my immediate wish to return ; so that I think it probable I shall linger some time longer in Europe.

I have been very much struck with your conception of the warning of Belshazzar. It is grand and poetical, affording scope for all the beauties and glories of the pencil ; and if it is but executed in the spirit in which it is conceived, I am confident will insure you both profit and renown.

As to its future fate, however, never let that occupy your mind, unless it be to stimulate you to exertion. As to sending it to America, I would only observe that, unless I got very advantageous offers for my paintings, I would rather do so—as it is infinitely preferable to stand foremost as one of the founders of a school of painting in an immense and growing country like America—in fact, to be an object of national pride and affection, than to fall into the ranks in the crowded galleries of Europe, or perhaps be regarded with an eye of national prejudice, as the production of an American pencil is likely to be in England. I will not pretend at this moment to discuss the merits of your design for the proposed painting ; I do not feel in the vein ; but if, at a more cheerful moment, any idea suggests itself that I may think worth communicating, I will write to you.

I cannot express to you how much I have been pleased with the two designs for Knickerbocker. The characters are admirably discriminated, the humor rich but chaste, and the expression peculiarly natural and

appropriate. I scarcely know which figure in your picture to prefer; the constable is evidently drawn *con amore*, and derives additional spirit from standing in high relief opposed to the ineffable phlegm of old Wouter. Still, however, the leering exultation of the fortunate party is given to the very life, and is evident from top to toe—the bend of the knee, the play of the elbows, the swaying of the body, are all eloquent; and are finely contrasted with the attitude and look of little Schoonhoven. By the way, I must say the last figure has tickled me as much as any in the picture. But each has its peculiar merits, and is the *best* in its turn. The sketch by Leslie is beautiful. The Dutch girl is managed with great sweetness and naïveté. The expression of her chin and mouth shows that she is not likely to break her lover's heart. The devoted leer of the lover's eye and the phlegmatic character of the lower part of his countenance, form a whimsical combination. The very cat is an important figure in the group, and touched off with proper expression; a delicate humor pervades the whole; the composition is graceful, and there is a rural air about it that is peculiarly pleasing.

I dwell on these little sketches because they give me quite a new train of ideas in respect to my work; and I only wish I had it now to write, as I am sure I should conceive the scenes in a much purer style, having these pictures before me as correctives of the *grossierté* into which the writer of a work of humor is apt to run. At any rate, it is an exquisite gratification to find that anything I have written can present such pleasing images to imaginations like yours and Leslie's; and I shall regard the work with more complacency, as having in a measure formed a link of association between our minds.

The lawsuit was an entirely imaginary incident, without any personal allusion, though by a whimsical coincidence there was a Barent Bleecker at Albany who had been comptroller; and his family at first suspected an intention to asperse his official character. The suspicion, however, was but transient, and is forgotten; so that the picture will awaken no hostility.

I had no idea, when I began this letter, that I should have filled the sheet; but words beget words; I shall write to you again before long,

and will then endeavor to direct my attention to topics more immediately interesting to you. In the meanwhile give my most friendly remembrances to Leslie, and believe me truly yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Some time in June, William C. Preston, then a young man of twenty-three, afterwards a distinguished Senator of the United States, arrived in Liverpool, where he made the acquaintance of the author, with whom and his brother Peter he arranged a pedestrian excursion into Wales. I find among Mr. Irving's papers some rough notes of this excursion, made in the latter part of June.

They were afterwards together, as will be seen, in Scotland.

July 11th he writes to Brevoort, who kept urging his return :—

I have no intention of returning home for a year at least. I am waiting to extricate myself from the ruins of our unfortunate concern, after which I shall turn my back upon this scene of care and distress, and shall pass a considerable part of my time in London. I have a plan, which, with very little trouble, will yield me for the present a scanty but sufficient means of support, and leave me leisure to look around for something better. I cannot at present explain to you what it is. You would probably consider it precarious, and inadequate to my subsistence, but a small matter will float a drowning man.

The plan here hinted at was to make some arrangements with booksellers for the republication in America of choice English works, and to throw them into the hands of Moses Thomas, the Philadelphia publisher, at a

stipulated compensation. It was a plan which could give him present subsistence, and enable him, in the meanwhile, to employ his pen, to which his thoughts now began to turn, though he kept it a secret even from Brevoort.

At this period of gloom and disaster he received from one whose name will recur hereafter the following animating and almost prophetic epistle. The writer had made the acquaintance of Mr. Irving in the United States, which he visited about the time of the completion of "Salmagundi," as a lecturer on eloquence and criticism, introducing a style of reading and speaking, traces of which, I have been told, remain to this day. He was the son of Dr. Ogilvie, the Scottish poet.

LONDON, July 22d, 1817.

The intelligence, my dear Irving, of the misfortune you have sustained, has reached me, and as it may affect the prosperity and happiness of persons near and most dear to you, all my sympathy with your feelings was awakened.

So far, however, as you are individually concerned, I should deem the language of condolence a sort of mockery.

I am perfectly confident that even in two years you will look back on this seeming disaster as the most fortunate incident that has befallen you.

Yet in the flower of youth, in possession of higher literary reputation than any of your countrymen have hitherto claimed, esteemed and beloved by all to whom you are intimately or even casually known, you want nothing but a stimulus strong enough to overcome that indolence which, in a greater or less degree, besets every human being. This seemingly unfortunate incident will supply this stimulus—you will return with

renovated ardor to the arena you have for a season abandoned, and in twelve months win trophies, for which, but for this incident, you would not even have contended.

At this moment, in your secret soul, you feel aspirations and reachings, which presage and guarantee the completion of all and more than all to which I look forward. . . . .

Believe me to be,

Yours most affectionately,

JAMES OGILVIE.

Soon after the receipt of this letter, Mr. Irving left Liverpool for London, where he arrived about the first of August, and spent three weeks during the summer heats. It was in this interval, as his memoranda show, that he made that ramble of observation, depicted in the "Sketch Book," in which he was so sorely buffeted against the current of population setting through Fleet Street, and, in a movement of desperation, tore his way through the throng and plunged into a little narrow by-way, which led him through several nooks and angles, until he found himself in a court of the Temple. Of this period we have some further particulars of interest in the following passages of a letter to Brevoort, dated August 28:—

I was in London for about three weeks, when the town was quite deserted. I found, however, sufficient objects of curiosity and interest to keep me in a worry; and amused myself by exploring various parts of the city, which in the dirt and gloom of winter would be almost inaccessible.

I passed a day with Campbell at Sydenham. He is still simmering

over his biographical and critical labors, and has promised to forward more letterpress to you. He says he will bring it out the coming autumn. He has now been teasing his brain with this cursed work about seven years—a most lamentable waste of time and poetic talent.

Campbell seems to have an inclination to pay America a visit, having a great desire to see the country, and to visit his brother, whom he has not seen for many years. The expense, however, is a complete obstacle. I think he might easily be induced to cross the seas ; and his visit made a very advantageous one to our country. He has twelve lectures written out on poetry and belles-lettres, which he has delivered with great applause to the most brilliant London audiences. I believe you have heard one or two of them. They are highly spoken of by the best judges. Now could not subscription lists be set on foot in New York and Philadelphia, among the first classes of people, for a course of lectures in each city; and when a sufficient number of names is procured to make it an object, the lists sent to Campbell with an invitation to come over and deliver the lectures ? It would be highly complimentary to him- would at once remove all pecuniary difficulties ; and, if he accepted the invitation, his lectures would have a great effect in giving an impulse to American literature, and a proper direction to the public taste. Say the subscription was ten dollars for the course of lectures. I should think it an easy matter to fill up a large list at that rate ; for how many are there in New York, who would give that sum to hear a course of lectures on belles-lettres from one of the first poets of Great Britain ! I sounded Campbell on the subject, and have no doubt that he would accept such an invitation. Speak to Renwick on the subject, and if you will take it in hand I am sure it will succeed. Charles King would, no doubt, promote a thing of the kind ; and Dr. Hosack would be delighted to give his assistance, and would be a most efficient aid. . . . . I saw two or three of the Lions of the "Quarterly Review" in Murray's Den ; but almost all of the literary people are out of town ; and those that have not the means of travelling lurk in their garrets, and affect to be in the country ; for you know these poor devils have a great desire to be thought fashionable.

The proposition here suggested in Campbell's behalf was taken up in America, but afterwards discouraged by himself; he pleading that he was too old.

The following letter gives an account of a dinner at Murray's, and has allusion to his project of procuring works for republication in America, with glimpses of Scott, Campbell, and D'Israeli, the author of the "Curiosities of Literature" and other works which had a great currency in the United States. "King Stephen" is Stephen Price, the manager of the Park Theatre in New York, and the "Dusky Davy" is Longworth, the publisher of "Salmagundi," and who at this time aspired to a monopoly in the publication of plays. "Mishter Miller" is the London bookseller who preceded Murray in the publication of the "Sketch Book."

[*To Peter Irving, Esq.*]

LONDON, August 19, 1817.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

I have yours of the 17th. I received likewise the parcel, which contained a letter from Brevoort, and one from Mrs. Bradish. I inclose Brevoort's to you.

I had a very pleasant dinner at Murray's. I met there with D'Israeli, and an artist, just returned from Italy with an immense number of beautiful sketches of Italian scenery and architecture.

D'Israeli's wife and daughter came in, in the course of the evening, and we did not adjourn until twelve o'clock. I had a long tête-à-tête with old D'Israeli in a corner. He is a very pleasant, cheerful old fellow; curious about America, and evidently tickled at the circulation his works have had there; though, like most authors just now, he groans at not

being able to participate in the profits. Murray was very merry and loquacious. He showed me a long letter from Lord Byron, who is in Italy. It is written with some flippancy, and is an odd jumble. His lordship has written 104 stanzas of the 4th canto. He says it will be less metaphysical than the last canto, but thinks it will be at least equal to either of the preceding. Murray left town yesterday for some watering-place, so that I had no further talk with him; but am to keep my eye on his advertisements, and write to him when anything offers that I may think worth republishing in America. I shall find him a most valuable acquaintance on my return to London.

I called at Longman & Co.'s, according to appointment, and saw Mr. Orme. They are not disposed, however, to make any arrangement. They have been repeatedly disappointed in experiments of the kind, and are determined not to trouble their thoughts any more on the subject. They had just received letters from America on the subject of Moore's poem, "Lalla Rookh," which they had sent out either in MSS. or sheets; but there were two or three rival editions in the market, which would prevent any profits of consequence.

They intimated that they would be willing to give an advantage in respect to the republication of new works, for any moderate price in cash; but they would not perplex and worry themselves with any further arrangements, which were only troublesome and profitless. They intimated, for instance, a disposition to sell an early copy of "Rob Roy" for a small sum in hand. But as I knew they had not yet received the MSS. of that work, I did not make any offer. It will be time enough by and by. I find it is pretty generally believed that Scott is the author of those novels, and Verplanck* tells me he is now travelling about, collecting materials for "Rob Roy." I see that there will be a great advantage in being here on the spot during the literary seasons, with funds to make purchases from either authors or booksellers. They consider the chance of participation in American republication so very slender and

* Gulian C. Verplanck, who was then travelling in Europe.

contingent, that they will accept any sum in hand, as so much money found. I have written to Thomas, advising him to remit funds to me for the purpose ; if he does so, I will be able to throw many choice works into his hands.

Mishter Miller is full of the project of going out to New York, to set up an establishment there. He thinks he will have an advantage in publishing plays, from his interest with the theatres here, which will enable him to get MS. copies, and the countenance of King Stephen, which has been promised him. He talks of embarking in September or October, should he be able to make his arrangements in time. He must beware the "Dusky Davy."

In some notes of this dinner at Murray's, which came off August 16th, I find this record : "Lord Byron told Murray that he was much happier after breaking with Lady Byron—he hated this still quiet life."

CHAPTER XXI.

LETTERS TO PETER.—VISIT TO EDINBURGH.—JEFFREY.—WILLIAM C. PRESTON.—LADY DAVY.—VISIT TO ABBOTSFORD.—ANECDOTES OF SCOTT AND HIS FAMILY.—EXCURSION TO THE HIGHLANDS WITH PRESTON.—CONSTABLE.—SCOTT'S IMPRESSION OF IRVING.—LETTER TO BREVOORT ON HIS APPROACHING MARRIAGE.—CAMPBELL.

THE following letter from Mr. Irving is dated Edinburgh, August 26th, 1817; to which place he had gone, as well for pleasure as with some views to future plans. After giving to his brother Peter, to whom it is addressed, some account of his fellow-passengers on board the smack *Lively* for Berwick, in which he had embarked, he proceeds :—

The first two days of our voyage were unfavorable; we had rain and head wind, and had to anchor whenever the tide turned. But Saturday, though calm, was beautiful, with a bright sunny afternoon and a bright moon at night. On Sunday we had a glorious breeze, and dashed bravely through the water. I have always fine health and fine spirits at sea, and enjoyed the latter part of this little voyage excessively. On Monday morning we came in sight of the coast of Northumberland, which at first was wrapped in mist; but as it cleared away, we saw Dunstanborough Castle at a distance; and sometime after, we passed in full view of Bamborough Castle, which stands in bleak and savage grandeur on the

sea-coast. You may recollect these places, mentioned in the course of the Abbess of Hilda's voyage in "Marmion":—

> "And next they crossed themselves to hear
> The whitening breakers sound so near,
> Where boiling through the rocks they roar
> On Dunstanborough's caverned shore.
> Thy tower, proud Bamborough, marked they there;
> King Ida's castle, huge and square,
> From its tall rock look grimly down
> And on the swelling ocean frown."

We next skirted the Holy Isle, which was the scene of Constance de Beverly's trial; and where the remains of the Monastery of St. Cuthbert are still visible; though apparently converted into some humbler purposes, as a residence of people that attend the beacons. To make a long story short, however, about twelve o'clock I landed at Berwick. I had intended proceeding from thence to Kelso, and so to Melrose, etc.; but I found there would be no coach in that direction until Wednesday; so I determined to come to Edinburgh direct, and visit Melrose from thence. After walking about Berwick, therefore, and surveying its old bridge, walls, etc., I mounted a coach and rattled off through the rich scenes of Lothian to this place, where I arrived late last night.

I got the parcel from you this morning; but neither Mrs. Fletcher nor Mr. Erskine are in town. I left a card for Jeffrey, whose family is three miles out of town. His brother called on me about an hour afterwards, but I was not at home. Edinburgh is perfectly deserted, so that I shall merely have to look at the buildings, streets, etc., and then be off. I am enchanted with the general appearance of the place. It far surpasses all my expectations; and, except Naples, is, I think, the most picturesque place I have ever seen.

I dined to-day with Mr. Jeffrey, Mrs. Renwick's brother. He informs me that Mrs. Fletcher is in Selkirkshire, but that the family is rather secluded, having lost one of the young ladies about three months since by

a typhus fever. I did not learn which it was. Mrs. Grant is likewise in the Highlands.

Walter Scott is at Abbotsford; busy, it is supposed, about "Rob Roy," having lately been travelling for scenery, etc. They told me at Constable's that it will be out in October, though others say not until towards Christmas. As it will probably be some days before Preston reaches here, I do not know but I shall make an excursion to Melrose, and make an attempt on Walter Scott's quarters, so as to be back in time to accompany Preston to the Highlands. I have a very particular letter to Scott from Campbell. . . . .

August 27th.—A gloomy morning, with a steady pitiless rain. What a contrast to the splendor of yesterday, which was a warm day, with now and then a very light shower, and an atmosphere loaded with rich clouds through which the sunshine fell in broad masses; giving an endless diversity of light and shadow to the grand romantic features of this town. It seemed as if the rock and castle assumed a new aspect every time I looked at them; and Arthur's Seat was perfect witchcraft. I don't wonder that any one residing in Edinburgh should write poetically; I rambled about the bridges and on Calton height yesterday, in a perfect intoxication of the mind. I did not visit a single public building; but merely gazed and reveled on the romantic scenery around me. The enjoyment of yesterday alone would be a sufficient compensation for the whole journey.

There is nobody in Edinburgh, and I shall merely remain here as headquarters from whence to make two or three excursions about the neighborhood. I think it probable I shall leave this by the 4th of next month.

Your affectionate Brother,

W. I.

Half-past one.—Jeffrey has just called on me. I am to dine with him to-day *en famille*, and also to-morrow, when I shall meet Dugald Stewart and Madame La Voissier, whilom the Countess De Rumford. Jeffrey

tells me I am lucky in meeting with Dugald Stewart, as he does not come to Edinburgh above once in a month.

P. S.—As I was too late for the mail yesterday, I have reopened this letter, merely to add a word or two more.

I walked out to Jeffrey's castle yesterday with his brother, John Jeffrey, and had a very pleasant dinner. I found Jeffrey extremely friendly and agreeable ; indeed, I could not have wished a more cordial reception and treatment. He has taken an ancient castellated mansion on a lease of thirty-two years, and has made alterations and additions, so that it is quite comfortable, and even elegant within, and is highly picturesque without. Jeffrey inquired particularly after you. He offered me a letter to Scott ; but as Campbell's is very particular, I thought it would be sufficient. He is to mark out a route for me in the Highlands. I expect to be much gratified by my dinner there to-day. I find in addition to the persons already mentioned, we are to have Sir Humphry Davy's lady, who was formerly Miss Apreece, and a *belle esprit*. . . . .

The weather is still sulky and threatening. If it is fine to-morrow, I shall probably be off for Melrose.

[*To Peter Irving.*]

ABBOTSFORD, September 1, 1817.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

I have barely time to scrawl a line before the *gossoon* goes off with the letters to the neighboring post-office.

I was disappointed in my expectation of meeting with Dugald Stewart at Mr. Jeffrey's ; some circumstance prevented his coming ; though we had Mrs. and Miss Stewart. The party, however, was very agreeable and interesting. Lady Davy was in excellent spirits, and talked like an angel. In the evening, when we collected in the drawing-room, she held forth for upwards of an hour ; the company drew round her and seemed to listen in mute pleasure ; even Jeffrey seemed to keep his colloquial powers in check to give her full chance. She reminded me of the picture of the Minister Bird with all the birds of the forest perched on the surround-

ing branches in listening attitudes. I met there with Lord Webb Seymour, brother to the Duke of Somerset. He is almost a constant resident of Edinburgh. He was very attentive to me ; wrote down a route for me in the Highlands, and called on me the next morning, when he detailed the route more particularly. I have promised to see him when I return to Edinburgh, which promise I shall keep, as I like him much.

On Friday, in spite of sullen, gloomy weather, I mounted the top of the mail coach, and rattled off to Selkirk. It rained heavily in the course of the afternoon, and drove me inside. On Saturday morning early I took chaise for Melrose ; and on the way stopped at the gate of Abbotsford, and sent in my letter of introduction, with a request to know whether it would be agreeable for Mr. Scott to receive a visit from me in the course of the day. The glorious old minstrel himself came limping to the gate, took me by the hand in a way that made me feel as if we were old friends; in a moment I was seated at his hospitable board among his charming little family, and here have I been ever since. I had intended certainly being back to Edinburgh to-day (Monday), but Mr. Scott wishes me to stay until Wednesday, that we may make excursions to Dryburgh Abbey, Yarrow, etc., as the weather has held up and the sun begins to shine. I cannot tell you how truly I have enjoyed the hours I have passed here. They fly by too quick, yet each is loaded with story, incident, or song ; and when I consider the world of ideas, images, and impressions that have been crowded upon my mind since I have been here, it seems incredible that I should only have been two days at Abbotsford. I have rambled about the hills with Scott ; visited the haunts of Thomas the Rhymer, and other spots rendered classic by border tale and witching song, and have been in a kind of dream or delirium.

As to Scott, I cannot express my delight at his character and manners. He is a sterling golden-hearted old worthy, full of the joyousness of youth, with an imagination continually furnishing forth pictures, and a charming simplicity of manner that puts you at ease with him in a moment. It has been a constant source of pleasure to me to remark his deportment towards his family, his neighbors, his domestics, his very dogs and cats; everything that comes within his influence seems to catch

a beam of that sunshine that plays round his heart ; but I shall say more of him hereafter, for he is a theme on which I shall love to dwell.

Before I left Edinburgh I saw Blackwood in his shop. It was accidental—my conversing with him. He found out who I was ; is extremely anxious to make an American arrangement ; wishes to get me to write for his Magazine ; (the "Edinburgh Monthly.") Wishes to introduce me to Mackenzie, Wilson, etc. Constable called on me just before I left town. He had been in the country and just returned. He was very friendly in his manner. Lord Webb Seymour's coming in interrupted us, and Constable took leave. I promised to see him on my return to Edinburgh. He is about regenerating the old "Edinburgh Magazine," and has got Blackwood's editors away from him in consequence of some feud they had with him. . . . .

Commend me to Hamilton. I hope to hear from him soon, and shall write to him again.

Your affectionate brother,

W. I.

P. S.—This morning we ride to Dryburgh Abbey and see also the old Earl of Buchan—who, you know, is a queer one.

[*To the same.*]

EDINBURGH, September 6, 1817.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

. . . . I left Abbotsford on Wednesday morning, and never left any place with more regret. The few days that I passed there were among the most delightful of my life, and worth as many years of ordinary existence. We made a charming excursion to Dryburgh Abbey, but were prevented making our visit to Yarrow by company. I was with Scott, from morning to night ; rambling about the hills and streams, every one of which would bring to his mind some old tale or picturesque remark. I was charmed with his family. He has two sons and two daughters. Sophie Scott, the eldest, is between seventeen and eighteen,

a fine little mountain lassie, with a great deal of her father's character; and the most engaging frankness and naïveté. Ann, the second daughter, is about sixteen; a pleasing girl, but her manner is not so formed as her sister. The oldest lad, Walter, is about fifteen; but surprisingly tall of his age, having the appearance of nineteen. He is quite a sportsman. Scott says he has taught him to ride, to shoot, and to tell the truth. The younger boy, Charles, however, is the inheritor of his father's genius; he is about twelve, and an uncommonly sprightly amusing little fellow. It is a perfect picture to see Scott and his household assembled of an evening—the dogs stretched before the fire; the cat perched on a chair; Mrs. Scott and the girls sewing, and Scott either reading out of some old romance, or telling border stories. Our amusements were occasionally diversified by a border song from Sophia, who is as well versed in border minstrelsy as her father.

I am in too great a hurry, however, to make details. I took the most friendly farewell of them all on Wednesday morning, and had a cordial invitation from Scott to give him another visit on my return from the Highlands; which, I think it probable, I shall do.

I found Preston here on my arrival; he had been in Edinburgh for three days. We shall set off for the Highlands to-morrow. Scott has given me a letter to Hector Macdonald Buchanan of Ross Priory, Loch Lomond, with a request for him to give me a day on the lake. This Macdonald is a fine fellow, I understand, and a particular friend of Scott. He took Scott up the lake lately in his barge, when Scott visited Loch Lomond, so I shall be able to trace Scott in his Rob Roy scenery.

We dined yesterday with Constable, and met Professor Leslie there; with whom I was somewhat pleased, and more amused.

I have arranged with Constable, greatly to my satisfaction in respect to books, etc., and shall be enabled to forward "Rob Roy" in time to secure the first publication to Thomas.

I have also made an arrangement with Blackwood.

I shall return to Edinburgh after my visit to the Highlands, and stop here a day or two; so you may address letters to me here—MacGregor's.

I received a very pleasant letter from Hamilton, for which give him my thanks, and assure him I will answer it the first leisure moment.

Affectionately your brother,

W. I.

[*To the same.*]

EDINBURGH, September 20, 1817.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

I arrived here late last evening after one of the most delightful excursions I ever made. We have had continual good weather, and weather of the most remarkable kind for the season—warm, genial, serene sunshine. We have journeyed in every variety of mode—by chaise, by coach, by gig, by boat, on foot, and in a cart : and have visited some of the most remarkable and beautiful scenes in Scotland. The journey has been a complete trial of Preston's indolent habits. I had at first to tow him along by main strength, for he has as much alacrity at coming to anchor, and is as slow getting under way, as a Dutch lugger. The grand difficulty was to get him up in the morning ; however, by dint of perseverance, I at last succeeded in rousing him from his lair at six o'clock, and making him pad the hoof often, from morning till night. The early part of the route he complained sadly, and fretted occasionally; but as he proceeded, he grew into condition and spirits, went through the latter part in fine style, and I brought him into Edinburgh in perfect order for the turf. . . . .

I must hasten to conclude this letter ; this is Saturday, and I wish to arrange what I have to do in this place this morning, that I may leave it, if possible, on Monday morning. I intend to pay another visit to Abbotsford ; I could not leave Scotland with a quiet conscience, if I did not have one more *crack* with the prince of minstrels, and pass a few more happy hours with his charming family. I want to set out another evening there ; Scott reading, occasionally, from " Prince Arthur " ; telling border stories or characteristic anecdotes ; Sophie Scott singing with charming naïveté a little border song ; the rest of the family disposed in listening groups, while greyhounds, spaniels, and cats bask in unbounded

indulgence before the fire. Everything around Scott is perfect character and picture.

On my return to Edinburgh, I found a most friendly note from Jeffrey, dated some time back, inviting me to dinner on the day after, to meet again Lady Davy and Sir Humphry; or three days after to meet Dr. Mason of New York. I am too late for either party.

[*To the same.*]

EDINBURGH, Sunday, September 22, 1817.

DEAR BROTHER :—

I leave Edinburgh in about half an hour on my way to England. I have been induced to hasten my departure a little for the purpose of having Preston's company, whom, I think it probable, I shall bring to Liverpool, and then send him on by South Wales to London. I have arranged matters entirely with Constable and Blackwood, and have nothing further to detain me here.

I dined yesterday with Jeffrey, and found a very agreeable party of Edinburgh gentlemen there; I cannot but repeat how much I feel obliged to Jeffrey for his particular attentions, and the very friendly manner in which he has deported towards me. He has made his house like a home to me. I have had many kind invitations to return and pass part of the winter in Edinburgh, when the fashionable world will be here; and, indeed, I have met with nothing but agreeable people and agreeable incidents ever since I have been in Scotland.

Mr. Constable will send by coach a parcel for me containing an engraving from a fine painting which he has of Walter Scott. I wish you to take care of it. There are but a limited number of impressions taken; I feel much obliged to Mr. Constable for the present, and great value for the engraving. I forgot to mention that I did not visit Inchbracken, as the coach to Perth did not go in that direction, and we could not conveniently bring it into our route. We go to Selkirk to-night, and to-morrow shall pay Scott a visit. I do not mean to stop with him, however, as

I understand he has been run down with company lately, and must require all his leisure to get "Rob Roy" through the press in time.

I can perceive Constable is a little uneasy lest Scott's time should be too much taken up by company. Your affectionate brother,

W. I.

Scott was absent on this second call, so that he was disappointed in seeing him.

In a note in his "Life of Scott," Lockhart gives the minstrel's impression of his American visitor, which I quote :—

There is in my hand a letter from Scott to his friend John Richardson, dated 22d September, 1817, in which he says : "When you see Tom Campbell, tell him, with my best love, that I have to thank him for making me known to Mr. Washington Irving, who is one of the best and pleasantest acquaintances I have made this many a day."

The situation to which allusion is made in the following letter to Brevoort, was the Secretaryship of Legation at the Court of St. James, for which his brother William, then in Congress, was exerting himself to get him appointed, but without success. The preface shows that Brevoort had announced to him his intended marriage.

LIVERPOOL, October 10, 1817.

MY DEAR BREVOORT :—

I have received your letter of August 21st, and congratulate you most heartily on the happy change you are about to make in your situation. I had heard rumors of the affair before I received your letters, and every account represented the lady of your choice exactly such a one as your best friends could have wished for you. I am almost ashamed to say that at first the news had rather the effect of making me feel melancholy

than glad. It seemed, in a manner, to divorce us forever ; for marriage is the grave of bachelor intimacies, and after having lived and grown together for many years, so that our habits, thoughts, and feelings were quite blended and intertwined, a separation of this kind is a serious matter ; not so much to you, who are transplanted into the garden of matrimony, to flourish, and fructify, and be caressed into prosperity, but for poor me, left lonely and forlorn, and blasted by every wind of heaven. . . . . I feel gratified by the exertions my friends are making to get me the situation in London, though I doubt their success. These places are generally given to political favorites. I merely wanted such a situation for a little while. I have no desire to remain long in Europe ; still, while I am here, I should like to be placed on good ground, and look around me advantageously.

Though William had failed to obtain for Washington the Secretaryship of Legation, his situation continued to engage his mind ; for early in December I find him writing to Ebenezer, from the seat of government :—

I have not been inattentive to the situation of brothers Washington and Peter. I have had two conversations with Clay on the subject. He stands ready to aid in anything that can be suggested. . . . . You may rest assured that I will do my best. I need no pressing on that head, for my mind is full of the subject. I think on it night and day.

The author, however, was shaping his course for himself; and we have, in the following extract of a letter to his brother William, the first indistinct intimation of his intention to make a business of literature.

LIVERPOOL, December 23, 1817.

. . . . Ebenezer tells me you have been exerting yourself to get me appointed to the Secretaryship of Legation at the Court of St. James,

but without success ; but that you hoped to get some other appointment for me. I feel in this as in many other things deeply indebted to your affectionate care for my interests ; but I do not anticipate any favors from government, which has so many zealous and active partizans to serve ; and I should not like to have my name hackneyed about among the office-seekers and office-givers at Washington.

For my own part, I require very little for my support, and hope to be able to make that little by my own exertions. I have led comparatively such a lonely life for the greater part of the time that I have been in England, that my habits and notions are very much changed. For a long while past, I have lived almost entirely at home ; sometimes not leaving the house for two or three days, and yet I have not had an hour pass heavily ; so that if I could but see my brothers around me prospering, and be relieved from this cloud that hangs over us all, I feel as if I would be contented to give up all the gayeties of life. I certainly think that no hope of gain, however flattering, would tempt me again into the cares and sordid concerns of traffic. . . . .

I have been urged by several of my friends to return home immediately ; their advice is given on vague and general ideas that it would be to my advantage. My mind is made up to remain a little longer in Europe, for definite, and, I trust, advantageous purposes, and such as ultimately point to my return to America, where all my views and wishes, my ambition and my affections are centred. I give you this general assurance, which, I trust, will be received with confidence, and save the necessity of particular explanations, which it would be irksome for me to make. I feel that my future career must depend very much upon myself, and therefore every step I take at present, is done with proper consideration. In protracting my stay in Europe I certainly do not contemplate pleasure, for I look forward to a life of loneliness and of parsimonious and almost painful economy.

CHAPTER XXII.

BANKRUPTCY.—STUDIES GERMAN.—LETTER FROM ALLSTON, GIVING ACCOUNT OF HIS NEW SUBJECT FOR KNICKERBOCKER.—HIS "ANGEL URIEL."—LESLIE'S OPINION OF IT.—LETTER FROM ALLSTON.—LORD EGREMONT'S PURCHASE OF HIS "JACOB'S DREAM."—LETTER TO LESLIE.—GOES UP TO LONDON TO TRY HIS PEN.—PARTING WITH ALLSTON.—SKETCH OF LESLIE AND NEWTON.—LETTER TO BREVOORT ABOUT NEW EDITION OF KNICKERBOCKER.—NO INTENTION OF PUBLISHING IN ENGLAND.—DECLINES AN OFFER OF A PLACE UNDER GOVERNMENT.

IN the beginning of the year 1818, after vain and harassing attempts to compromise with their creditors, Peter and Washington made up their minds, as the surest mode of perfect extrication, to take the benefit of the Bankrupt Act. It was a humiliating ordeal to go through for two proud-spirited men; and especially for Washington, who was a mere nominal party in the concern. Their first meeting before the Commissioners of Bankruptcy took place on the 27th of January, and their last on the 14th of March. At this time Washington had shut himself up from society and was studying German, day and night, in the double hope that it would be of service to him, and tend to keep off uncomfortable thoughts. Three days after he received from

Allston the following letter, which gives the artist's own notion of a new comic subject he had chosen for illustration, designed for a third edition of Knickerbocker's "History of New York," with other particulars of interest respecting himself :—

LONDON, March 13, 1818.

MY DEAR IRVING :—

I received yours of the 5th, and have the pleasure to inform you that the drawing is finished, and now in the hands of the engraver ; to whom I gave it (since you were so good as to rely on my judgment) as soon as it was finished. I gave up the subject which Leslie mentioned, and chose another with which I am much better pleased, namely, a Schepen doing *duty* to a Burgomaster's joke.

Leslie agrees with me in thinking it superior to the lawsuit. Indeed, so far as I can judge of my own work, it is one of my happiest comic efforts, if not the best. It contains six figures. I think no one could fail to see that the Burgomaster is bringing forth a joke ; for the action is so contrived as to leave no doubt of it. The Schepen who sits opposite to him, is laughing with all his might and main ; while the rest of the company, who have nothing to gain by a laugh, are impenetrably and most Dutchly grave. But I think I had better not describe it. Descriptions of pictures are generally flat. Besides, their impression is always better, at least truer, when they come upon us without preparation. So the less said the better.

The plate after Leslie's* is finished, and I think you will be very much pleased with it. It makes a very beautiful print ; is extremely well engraved, but what particularly pleases me in it, is the close rendering of the characters, which is the most important part in subjects of this kind. If the engraver preserves mine as well, I shall be amply satisfied. I hope the time the engraver demands for graving my drawing will not

* The allusion is to Leslie's sketch of the Dutch courtship.

inconveniently affect your plans. His engagements, he says, are so pressing, just at this time, that he could not possibly promise it sooner than four months hence.

The price, also, is considerably higher than for Leslie's,* being from thirty-five to forty guineas. If he can do it for thirty-five, he says he will: but he will not limit himself to less than forty, nor be bound to five-and-thirty.

The reason he gives for demanding so much more is the greater number of the figures and the quantity of detail. I was a little at a stand when I heard this; but knowing no other engraver of his abilities that works so cheap, I concluded it must be done by him even at this rate. Do let me know by return of post if you approve of what I have done.

Since my return from Paris I have painted two pictures, in order to have something in the present exhibition at the British Gallery: the subjects the angel Uriel in the sun, and Elijah in the wilderness. "Uriel" was immediately purchased (at the price I asked, one hundred and fifty guineas) by the Marquis of Stafford, and the Directors of the British Institution, moreover, presented me a *donation* of a hundred and fifty pounds, "as a mark of their *approbation* of the talent evinced," etc. The manner in which this was done was highly complimentary; and I can only say that it was full as gratifying as it was unexpected. As both these pictures together cost me but ten weeks, I do not regret having deducted that time from the "Belshazzar," to whom I have since returned with redoubled vigor.

I am almost sorry I did not exhibit "Jacob's Dream." If I had dreamt of this success, I certainly would have sent it there.

I hope your affairs are being settled to your mind, and that we shall see you here soon. Yours affectionately,

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

Ogilvie has returned full of health and spirits from his success in Scot-

* Leslie's was twenty-five guineas.

land. He has overcome his formidable enemy laudanum, and looks like another being. Leslie begs to be remembered.

Of the picture which received this emphatic approbation from the Directors of the British Institution, Leslie had before written to Mr. Irving this opinion:—

Allston has just finished a very grand and poetical figure of the angel Uriel sitting in the sun. The figure is colossal, the attitude and air very noble, and the form heroic without being overcharged. In the color he has been equally successful, and with a very rich and glowing tone he has avoided *positive* colors, which would have made him too material. There is neither red, blue, nor yellow in the picture, and yet it possesses a harmony equal to the best pictures of Paul Veronese.

Mr. Irving was at Birmingham when he received from Allston the following reply to a letter on the subject of a plate for the Knickerbocker engraving. It is the last letter of Allston which I find among his papers, and concludes with the saddening announcement to his correspondent that he had taken his passage for America.

London, July 24, 1818.

My dear Irving:—

You are so accustomed to my apologies for epistolary delinquency that they must be to you like old stories; so I had better say nothing about it. Leslie, I believe, has already written to you on the subject of the plate. I called on the engraver soon after the receipt of your letter, and was more grieved than surprised that it was not already finished; for I know the press of his engagements, and remembered the difficulty he had in fixing on the time of its completion, when I first put it into his hands. I would have strained a point to scold about it, if I had thought that would have mended the matter. But as it would not, I could only urge the importance of its speedy termination in the strongest way, and leave

the rest to the engraver, who then promised to finish it as soon as it was in his power, and he has since engaged to produce a proof in the course of the next week. He begged that I would not insist on seeing the plate, as he never liked to show his works in an unfinished state. As that is also the case with myself, I did not urge it. But I have no doubt, from the ability he has shown in other works, that it will be well done. If it is equal to that he did from Leslie's drawing, I shall be more than satisfied. As soon as I see a proof I will write you.

Now that you are your own master again, your muse, I suppose, has already paid you a visit. Pray do not turn your back upon her, for I have it on the testimony of thousands that she has not a greater favorite than yourself in all Parnassus. Do tell me what you are doing, or mean to do. Your imagination has been so long fallow that I anticipate a most luxurious harvest when you again cultivate it.

Leslie tells me he has informed you of the sale of "Jacob's Dream." I do not remember if you have seen it. The manner in which Lord Egremont bought it was particularly gratifying—to say nothing of the price, which is no trifle to me at present. But Leslie having told you all about it, I will not repeat it. Indeed, by the account he gives me of his letter to you, he seems to have puffed me off in grand style. Well, you know I don't bribe him to do it. And "if they will buckle praise upon my back," why, I can't help it.

Leslie has just finished a very beautiful little picture of Anne Page inviting Master Slender into the house. Anne is exquisite; soft and feminine, yet arch and playful, she is all she should be. Slender, also, is very happy; he is a good parody on Milton's "linked sweetness long drawn out." Falstaff and Shallow are seen through a window in the background. The whole scene is very picturesque, and beautifully painted. 'Tis his best picture. You must not think this praise the "return in kind." I give it because I really admire the picture, and I have not the smallest doubt that he will do great things when he is once freed from the necessity of painting portraits.

Believe me affectionately yours,

W. Allston.

I suppose Leslie has told you that the price of printing your plates would be five pounds a thousand—and that on French paper, which is the best; this includes paper. As I shall leave my lodgings in a short time, pray direct to me to "the care of Samuel Williams, Esq., No. 13 Finsbury Square." Lord Egremont has invited me to his seat at Petworth, and I shall go down there next week. I have taken my passage in the *Galen* from this port. Shall not I see you here before I go? She sails about the tenth of August.

A few days after the receipt of this letter, Mr. Irving writes as follows to Leslie:—

BIRMINGHAM, July 29, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR:—

I thank you for your letter and for the information it contains. I have since received one from Allston; but as he will probably be out of town about this time, I must trouble you instead of him. I wish the plates put in the printer's hands as soon as possible, and to be executed on the best paper. *Two thousand of each.* I should like, also, to have three hundred proof impressions of each struck off in such a manner that they would do to frame should any persons like to have them in that manner; if not, they can hereafter be cut down to the size of the volume. You and Allston will have as many struck off for yourselves as you please. Let me know the whole expense, and I will send the money immediately. I have had my trunk packed to come to London, and should have attended to all this myself, but one circumstance or other occurs to baffle my plans, and I am at this moment in a little uncertainty when I shall get there. I shall try hard to see Allston before he sails; had he been going to embark at Liverpool the thing would have been certain. I regret exceedingly that he goes to America, now that his prospects are opening so promisingly in this country; but perhaps it is all for the best. His "Jacob's Dream" was a particular favorite of mine. I have gazed on it again and again, and the more I gazed the more I was delighted with it.

I believe if I was a painter I could at this moment take a pencil and delineate the whole with the attitude and expression of every figure.

Allston gives me a charming account of your picture of Anne Page and Master Slender. I hope you will take frequent opportunities to steal away from the painting of portraits to give full scope to your taste and imagination.

About the middle of August Mr. Irving went up to London and cast himself upon the world, determined to seek support from his pen. He had brought with him some unfinished sketches upon which he had been engaged, and which he had hoped to work up, but the very foreboding of his mind seemed to unfit it for composition.

He had been but two weeks in London when he was called to the hard trial of parting with Allston. On first arriving in London he heard from Leslie that Allston was dining with Coleridge at Highgate, and he went out there to meet him, and tried in vain to dissuade him from returning by urging he could do better where he was. Until informed of his intention to embark for America he had been looking forward with delight to a meeting with him and Leslie, and to an exchange of the hard and painful life he had been leading for one of intercourse with them. "As he drove off in the stage and waved his hand to me," said Mr. Irving, in adverting to this parting, "my heart sank within me, and I returned gloomy and dispirited to my lodgings." At another time he said of Allston to me :—

He was the most delightful, the most lovable being I ever knew; a man I would like to have had always at my side—to have gone through life with; his nature was so refined, so intellectual, so genial, so pure.

But though he felt deeply the departure of Allston, he could still hope for sympathy and companionship from Leslie and Newton. Leslie he had known as a boy, when he was attracting attention at Philadelphia by his likeness of Cooke, the actor, and he had met him since during his transient visits to London; but their intimacy dates from the period of his present sojourning in the English capital. Leslie writes to him more than two years afterwards:—

You came to London just when I was losing Allston, and I stood in need of an intimate friend of similar tastes with my own. I not only owe to you some of the happiest social hours of my life, but you opened to me a new range of observation in my art, and a perception of qualities and characters of things which painters do not always imbibe from each other.

Stuart Newton he now met for the first time. He was the nephew of Gilbert Stuart, so well known for his celebrated portrait of Washington, and Leslie had met him the preceding year at Paris on his way from Italy to London.

In the following year, about fifteen months after he had come up to London, he writes thus of the two to Mrs. Hoffman:—

My especial intimates are our young countrymen, Leslie and Newton, who have lodgings not far from mine, so that we see each other almost every day. You have no doubt heard of Leslie's rapidly increasing repu-

tation. He has done himself vast credit lately by a beautiful picture of Sir Roger de Coverley going to church. He bids fair to take the lead in that most captivating line of painting, which consists in the delineation of familiar life. I make no doubt, in the course of a little while, he will be one of the most celebrated and most popular painters in Great Britain. He has all the materials within him for excelling in the walk he has chosen—a deep sense of moral feeling ; an exquisite idea of beauty ; a quick eye for character, and for external nature ; a rich vein of humor, chastened and sweetened by the purest benevolence of heart; add to these a perfect devotion to his art, and an intimate knowledge of everything in it that depends upon study and diligent practice, and I think you will agree with me in forming the highest anticipations of his future celebrity.

Newton is the nephew of Stuart, our great portrait painter. He is not so experienced in his art as Leslie, but has uncommon requisites for it. There is a native elegance about everything he does ; a delicate taste, a playful fancy, and an extraordinary facility at achieving, without apparent labor or study, what other painters, with the labor and study of years, cannot attain. His eye for coloring is almost unrivaled, and produces beautiful effects, which have surprised experienced painters, who have been aiming at coloring all their lives. The only danger is that his uncommon natural advantages may make him remiss in cultivating the more mechanical parts of his art ; and he may thus fall short of that preeminent stand in his profession which is completely within his reach, though he cannot fail at all events to become a highly distinguished painter. He is yet but a student in his art, but has produced several admirable portraits, a little fancy piece of Falstaff's escape in the buck-basket, of great merit, and is now engaged on a little cabinet picture for the next exhibition of the British gallery, which will be quite a *gem.* I have been rather prolix about these two intimates of mine, but I thought an account of them would be interesting to you, as being young men of whom our nation will hereafter have reason to be proud.*

* From the *Evening Post* of January 12, 1820, where it was copied for insertion by Mrs. Hoffman. The letter from which it is extracted bore date November 26, 1819, and is lost.

About two months after he came up to London, October 13th, he writes to Ebenezer :—

I have forwarded to your care a parcel containing plates for the new edition of the "History of New York," which I will thank you to forward safely and without delay to Mr. Thomas, as I wish the work to be printed as soon as possible. There are but two plates, one for each volume ; but they are charming little things by Allston and Leslie, and are engraved in the best style. The engraving and printing of them has cost me about one hundred pounds sterling.

He had no purpose, as will be seen from this extract, of publishing the "History of New York" in England ; nor had he any views of that kind in preparing the "Sketch Book," upon which he was now engaged. The postscript to the letter would seem to be in reply to some inquiry of his brother, and has a melancholy significance.

As to the sealed packet, which I left with you, it may be destroyed. I have nothing now to leave my brothers but a blessing, and that they have whenever I think of them.

It was at this period that he received a letter from his brother William, informing him that his old friend, Decatur, was keeping a place open for him in the Navy Board ; that it was then in waiting for his answer, and would make him as independent and comfortable as he could wish.

Commodore Decatur informs me (says the letter of October 24th) that he had made such arrangements, and such steps would further be made

by the Navy Board, as that you will be able to obtain the office of first clerk in the Navy Department, which is similar to that of under-secretary in England. The salary is equal to $2,400 per annum, which, as the Commodore says, is sufficient to enable you to live in Washington like a prince. The Secretary of the Navy has resigned, and as harmony in that department is wished, the President desires that the new one may meet with their approbation. They have been looking round for a suitable person, and they are resolved to make it a *sine qua non* with him, whoever he may be, that the present chief clerk, who has rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to all the fine spirits of the Navy, shall be dismissed ; and they have determined to secure the berth for you, until your answer can be obtained. It is a berth highly respectable—very comfortable in its income, light in its duties, and will afford you a very ample leisure to pursue the bent of your literary inclination. It may also be a mere stepping-stone to higher station, or may be considered at any rate permanent.

To the great chagrin of his brothers, William and Ebenezer, and contrary to their expectations, Washington declined this offer.

Flattering as the prospect undoubtedly is, which your letters hold out (he writes to Ebenezer), I have concluded to decline it for various reasons, some of which I have stated to William. [This letter never came to hand, or has been lost.] The principal one is, that I do not wish to undertake any situation that must involve me in such a routine of duties as to prevent my attending to literary pursuits.

It was not without many misgivings that he brought himself to decline a certainty on such vague grounds; and I have heard him say, that he was so disturbed by the responsibility he had taken in refusing such a situation, and trusting to the uncertain chances of literary

success, that for two months he could scarcely write a line.

His declining was a sad disappointment to his brother William, especially as Peter had also made up his mind to remain abroad, and, as he expressed it, "battle the watch for himself." "Home," writes this brother to Ebenezer, "has lost its charms to both the Doctor and Washington. It is as well to accommodate the heart to its loss, and to consider them, as to all but epistolary correspondence, dead to us." So far as William was concerned, this sentence was indeed prophetic. His health was already failing; but he lived long enough to witness, with the deepest emotions of pride and delight, the brilliant success of the "Sketch Book."

CHAPTER XXIII.

TRANSMITS NUMBER I. OF THE "SKETCH BOOK."—LETTER TO EBENEZER IRVING ON THE SUBJECT.—MOTIVES FOR REMAINING IN EUROPE.—LETTER TO BREVOORT REQUESTING HIM TO ASSUME THE GUARDIANSHIP OF HIS LITERARY INTERESTS, ETC.—MOSES THOMAS AND THIRD EDITION OF KNICKERBOCKER.—PUBLICATION OF FIRST NUMBER OF "SKETCH BOOK."—VERPLANCK'S NOTICE OF NUMBER I.—NUMBER II. OF THE "SKETCH BOOK."—DANA'S REMARKS ON "RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND."—WILLIAM GODWIN ON NUMBER II.—IMPATIENT LONGING FOR ACCOUNTS FROM AMERICA.—OGILVIE'S SYMPATHY.—LETTERS TO BREVOORT.—LETTER FROM BREVOORT.—PUBLICATION OF NUMBER III.—NUMBER IV. FORWARDED.—LETTERS TO BREVOORT.—LETTER TO LESLIE.—REPUBLICATION OF NUMBER I. IN THE "LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE."—THE THREE AMERICAN NUMBERS OFFERED TO MURRAY.—HIS REFUSAL.—APPLIES TO SCOTT.—HIS REPLY.—DRAFT OF IRVING'S REPLY.—SECOND LETTER FROM SCOTT.—RESOLVE TO PUBLISH IN ENGLAND AT HIS OWN RISK.

IN the beginning of this year Washington was joined by Peter, who had been detained at Liverpool and Birmingham, and who left soon after for Bordeaux on confidential business for a house of high standing in London, while William was pressing him at home for an appointment of importance and handsome emolument under the treaty with Spain for settling claims. Meanwhile, Washington was preparing to launch the first number of the "Sketch Book."

The letter in which he transmits the manuscript to his

brother Ebenezer, and the contents of which he requests him to keep to himself as "babblings only fit for a brother's eye," is characteristic and full of interest. It bears date London, March 3, 1819.

I have sent (he writes) by Capt. Merry of the *Rosalie* the first number of a work which I hope to be able to continue from time to time. I send it more for the purpose of showing you what I am about, as I find my declining the situation at Washington has given you chagrin. The fact is, that situation would have given me barely a genteel subsistence. It would have led to no higher situations, for I am quite unfitted for political life. My talents are merely literary, and all my habits of thinking, reading, etc., have been in a different direction from that required for the active politician. It is a mistake also to suppose I would fill an office there, and devote myself at the same time to literature. I require much leisure and a mind entirely abstracted from other cares and occupations, if I would write much or write well. I should therefore at Washington be completely out of my element, and instead of adding to my reputation, stand a chance of impairing that which I already possess. If I ever get any solid credit with the public, it must be in the quiet and assiduous operations of my pen, under the mere guidance of fancy or feeling.

I have been for some time past nursing my mind up for literary operations, and collecting materials for the purpose. I shall be able, I trust, now to produce articles from time to time that will be sufficient for my present support, and form a stock of copyright property, that may be a little capital for me hereafter. To carry this into better effect it is important for me to remain a little longer in Europe, where there is so much food for observation, and objects of taste on which to meditate and improve. I feel myself completely committed in literary reputation by what I have already written ; and I feel by no means satisfied to rest my reputation on my preceding writings. I have suffered several precious years of

youth and lively imagination to pass by unimproved, and it behooves me to make the most of what is left. If I indeed have the means within me of establishing a legitimate literary reputation, this is the very period of life most auspicious for it, and I am resolved to devote a few years exclusively to the attempt. Should I succeed, besides the literary property I shall amass in copyright, I trust it will not be difficult to obtain some official situation of a moderate, unpretending kind, in which I may make my bread. But as to reputation I can only look for it through the exertions of my pen. . . . .

In fact, I consider myself at present as making a literary experiment, in the course of which I only care to be kept in bread and cheese. Should it not succeed—should my writings not acquire critical applause, I am content to throw up the pen and take to any commonplace employment. But if they should succeed, it would repay me for a world of care and privation to be placed among the established authors of my country, and to win the affections of my countrymen.

. . . . I have but one thing to add. I have now given you the leading motive of my actions—it may be a weak one, but it has full possession of me, and therefore the attainment of it is necessary to my comfort. I now wish to be left for a little while entirely to the bent of my own inclination, and not agitated by new plans for subsistence, or by entreaties to come home. My spirits are very unequal, and my mind depends upon them ; and I am easily thrown into such a state of perplexity and such depression as to incapacitate me for any mental exertion. Do not, I beseech you, impute my lingering in Europe to any indifference to my own country or my friends. My greatest desire is to make myself worthy of the good-will of my country, and my greatest anticipation of happiness is the return to my friends. I am living here in a retired and solitary way, and partaking in little of the gayety of life, but I am determined not to return home until I have sent some writings before me that shall, if they have merit, make me return to the smiles, rather than skulk back to the pity of my friends.

In this letter he had requested his brother Ebenezer

to send the manuscript to ——— for publication, but getting a communication from Brevoort just after he had concluded it, informing him of this bookseller's delay in paying a draft for books purchased for him, and of which he (Brevoort) had advanced the amount, he now determines to place the manuscript in charge of Brevoort, and draw upon him when in want of money, against the probable profits of his new writings.

I give his letter to Brevoort, which introduces his request to his friend to assume the management of his literary interests, and brings them together in a new and interesting relation.

LONDON, March 3, 1819.

MY DEAR BREVOORT :—

I have this moment received your letter of February 2d, which came most opportunely, as it showed the impossibility of my relying further on ——— in literary matters, and I was on the point of commencing further operations with him. He is a worthy, honest fellow, but apt to entangle himself. Were I a rich man I would give him my writings for nothing; as I am a very poor one I must take care of myself.

I have just sent to my brother Ebenezer MS. for the first number of a work which, if successful, I hope to continue occasionally. I had wished him to send it to ——— for publication, but I now must have it published by some one else. Will you, as you are a literary man and a man of leisure, take it under your care? I wish the copyright secured for me, and the work printed and then sold to one or more booksellers, who will take the whole impression at a fair discount, and give cash or good notes for it. This makes short work of it, and is more profitable to the author than selling the copyright. I should like Thomas to have the first offer, as he has been and is a true friend to me, and I wish him to have any advantage that may arise from the publication of it.

If the work is printed in New York, will you correct the proof-sheets, as I fear the MS. will be obscure, and you are well acquainted with my handwriting ?

I feel great diffidence about this reappearance in literature. I am conscious of my imperfections, and my mind has been for a long time past so preyed upon and agitated by various cares and anxieties that I fear it has lost much of its cheerfulness and some of its activity.

I have attempted no lofty theme, nor sought to look wise and learned, which appears to be very much the fashion among our American writers, at present. I have preferred addressing myself to the feeling and fancy of the reader more than to his judgment. My writings, therefore, may appear light and trifling in our country of philosophers and politicians ; but if they possess merit in the class of literature to which they belong, it is all to which I aspire in the work. I seek only to blow a flute accompaniment in the national concert, and leave others to play the fiddle and French horn.

I shall endeavor to follow this first number by a second, as soon as possible ; but some time may intervene, for my writing moods are very precarious. . . . .

God bless you, my dear Brevoort,

Your friend,

W. I.

In a postscript to this letter, he adds :—

Do not press poor ——— about the draft, if still unpaid—let him have time. I fear I shall be sadly disappointed in the receipt of funds from the new edition of the "History of New York." I had depended upon it for current expenses, but must now look forward to the future exertions of my pen.

The first number of the "Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.," the title chosen for the series, was printed, as were the others, in New York, by C. S. Van

Winkle, and consisted of the Prospectus, the author's account of himself, "The Voyage," "Roscoe," "The Wife," and "Rip Van Winkle;" making ninety-three pages of octavo of large type and copious margin.

The first edition consisted of 2,000 copies. The number was got up in beautiful style for that day, and the price was made to conform to it, being 75 cents. In the Prospectus, not to be found in the late editions of the work, he thus introduces himself anew to the public:—

The following writings are published on experiment; should they please they may be followed by others. The writer will have to contend with some disadvantages. He is unsettled in his abode, subject to interruptions, and has his share of cares and vicissitudes. He cannot, therefore, promise a regular plan, nor regular periods of publication. Should he be encouraged to proceed, much time may elapse between the appearance of his numbers; and their size will depend on the materials he may have on hand. His writings will partake of the fluctuations of his own thoughts and feelings—sometimes treating of scenes before him, sometimes of others purely imaginary, and sometimes wandering back with his recollections to his native country. He will not be able to give them that tranquil attention necessary to finished composition; and as they must be transmitted across the Atlantic for publication, he will have to trust to others to correct the frequent errors of the press. Should his writings, however, with all their imperfections, be well received, he cannot conceal that it would be a source of the purest gratification; for though he does not aspire to those high honors which are the rewards of loftier intellects, yet it is the dearest wish of his heart to have a secure and cherished, though humble corner in the good opinions and kind feelings of his countrymen.

This number was published simultaneously in New

York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore; it was deposited for copyright on the 15th of May, 1819, and its appearance took place shortly after. It was soon evident, from the sensation it produced, how warmly the public were disposed to welcome an old acquaintance.

When the first number of this beautiful work was announced (says a contemporaneous notice), it was sufficient to induce an immediate and importunate demand, that the name of Mr. Irving was attached to it in the popular mind. With his name so much of the honor of our national literature is associated, that our pride as well as our better feelings is interested in accumulating the gifts of his genius. We had begun to reproach him with something like parsimony; to tell him that he was in debt to us; that the wealth and magnitude of his endowments were the patrimony of his country—a part of our inheritance.

Of the different papers of this number, "Rip Van Winkle" was the favorite; and the popularity which it seized at the outset it has ever retained. "His stories of 'Rip Van Winkle,' and 'Sleepy Hollow'" (says Chambers' "Cyclopædia of English Literature," more than twenty years after the appearance of the "Sketch Book" in Great Britain), "are perhaps the finest pieces of original fictitious writing that this century has produced next to the works of Scott."

It was just as he had finished the story of "Rip Van Winkle," as he has before told us, that he received a copy of the discourse of Verplanck before the New York Historical Society, in which he administers his reproof of the Knickerbocker travestie. As this story purported to

be a posthumous production of Diedrich, he took occasion in the introduction to allude to the misdeeds of the departed sage.

The old gentleman (he remarks) was apt to ride his hobby his own way; and though it did now and then kick up the dust a little in the eyes of his neighbors, and grieve the spirit of some friends for whom he felt the truest deference and affection, yet his errors and follies are remembered "more in sorrow than in anger," and it begins to be suspected that he never intended to injure or offend.

The "Analectic Magazine" for July of this year, had a notice of the first number of the "Sketch Book," from the classic pen of Verplanck, which, under the circumstances, has a peculiar interest. I quote the kindly opening:—

We believe that the public law of literature has entirely exempted periodical publications from the jurisdiction of the ordinary critical tribunals: and we therefore notice the first number of this work without any intention of formal criticism, but simply for the purpose of announcing its appearance, and of congratulating the American public that one of their choicest favorites has, after a long interval, again resumed the pen. It will be needless to inform any who have read the book, that it is from the pen of Mr. Irving. His rich, and sometimes extravagant humor, his gay and graceful fancy, his peculiar choice and felicity of original expression, as well as the pure and fine moral feeling which imperceptibly pervades every thought and image, without being anywhere ostentatious or dogmatic, betray the author in every page; even without the aid of those minor peculiarities of style, taste, and local allusions, which at once identify the travelled Geoffrey Crayon with the venerable Knickerbocker.

On the 1st of April, 1819, the author writes to Brevoort:—

I send a second number of the "Sketch Book." It is not so large as the first, but I have not been able to get more matter ready for publication; and, indeed, I am not particular about the work being regular in any way. The price of this number, of course, must be less than the first. . . . .

I hope you have been able to make arrangements with Thomas for the publication of my writings. I should greatly prefer its being published by him.

The number here transmitted across the Atlantic consisted of four articles: "English Writers on America;" "Rural Life in England;" "The Broken Heart;" and the "Art of Book-making." The size was not so large as the first, but the same price was put upon it, though he had intimated in his letters it must be less.

A notice of this number at that day remarks: "When we read the description of English scenery, we are apt to think the descriptive is Mr. Irving's forte, but the 'Broken Heart' convinces us that his prevailing power is in natural and sweet pathos."

This story was undoubtedly the general favorite. The particulars had been given to Mr. Irving by a young Liverpool friend, Mr. Andrew Hamilton, long since dead, who had himself seen the heroine, the daughter of Curran, the celebrated Irish barrister, "at a masquerade"—the scene in which she is introduced by the author.

But though this story won the palm of popularity,

there were not wanting many with whom the first was most commended, while the essay on "Rural Life in England" was considered by others as exhibiting most of the peculiar talents of the author. In this light it seems to have struck one of the most eminent names in American literature, Richard H. Dana, who, in his notice of the first two numbers of the "Sketch Book" in the "North American Review," after some rather critical animadversions on the "Broken Heart," thus speaks of this essay:—

> We come from reading "Rural Life in England" as much restored and as cheerful as if we had been passing an hour or two in the very fields and woods themselves. Mr. Irving's scenery is so true, so full of little beautiful particulars, so varied yet so connected in character, that the distant is brought nigh to us, and the whole is seen and felt like a delightful reality. It is all gentleness and sunshine; the bright influences of nature fall on us, and our disturbed and lowering spirits are made clear and tranquil—turned all to beauty like clouds shone on by the moon.

This beautiful tribute exhibits the mellow charm of that essay upon an American mind. I follow it with an extract from a letter of the distinguished author of "Caleb Williams," in which we have his verdict on a copy of the second number, which had been transmitted to London from New York, and in which he singles out the essay on "Rural Life in England" for special commendation. This letter from such a source and so long in advance of the London publication of the "Sketch Book,"

has a marked literary interest. I found it among Mr. Irving's papers, to whom it had been given by his friend Ogilvie, who had two years before predicted his successful return to the literary arena.

[*To James Ogilvie.*]

SKINNER STREET, September 15, 1819.

DEAR SIR :—

You desire me to write to you my sentiments on reading the "Sketch Book," No. II., and I most willingly comply with your request.

Everywhere I find in it the marks of a mind of the utmost elegance and refinement, a thing as you know that I was not exactly prepared to look for in an American. . . . . Each of the essays is entitled to its appropriate praise, and the whole is such as I scarcely know an Englishman that could have written. The author powerfully conciliates to himself our kindness and affection. But the essay on "Rural Life in England" is incomparably the best. It is, I believe, all true ; and one wonders, while reading, that nobody ever said this before. There is wonderful sweetness in it. . . . .

Very truly yours,

W. GODWIN.

I have anticipated a little in giving this letter. On the 13th of May, four months before its date, Mr. Irving writes to Brevoort :—

By the ship which brings this, I forward a third number of the "Sketch Book ;" and if you have interested yourself in the fate of the preceding, I will thank you to extend your kindness to this also. I am extremely anxious to hear from you what you think of the first number, and am looking anxiously for the arrival of the next ship from New York. My fate hangs on it, for I am now at the end of my *fortune.*

It was not, however, until July that his suspense was relieved, and he received the letter which gave Brevoort's opinion. It was still later before he heard of the encouraging reception of his work and the run it was having. It would seem from an intimation in a letter of Ogilvie, that the author was painfully depressed during this interval. "I am impatient," writes that gentleman, "for the arrival of the first number of your 'Sketch Book,' because I feel assured that nothing else is wanting to restore the equipoise of your mind, the steadiness of your intellectual exertions, and to prevent those occasional fits of depression which I can never witness or even think of, without feelings of sincere and even painful sympathy."

The following letters to Brevoort also give glimpses of this state of feeling:—

LONDON, July 10, 1819.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I received a few days since your letter of the 9th June, and a day or two afterwards yours of 2d and 8th May, which had been detained in Liverpool. This last gave me your opinion of my first number. I had felt extremely anxious to ascertain it, and your apparent silence had discouraged me.

I am not sorry for the delay that has taken place in the publication, as it will give me more time to prepare my next number. Various circumstances have concurred to render me very nervous and subject to fits of depression, that incapacitate me for literary exertion. All that I do at present is in transient gleams of sunshine which are soon overclouded, and I have to struggle against continual damps and chills. I hold on

patiently to my purpose, however, in hopes of more genial weather hereafter, when I will be able to exert myself more effectively.

It is a long time since I have heard from my brother William, and I am apt to attribute his silence to dissatisfaction at my not accepting the situation at Washington ; a circumstance which I apprehend has disappointed others of my friends. In these matters, however, just weight should be given to a man's tastes and inclinations. The value of a situation is only as it contributes to a man's happiness, and I should have been perfectly out of my element and uncomfortable in Washington. The place could merely have supported me, and instead of rising, as my friends appeared to anticipate, I should have sunk even in my own opinion. My mode of life has unfortunately been such as to render me unfit for almost any useful purpose. I have not the kind of knowledge or the habits that are necessary for business or regular official duty. My acquirements, tastes, and habits are just such as to adapt me for the kind of literary exertions I contemplate. It is only in this way I have any chance of acquiring real reputation, and I am desirous of giving it a fair trial.

I feel perfectly satisfied with your arrangements respecting the work, and more than ever indebted to you for these offices of friendship. I have delayed drawing on you until I should hear further about the work, but shall have to do so soon. . . . .

Give my sincere regards to Mrs. Brevoort, and speak a good word for me now and then to your little boy, whom I hope some day or other to have for a playmate.

Remember me to the rest of your domestic circle, and believe me as ever,

Affectionately yours,

W. I.

[*To Henry Brevoort, Esq.*]

LONDON, July 28, 1819.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

As usual, I have but a few moments left to scribble a line before this opportunity departs by which I write. I have seen a copy of the first

number of the "Sketch Book," which was sent out to a gentleman of my acquaintance. I cannot but express how much more than ever I feel myself indebted to you for the manner in which you have attended to my concerns. The work is got up in a beautiful style. I should scarcely have ventured to have made so elegant an *entrée* had it been left to myself, for I had lost confidence in my writings. I have not discovered an error in the printing, and indeed have felt delighted at my genteel appearance in print. I would observe that the work appears to be a little too *highly pointed.* I don't know whether my manuscript was so, or whether it is the scrupulous precision of the printer. High pointing is apt to injure the fluency of the style if the reader attends to all the stops.

I am quite pleased that the work has experienced delay, as it gives me time to get up materials to keep the series going. I have been rather *aflat* for a considerable time past, and able to do nothing with my pen. I was fearful of a great *hiatus* in the early part of my work, which would have been a disadvantage. My spirits have revived recently, and I trust, if I receive favorable accounts of the work's taking in America, that I shall be able to go on with more animation.

I had intended to despatch a number by this ship. It is all written out and stitched up, but as I find you will not stand in immediate need of it, I will keep it by me for a few days, as there is some trivial finishing necessary. You may calculate upon receiving it, however, by one of the first ships that sails after this.

I do not wish any given time to elapse between the numbers, but that they should appear irregularly; indeed, the precariousness and inequality of my own fits of composition will prevent that. . . . .

I look anxiously for your letter by the packet, which must come to hand in a few days; and trust at the same time to hear something of the reception of my work; until then I shall continue a little nervous. . . . .

Most affectionately yours,

W. I.

The following is Brevoort's reply to the two foregoing letters:—

BLOOMINGDALE, September 9, 1819.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

Just as I was preparing to answer your letter of the 10th July, I had the pleasure to receive by the *Amity* your letter of the 28th July.

I hope we shall soon receive the 4th number, which you state was nearly completed. The 3d number will be published on Monday, the 13th. We were retarded a few days by not getting the paper from Mr. Thomas. The orders for Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore were forwarded this day, in order that the publication may be contemporaneous —a point very much insisted on by the craft. The edition of the first number has all been sold ; of the 2d number only 150 copies remain unsold. The demand rises in every quarter.

Your corrections shall be carefully inserted, and the punctuation somewhat diminished. It was not owing to your MS., but to the scrupulousness of Van Winkle. The 2d edition of No. 1 will be sent to press in a few days. The 2d edition of No. 2 will also follow that of No. 1, as soon as possible. . . . . It is a point universally agreed upon that your work is an honor to American literature, as well as an example to those who aspire to a correct and elegant style of composition.

By the *James Monroe* I have forwarded to Richards five copies of No. 3. . . . .

I think you are mistaken in supposing your brother William dissatisfied respecting the Washington affair. I had a long talk with him a day or two since, in the course of which he adverted to that business, and seemed rather to have yielded to the justness of your objections. He expressed great remorse at his long silence to you, and resolved to take pen in hand and write you a long epistle, by way of atonement. He retains his old habit of burdening himself with a world of unnecessary cares and vexations. In walking the street he seems literally bent downward with at least a dozen gratuitous years ; yet his heart is as mellow and his sensibilities just as acute as ever.

The third number, which was published on the 13th of September, consisted of four articles: "A Royal Poet;" "The Country Church;" "The Widow and her Son," and "The Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap—a Shakespearian Research." The fourth number, which Brevoort was expecting at the date of his letter, was forwarded on the 2d August, as will be seen by the following epistle:—

[*To Henry Brevoort, Esq.*]

LONDON, August 2, 1819.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I forward "Sketch Book," No. 4, to my brother E. Irving. . . . . I send the present number with reluctance, for it has grown exceeding stale with me; part of it laid by me during a time that I was out of spirits and could not complete it.

So much time has elapsed, however, that I dare not delay any longer. I shall endeavor to get up another number immediately, having part of the materials prepared. Should you, at any time think any article so indifferent as to be likely to affect the reputation of the work, you may use your discretion in omitting it, and delaying the number until the arrival of my next number, out of which you can take an article to supply the deficiency.

I write in great haste, and am as ever,

Affectionately yours,

W. I.

The number here transmitted consisted of three articles: "The Mutability of Literature;" "The Spectre Bridegroom," and "John Bull;" but this last was after-

wards reserved for the sixth, and the essay on "Rural Funerals" was substituted for it.

[*To Henry Brevoort, Esq.*]

LONDON, August 12, 1819.

MY DEAR BREVOORT :—

I have received your letter of July 9th, which has given me infinite gratification ; but I have not time to reply to it as I could wish. I wrote to you lately, expressing how much I was delighted by the manner in which you got up my work; the favorable reception it has met with is extremely encouraging, and repays me for much doubt and anxiety.

I am glad to hear from you and my brother Ebenezer, that you think my second number better than the first. The manner in which you have spoken of several of the articles is also very serviceable; it lets me know where I make a right hit, and will serve to govern future exertions.

I regret that you did not send me at least half a dozen copies of the work ; I am sadly tantalized, having but barely the single copy. I have not made any determination about republishing in this country, and shall ask advice, if I can meet with any one here who can give it me : but my literary acquaintance is very limited at present. I wish you would inquire, and let me know how the "History of New York" sells, as Thomas is rather negligent in giving me information about it. Let him have his own time in settling for it.

. . . . . .

You observe that the public complain of the price of my work ; this is the disadvantage of coming in competition with republished English works, for which the booksellers have not to pay anything to the authors. If the American public wish to have a literature of their own, they must consent to pay for the support of authors. A work of the same size, and got up in the same way as my first number, would sell for *more* in England, and the cost of printing, etc., would be less. . . . .

I drew on you lately, in favor of Mr. Samuel Williams, at thirty days'

sight, for $1,000. General Boyd bought the draft, and I have the money. . . . .

I feel very much obliged by Verplanck's notice of my work in the "Analectic;" and very much encouraged to find it meets with his approbation. I know no one's taste to whom I would more thoroughly defer.

You suppose me to be on the continent, but I shall not go for some time yet; and you may presume on letters, etc., finding me in England. . . . .

Four days after the date of this letter, in which he had forwarded a correction for "John Bull," he sends his essay on "Rural Funerals," to be substituted for that article; a rapid effusion, to which he had been stimulated by Brevoort and Ebenezer's letters, communicating the favorable reception of his first number, their opinion of the superiority of the second, and the popularity of the pathetic element in his compositions.

[*To Brevoort.*]

LONDON, August 16, 1819.

DEAR BREVOORT :—

In great haste I inclose you an essay, which I have just scribbled, and which I wish inserted in the fourth number in place of one of the articles, as I am afraid the number has too great a predominance of the humorous. You may insert it in place of "John Bull," and keep that article for the fifth number. I have not had time to give this article a proper finishing, and wish you to look sharp that there are not blunders and tautologies in it. It has been scribbled off hastily, and part of it actually in a church-yard in a recent ramble into the country.

The unnamed essay here sent, was "Rural Funerals."

He had forwarded a correction for "John Bull" on the 12th of August, and on the 16th he is putting that aside for this, which must have been prepared in the interim. Part of it, the letter informs us, was written in a churchyard, on a ramble into the country; and part, I have heard from his own lips, was written at Miller's, where he stopped in at early dawn, feverish and excited, after having been all night at a dance, and borrowed pen and paper to jot down his "thick-coming fancies," some of which no doubt were brought from memories of the past.

In your sketch of "Rural Funerals" (writes Mrs. Hoffman to him), I recognized a scene which you have related in a very touching manner. It surprises me to see that your memory is as tenacious as mine—some things are so deeply fixed there, which passed without striking others nearly interested. I should think your mind would be relieved by writing off these melancholy feelings.

About three weeks after he had despatched this essay, he receives two parcels from America, containing copies of the first and second numbers of the "Sketch Book," and a letter from Brevoort, inclosing commendatory notices of the press. I give his touching and characteristic reply:—

LONDON, September 9, 1819.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I have received this morning a parcel from Liverpool, containing two parcels from you—one of four of the first number, and the other, five of the second number of the "Sketch Book," with your letter per courier. The second number is got up still more beautifully than the first. I cannot express to you how much I am delighted with the very tasteful manner

in which it is executed. You may tell Mr. Van Winkle that it does him great credit, and has been much admired here as a specimen of American typography; and among the admirers is Murray, the "prince of booksellers," so famous for his elegant publications. Indeed, the manner in which you have managed the whole matter gives me infinite gratification. You have put my writings into circulation, and arranged the pecuniary concerns in such a way as to save future trouble and petty chafferings about accounts, and to give the whole an independent and gentlemanlike air. I would rather sacrifice fifty per cent. than have to keep accounts, and dun booksellers for payment.

The manner in which the work has been received, and the eulogiums that have been passed upon it in the American papers and periodical works, have completely overwhelmed me. They go far, *far* beyond my most sanguine expectations; and, indeed, are expressed with such peculiar warmth and kindness, as to affect me in the tenderest manner. The receipt of your letter, and the reading of some of those criticisms this morning, have rendered me nervous for the whole day. I feel almost appalled by such success, and fearful that it cannot be real, or that it is not fully merited, or that I shall not act up to the expectations that may be formed. We are whimsically constituted beings. I had got out of conceit of all that I had written, and considered it very questionable stuff; and now that it is so extravagantly be-praised, I begin to feel afraid that I shall not do as well again. However, we shall see as we get on. As yet I am extremely irregular and precarious in my fits of composition. The least thing puts me out of the vein, and even applause flurries me, and prevents my writing; though, of course, it will ultimately be a stimulus.

I hope you will not attribute all this sensibility to the kind reception I have met with to an author's vanity. I am sure it proceeds from very different sources. Vanity could not bring the tears into my eyes, as they have been brought by the kindness of my countrymen. I have felt cast down, blighted, and broken-spirited, and these sudden rays of sunshine agitate even more than they revive me.

I hope—I hope I may yet do something more worthy of the approbation lavished on me. . . . .

Give my best regards to your wife, and remember me heartily to the little circle of our peculiar intimacy.

I am, my dear Brevoort,

Yours affectionately,

W. I.

It was probably under the influence of this encouraging news that he wrote, four days after, the following familiar and playful letter to Leslie, then on a visit to some Quaker friends in Wales. They had been living near together and meeting almost every day; and this letter is pleasantly indicative of the perfect cordiality and freedom that existed between them. Newton cuts quite a figure in it. The others who are mentioned, belonged to an American circle in London, in which Irving, Leslie, and Newton seem to have mingled in easy familiarity.

London, September 13, 1810.

You Leslie!—What is the reason you have not let us hear from you since you set out on your travels? We have been in great anxiety lest you should have started from London on some other route of that six-inch square map of the world which you consulted, and through the mistake of a hair's breadth may have wandered, the Lord knows where.

Here have been sad evolutions and revolutions since you left us. Newton had his three shirts and six collars packed up in half of a saddle-bag for several days, with the intention of accompanying Lyman, Everett, and Charles Williams to Liverpool, and returning with the latter through Wales, in which case they intended beating up your quarters, and endeavoring to surprise you with your mahl stick turned into a shep-

herd's crook, sighing at the feet of Miss Maine. Newton did nothing, for two or three days, but scamper up and down between Finsbury Square and Sloane Street, like a cat in a panic, taking leave of everybody in the morning, and calling upon them again in the evening, when to his astonishment he found Charles Williams had the private intention of embarking for America. Charles has actually sailed, and Newton, instead of his Welsh tour, accompanied me on a tour to Deptford and Eltham. He has now resumed his station at the head of Sloane Street. Jones has taken possession of the bottom, and between them both I expect they will tie the two ends of the street into a true lover's knot. For my part I have been almost good for nothing since your departure, and would not pass another summer in London if they would make me Lord Mayor.

I have received the second number of the "Sketch Book," and shall be quite satisfied if I deserve half the praise they give me in the American journals; but they always overdo these matters in America. I am glad to find the second number pleases more than the first. The sale is very rapid, and, altogether, the success exceeds my most sanguine expectation. Now you suppose I am all on the alert, and full of spirit and excitement. No such thing. I am just as good for nothing as ever I was; and, indeed, have been flurried and put out of my way by these puffings. I feel something as I suppose you did when your picture met with success—anxious to do something better, and at a loss what to do.

But enough of egotism. Let me know how you find yourself; how you like Wales; what you are doing; and especially, when you intend to return. I hope you will not remain away much longer. Newton's manikin has at length arrived, and he is to have it home in a few days, when it is to be hoped he will give up rambling abroad, and stay at home, drink tea, and play the flute to the lady. William Macdougall means to give her a tea-party, and it is expected she will be introduced into company with as much éclat as Peregrine Pickle's protégée. I have now fairly filled my sheet with nonsense, and craving a speedy reply.

I am yours,

W. I.

It must have been about the date of this letter that Mr. Irving's sympathizing friend, Ogilvie, left with Godwin, for his critical opinion one of the copies of No. II. of the "Sketch Book," which, as we have seen, the author had received a few days before from New York. I have already given Godwin's letter, which may be taken as the first sound of that cheering voice which was soon to greet him from the English public.

Ten days after Godwin had written his critical approbation of No. II., the "London Literary Gazette," a weekly periodical, commenced a republication of the sketches from No. I., which was continued through two successive issues. A copy of the third number also reached England, and it was said that a London bookseller was about to have these separate portions printed in a collective form. It had not been the intention of the author to publish them in England, conscious that much of their contents could be interesting only to American readers, and having a distrust of their being able to stand the severity of British criticism; but he now determined to revise and bring them forward himself, that they might at least come correctly before the public. The rest shall be told in his own words, as given in his preface to the revised edition of the "Sketch Book" of 1848:—

I accordingly took the printed numbers which I had received from the United States, to Mr. John Murray, the eminent publisher, from whom I had already received friendly attentions, and left them with him for examination, informing him that should he be inclined to bring them be-

fore the public, I had materials enough on hand for a second volume. Several days having elapsed without any communication from Mr. Murray, I addressed a note to him, in which I construed his silence into a tacit rejection of my work, and begged that the numbers I had left with him might be returned to me. The following was his reply :—

My dear Sir :—

I entreat you to believe that I feel truly obliged by your kind intentions towards me, and that I entertain the most unfeigned respect for your most tasteful talents. My house is completely filled with work-people at this time, and I have only an office to transact business in ; and yesterday I was wholly occupied, or I should have done myself the pleasure of seeing you.

If it would not suit me to engage in the publication of your present work, it is only because I do not see that scope in the nature of it which would enable me to make those satisfactory accounts between us, without which I really feel no satisfaction in engaging ; but I will do all that I can to promote their circulation, and shall be most ready to attend to any future plan of yours. With much regard, I remain, dear sir,

Your faithful servant,

John Murray.

The letter here given is now before me ; it is without date by Murray, but is marked in the author's handwriting, October 27, 1819. It bears also this later indorsement by him, made probably in 1848 at the time he transcribed it for the preface to his revised edition of the "Sketch Book,"—"Letter from Murray declining the publication of the 'Sketch Book,' after I had sent him the first three or four numbers of the American edition in print, comprising the first volume." It is manifest from

this indorsement that the author was a little at fault as to the precise contents submitted to Murray's inspection, and if none but printed numbers of the American edition were handed to the great bibliopolist, the fourth number could not have been included, for that was not published in America until November 10, a fortnight after his declension, and did not, in fact, reach England until the beginning of January, more than two months later. It is not a point, however, upon which I lay any stress.

Mr. Irving intimates in his preface, that after this he might have been deterred from any further prosecution of the matter, had the question of republication in Great Britain rested entirely with him: but he apprehended the appearance of a spurious edition. I find no trace in his letters of discouragement under the disheartening decision, for only four days later he writes to his brother Ebenezer: "I intend republishing in this country, the work having been favorably received by such as have seen it here, and extracts having been made from it with encomiums in some of the periodical works." And now, recalling the cordial reception he had experienced from Scott at Abbotsford, the impression made upon him by his manners and conversation, and the favorable opinion he had expressed of his Knickerbocker, he turned to him in his perplexity, and sent him the printed numbers of the "Sketch Book," with a letter in which he observed that since he had the pleasure of partaking of his hospitality, a reverse had taken place in his affairs which made

the exercise of his pen important to him. He begged him, therefore, to look over the literary articles he had forwarded to him, and if he thought they would bear European publication, to ascertain whether Mr. Constable would be inclined to be the publisher.

"The parcel containing my work," says the preface, "went by coach to Scott's address in Edinburgh; the letter went by mail to his residence in the country. By the very first post I received a reply."

This reply, of which the preface contains some extracts, I transcribe in full:—

November 17, 1819.

My dear Sir:—

I was down at Kelso when your letter reached Abbotsford. I am now on my way to town, and will converse with Constable and do all in my power to forward your views; I assure you nothing will give me more pleasure.

I am now to mention a subject in which I take a most sincere interest. You have not only the talents necessary for making a figure in literature, but also the power of applying them readily and easily, and want nothing but a sphere of action in which to exercise them. Let me put the question to you without hesitation: Would you have any objection to superintend an Anti-Jacobin periodical publication which will appear weekly in Edinburgh, supported by the most respectable talent, and amply furnished with all the necessary information? The appointment of the editor (for which ample funds are provided) will be £500 a year certain, with the reasonable prospect of further advantages. I foresee this may be involving you in a warfare you care not to meddle with, or that your view of politics may not suit the tone it is desired to adopt; yet I risk the question because I know no man so well qualified for this important task, and perhaps because it will necessarily bring you to Edinburgh. If

my proposal does not suit, you need only keep the matter secret and there is no harm done ; "and for my love I pray you wrong me not." If, on the contrary, you think it could be made to suit you, let me know as soon as possible, addressing Castle St., Edinburgh.

I have not yet got your parcel. I fancy I shall find it in Edinburgh. I wish I were as sure of seeing you there with the resolution of taking a lift of this same journal. One thing I may hint, that some of your coadjutors being young though clever men, may need a bridle rather than a spur, and in this I have the greatest reliance on your prudence. I myself have no more interest in the matter than I have in the "Quarterly Review," which I aided in setting afloat.

Excuse this confidential scrawl, which was written in great haste when I understood the appointment was still open, and believe me,

Most truly yours,

WALTER SCOTT.

This is dated Abbotsford, Monday. In a postscript dated Edinburgh, Tuesday, he adds :—

I am just come here and have glanced over the "Sketch Book ;" it is positively beautiful, and increases my desire to *crimp* you if it be possible. Some difficulties there always are in managing such a matter, especially at the outset. But we will obviate them as much as we possibly can.

I find among the author's papers the "imperfect draft" of his reply, to which he alludes in the preface as having undergone some modifications in the copy sent ; and as I have given the whole of Scott's letter, I copy this too in full.

MY DEAR SIR :—

I cannot express how much I am gratified by your letter. I had begun to feel as if I had taken an unwarrantable liberty, but somehow or other

there is a genial sunshine about you that warms every creeping thing into heart and confidence. Your literary proposal both surprises and flatters me, as it evinces a much higher opinion of my talents than I have myself. I am peculiarly unfitted for the post proposed. I have no strong political prejudices, for though born and brought up a republican, and convinced that it is the best form of government for my own country, yet I feel my poetical associations vividly aroused by the old institutions of this country, and should feel as sorry to see them injured or subverted as I would to see Windsor Castle or Westminster Abbey demolished to make way for brick tenements.

But I have a general dislike to politics. I have always shunned them in my own country, and have lately declined a lucrative post under my own government, and one that opened the door to promotion, merely because I was averse to political life, and to being subjected to regular application and local confinement.

My whole course of life has been desultory, and I am unfitted for any periodically recurring task, or any stipulated labor of body or mind. I have no command of my talents such as they are, and have to watch the varyings of my mind as I would a weathercock. Practice and training may bring me more into rule ; but at present I am as useless for regular service as one of my own country Indians or a Don Cossack.

I must, therefore, keep on pretty much as I have begun—writing when I can, not when I would. I shall occasionally shift my residence, and write whatever is suggested by objects before me, or whatever runs in my imagination ; and hope to write better and more copiously by and by.

I am playing the egotist, but I know no better way of answering your proposal but by showing what a very good-for-nothing kind of being I am. Should Mr. Constable feel inclined to make a bargain for the wares I at present have on hand, he will encourage me to further enterprise ; and it will be something like bargaining with a gypsy, who may one time have but a wooden bowl to sell, and at another a silver tankard.

The following is Scott's considerate reply, in which he

enters into a detail of the various terms upon which books were published, that his correspondent might take his choice of them :—

EDINBURGH, December 4, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR :—

I am sorry but not surprised that you do not find yourself inclined to engage in the troublesome duty in which I would have been well contented to engage you. I have very little doubt that Constable would most willingly be your publisher, and I think I could show him how his interest is most strongly concerned in it. But I do not exactly feel empowered to state anything to him on the subject except very generally. There are, you know, various modes of settling with a publisher. Sometimes he gives a sum of money for the copyright. But more frequently he relieves the author of all expense, and divides what he calls the free profit on the editions as they arise. There is something fair in this, and advantageous for both parties ; for the author receives a share of profit exactly in proportion to the popularity of his work, and the bookseller is relieved of the risk which always attends a purchase of copyright, and has more rapid returns of his capital. In general, however, he contrives to take the lion's share of the booty ; for, first, he is always desirous to delay settlement till the edition sells off, and if disposed to be unfair (which I never found Constable) he can contrive that there be such a reserve of the edition as shall put off the term of accounting, to him the *quart d'heure* de Rabelais au Græcas Kalendas ; 2dly, the half profits are thus accounted for : Print, paper, and advertising are usually made to amount to about one third of the whole price of the edition, and one third is deducted as allowance to the retail trade. The bookseller usually renders something about the remaining third as divisible profit betwixt the author and himself ; so that upon a guinea volume the author receives three and sixpence. In cases where a rapid sale is expected, booksellers will give better terms ; for example, they will grant bills for the author's share of profit at perhaps nine or twelve months' date, and thus

insure him against delay of settlements. They have also been made to lower or altogether abandon the charge of advertising, which in fact is a stump charge which booksellers make against the author, of which they never lay out one sixth part, because they advertise all their productions in one advertisement, and charge the expense of doing so against every separate work though there may be twenty of them, from which you can easily see he must be a great gainer. Now this is all I know of bookselling as practiced by the most respectable of the trade, and I am certain that under the system of half profits in one of its modifications Constable will be happy to publish for you. I am certain the "Sketch Book" could be published here with great advantage; it is a delightful work. Knickerbocker and "Salmagundi" are more exclusively American, and may not be quite so well suited for our meridian. But they are so excellent in their way, that if the public attention could be once turned on them I am confident that they would become popular; but there is the previous objection to overcome. Now you see, my dear sir, the ground on which you stand. I therefore did no more than open trenches with Constable, but I am sure if you will take the trouble to write to him, you will find him disposed to treat your overture with every degree of attention. Or if you think it of consequence in the first place to see me, I shall be in London in the course of a month, and whatever my experience can command is most heartily at your service. But I can add little to what I have said above, excepting my earnest recommendation to Constable to enter into the negotiation.

In my hurry I have not thanked you in Sophia's name for the kind attention which furnished her with the American volumes.* I am not quite sure I can add my own, since you have made her acquainted with much more of papa's folly than she would ever otherwise have learned, for I had taken special care they should never see any of these things during their earlier years. I think I told you that Walter is sweeping the firmament with a feather like a May-pole, and indenting the pave-

* An American edition of his own poems.

ment with a sword like a scythe ; in other words, he is become a whiskered hussar in the 18th dragoons. Trusting to see you soon, I am always, my dear sir,

Most truly yours,

WALTER SCOTT.

"Before the receipt of this most obliging letter," says Mr. Irving in his preface, "I had determined to look to no leading bookseller for a launch, but to throw my work before the public at my own risk, and let it sink or swim according to its merits." But though he had come to this resolution before the receipt of Scott's letter, it was not until the 9th of the succeeding month that his contract with Miller took a written form and the latter undertook to proceed with the publication. "I have just made arrangements to have a volume of the 'Sketch Book' published here," he writes to his brother Ebenezer from London, January 13th. "I expect the first proof-sheet to-day, and the volume will be published in about a month. If the experiment succeeds I shall follow it up by another volume."

CHAPTER XXIV.

EBENEZER IRVING TAKES CHARGE OF HIS LITERARY CONCERNS IN AMERICA.—TRANSMITS NO. V. TO HIM, CONSISTING OF "CHRISTMAS."—WRITTEN FOR PECULIAR TASTES.—TRANSMITS NO. VI.—"LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW."—THE FIRST FOUR NUMBERS PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND BY MILLER.—AUTHOR'S ADVERTISEMENT TO THE EDITION.—LETTER OF SCOTT ON THE SUBJECT.—PASSAGE OF A LETTER FROM LESLIE.—FAILURE OF MILLER.—MURRAY TAKES "SKETCH BOOK" IN HAND.—A PEEP INTO HIS DRAWING-ROOM.—LETTER TO JAMES K. PAULDING.—GIFFORD, THE EDITOR OF THE "QUARTERLY REVIEW."—SCOTT.—VIEWS OF MATRIMONY.—DECATUR.—ENGLISH EDITION OF A SECOND VOLUME OF THE "SKETCH BOOK" COMMENCED.—TRANSMITS NO. VII. TO NEW YORK.—THE LAST OF THE AMERICAN SERIES.—PUBLICATION OF SECOND VOLUME IN LONDON.—ALLUSION TO LOCKHART'S REVIEW OF KNICKERBOCKER IN "BLACKWOOD."—LETTER TO BREVOORT.—BELZONI.—HALLAM.—ABOUT TO CROSS THE CHANNEL.—YEARNINGS FOR HOME.

AVING anticipated a little in giving the letters of Scott in the preceding chapter, I now go back in my narrative to a period just succeeding the author's receipt of the great publisher's "civil note" of refusal, when Brevoort was writing to him: "I wish you would *permit* Murray to publish your work." At this time Brevoort was about to leave for Charleston, where he was to spend the winter, and had written to Mr. Irving: "After distributing the fourth number I

shall settle accounts with the purchasers as well as with the printer, and advise you of the balance in your favor, which will be payable within ninety days. Your brother Ebenezer will then take charge of No. V. and the second edition. I shall give him every sort of information as to the manner of managing the work."

Ebenezer, upon whom this novel guardianship now devolves, writes: "Brothers William and John T. will assist me in the correction of proofs."

The day after Murray's non-acceptance, and about a fortnight prior to the publication of No. IV. in America, he transmits No. V. to his brother Ebenezer, consisting of "Christmas." "Whether No. V. will please or not," he writes, "I cannot say, but it has cost me more trouble and more odd research than any of the others."

This number did not exactly hit the taste of his brother. He missed the pathetic element which had been so attractive a feature in the former numbers, and allowed himself, on a first perusal, to remark upon its length, and to lament the absence of the usual variety. In reply to these remarks, Washington writes:—

The article you object to, about Christmas, is written for peculiar tastes—those who are fond of what is quaint in literature and customs. The scenes there depicted are formed upon humors and customs peculiar to the English, and illustrative of their greatest holiday. The old rhymes which are interspersed are but selections from many which I found among old works in the British Museum, little read even by Englishmen, and which will have a value with some literary men who relish these morsels

of antiquated humor. When an article is studied out in this manner, it cannot have that free flowing spirit and humor that one written off-hand has; but then it compensates to some peculiar minds by the points of character or manners which it illustrates. Had I not thought so, I certainly would not have taken the trouble which the article cost me. If it possesses the kind of merit I mention, and pleases the peculiar, though perhaps few tastes to which I have alluded, my purpose in writing the article is satisfied, and it will go to keep up the variety which is essential to a work of the kind.

On the 29th of December, he transmits to New York No. VI. consisting of the "Pride of the Village," and the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow"—"John Bull," which formed one of the articles, being already there.

I send you MS. for No. VI. (he writes to Ebenezer). There is a Knickerbocker story which may please from its representation of American scenes. It is a random thing, suggested by recollections of scenes and stories about Tarrytown. The story is a mere whimsical band to connect descriptions of scenery, customs, manners, etc.

The outline of this story had been sketched more than a year before at Birmingham, after a conversation with his brother-in-law, Van Wart, who had been dwelling upon some recollections of his early years at Tarrytown, and had touched upon a waggish fiction of one Brom Bones, a wild blade, who professed to fear nothing, and boasted of his having once met the devil on a return from a nocturnal frolic, and run a race with him for a bowl of milk punch. The imagination of the author suddenly kindled over the recital, and in a few hours he had scrib-

bled off the framework of his renowned story, and was reading it to his sister and her husband. He then threw it by until he went up to London, where it was expanded into the present legend.

In the interval between the transmission of the sixth and seventh numbers to New York, a volume of the "Sketch Book" was published in England. February 24, 1820, Washington writes to Ebenezer :—

The volume containing the first four numbers of the "Sketch Book" was published on Monday last by John Miller, Burlington Arcades. I shall not publish any more, and should not have done this, had there not been a likelihood of these works being republished here from incorrect American numbers.

On the publication of this volume, Miller urged Mr. Irving to send copies to the different periodicals ; but he declined, being unwilling to do what might appear like a desire to propitiate their favor.

It was put to press (as he says in his preface) without any of the usual arts by which a work is trumpeted into notice. All he permitted himself was an appeal, not to the indulgence, but the candor of the critics in his advertisement to the edition. The following desultory papers (he says) are part of a series written in this country, but published in America. The author is aware of the austerity with which the writings of his countrymen have hitherto been treated by British critics ; he is conscious, too, that much of the contents of his papers can be interesting only in the eyes of American readers. It was not his intention, therefore, to have them reprinted in this country. He has, however, observed several of them from time to time inserted in periodical works of merit, and has

understood that it was probable they would be republished in a collective form. He has been induced, therefore, to revise and bring them forward himself, that they may at least come correctly before the public. Should they be deemed of sufficient importance to attract the attention of critics, he solicits for them that courtesy and candor which a stranger has some right to claim, who presents himself at the threshold of a hospitable nation.

February, 1820.

Before this he had written to Scott, who had not come to London at the time proposed in his letter, informing him of the arrangement he had made with Miller, by the terms of which the publication was to consist of one thousand copies, and the author took upon himself the entire expense of paper, printing, and advertisements, and the risk of sale. The following is Scott's reply :—

EDINBURGH, March 1, 1820.

MY DEAR SIR :—

I was some time since favored with your kind remembrance of the 9th, and observe with pleasure that you are going to come forth in Britain. It is certainly not the very best way to publish on one's own account, for the booksellers set their faces against the circulation of such works as do not pay an amazing toll to themselves. But they have lost the art of altogether damming up the road in such cases between the author and the public, which they were once able to do as effectually as Diabolus, in John Bunyan's "Holy War," closed up the windows of my Lord Understanding's mansion. I am sure of one thing, that you have only to be known to the British public to be admired by them ; and I would not say so unless I really was of that opinion. If you ever see a witty but rather local publication called "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine," you will find some notice of your works in the last number. The author is a friend of mine to whom I have introduced you in your literary capacity. His name

is Lockhart—a young man of very considerable talent, and who will soon be intimately connected with my family. My faithful friend Knickerbocker is to be next examined and illustrated. Constable was extremely willing to enter into consideration of a treaty for your works, but I foresee will be still more so when

> "Your name is up and may go
> From Toledo to Madrid."

And that will be soon the case.

Scott came to London about the middle of March, for the purpose of receiving his baronetcy, at which time Mr. Irving was on a visit to his brother-in-law, Van Wart, at Birmingham, not having seen the family for more than a year and a half, during which interval he had been leading a solitary life in London. He had returned on the 27th of March, and on the 9th of April, Leslie wrote to his sister:—

Walter Scott (now Sir Walter) is in London; and I am to have the honor, and I am sure it will be the very great pleasure, of breakfasting with him at his lodgings on Friday next. Irving, who I suspect of being a very great favorite of Scott's, is to introduce me. It is what I did not venture to ask of him; but Irving knowing how much such an introduction would gratify me, proposed it himself. I believe we are to meet Crabbe, the poet, there. Scott is one of those men of genius who delights in the genius of others, and is not for having it all to himself. He has expressed the highest opinion of Irving's productions, and perhaps there is not another man in this country whose good opinion is so valuable. You will be glad to hear that there is every prospect of Irving's writings speedily becoming as popular here as they are in America. An edition of the first volume of the "Sketch Book" is very nearly sold off here al-

ready. One of the stories, "The Wife," has been translated into French; and many of the articles have been extracted for the magazines and newspapers. Scott was very much delighted with the sixth number, particularly with the story of "Brom Bones."

This allusion to the sixth number of the "Sketch Book," which was not yet printed in England, would imply that an American number had been shown to Scott, or a duplicate in manuscript. But while Leslie was penning this account of the success of his friend, the volume he had put to press in England was destined to an untoward mischance. His bookseller failed, and the sale of the work, which was just getting into fair circulation, was interrupted, and his hopes of profit, if he had been sanguine of any, dashed to the ground. At this juncture Scott interposed his good offices.

I called to him for help (writes Mr. Irving in the preface to the revised edition of the "Sketch Book") as I was sticking in the mire; and more propitious than Hercules, he put his own shoulder to the wheel. Through his favorable representations, Murray was quickly induced to undertake the future publications of the work, which he had previously declined. A further edition of the first volume was struck off, and the second volume was put to press, and from that time Murray became my publisher; conducting himself in all his dealings with that fair, open, and liberal spirit, which had obtained for him the well-merited appellation of the Prince of Booksellers.

The following letter to Brevoort will now be in place:—

London, May 13, 1820.

My dear Brevoort :—

I send this letter by my friend Delafield, whom, I presume, you know ; if not, you ought to know him, for he is a right worthy fellow. He has in charge a portrait of me, painted by Newton, a nephew of Mr. Stuart. It is considered an excellent likeness, and I am willing it should be thought so—though, between ourselves, I think myself a much better-looking fellow on canvas than in the looking-glass. I beg you to accept it as a testimony of my affection ; and my deep sense of your truly brotherly kindness towards me on all occasions. . . . .

The "Sketch Book" is doing very well here. It has been checked for a time by the failure of Miller ; but Murray has taken it in hand, and it will now have a fair chance. I shall put a complete edition to press next week, in two volumes ; and at the same time print a separate edition of the second volume, to match the editions of the first already published. I have received very flattering compliments from several of the literati, and find my circle of acquaintance extending faster than I could wish. Murray's drawing-room is now a frequent resort of mine, where I have been introduced to several interesting characters, and have been most courteously received by Gifford. Old D'Israeli is a staunch friend of mine also ; and I have met with some very interesting people at his house. This evening I go to the Countess of Besborough's, where there is to be quite a collection of characters, among whom I shall see Lord Wellington, whom I have never yet had the good luck to meet with. . . . .

I shall not send any more manuscript to America, until I put it to press here, as the second volume might be delayed, and the number come out here from America. The manner in which the work has been received here, instead of giving me spirit to write, has rather daunted me for the time. I feel uneasy about the second volume, and cannot write any fresh matter for it. . . . .

The following letter to James K. Paulding, written

twelve days later, is in answer to one from him, dated at Washington, where he now held a post under Government, and of which Mr. Irving says in a letter to Brevoort: "It brought so many recollections of early times, and scenes, and companions, and pursuits to my memory, that my heart was filled to overflowing." In the allusion to Decatur, it will be recollected that he had on the 22d of March previous fallen in a duel with Commodore Barron, induced by some animadversions of his on the conduct of the latter in the affair of the *Leopard* and the *Chesapeake.*

LONDON, May 27, 1820.

MY DEAR JAMES :—

It is some time since I received your very interesting and gratifying letter of January 20th, and I have ever since been on the point of answering it, but been prevented by those thousand petty obstacles that are always in the way of letter writing.

As I am launched upon the literary world here, I find my opportunities of observation extending. Murray's drawing-room is a great resort of first-rate literary characters ; whenever I have a leisure hour I go there, and seldom fail to meet with some interesting personages. The hours of access are from two to five. It is understood to be a matter of privilege, and that you must have a general invitation from Murray. Here I frequently meet with such personages as Gifford, Campbell, Foscolo, Hallam (author of a work on the Middle Ages), Southey, Milman, Scott, Belzoni, etc., etc. The visitors are men of different politics, though most frequently ministerialists. Gifford, of whom, as an old adversary, you may be curious to know something, is a small, shriveled, deformed man of about sixty, with something of a humped back, eyes that diverge, and a large mouth. He is generally reclining on one of the sofas, and supporting himself by the cushions, being very much debilitated. He is mild

and courteous in his manners, without any of the petulance that you would be apt to expect, and is quite simple, unaffected, and unassuming. Murray tells me that Gifford does not write any full articles for the "Review," but revises, modifies, prunes, and prepares whatever is offered; and is very apt to extract the sting from articles that are rather virulent. Scott, or Sir Walter Scott, as he is now called, passed some few weeks in town lately, on coming up for his baronetcy. I saw him repeatedly, having formed an acquaintance with him two or three years since at his country retreat on the Tweed. He is a man that, if you knew, you would love; a right honest-hearted, generous-spirited being; without vanity, affectation, or assumption of any kind. He enters into every passing scene or passing pleasure with the interest and simple enjoyment of a child; nothing seems too high or remote for the grasp of his mind, and nothing too trivial or low for the kindness and pleasantry of his spirit. When I was in want of literary counsel and assistance, Scott was the only literary man to whom I felt that I could talk about myself and my petty concerns with the confidence and freedom that I would to an old friend. Nor was I deceived; from the first moment that I mentioned my work to him in a letter, he took a decided and effective interest in it, and has been to me an invaluable friend. It is only astonishing how he finds time, with such ample exercise of the pen, to attend so much to the interests and concerns of others; but no one ever applied to Scott for any aid, counsel, or service that would cost time and trouble, that was not most cheerfully and thoroughly assisted. Life passes away with him in a round of good offices and social enjoyments. Literature seems his sport rather than his labor or his ambition, and I never met with an author so completely void of all the petulance, egotism, and peculiarities of the craft; but I am running into prolixity about Scott, who I confess has completely won my heart, even more as a man than as an author; so, praying God to bless him, we will change the subject.

Your picture of domestic enjoyment indeed raises my envy. With all my wandering habits, which are the result of circumstances rather than of disposition, I think I was formed for an honest, domestic, uxorious man, and I cannot hear of my old cronies snugly nestled down with good

wives and fine children round them, but I feel for the moment desolate and forlorn. Heavens ! what a haphazard, schemeless life mine has been, that here I should be, at this time of life, youth slipping away, and scribbling month after month and year after year, far from home, without any means or prospect of entering into matrimony, which I absolutely believe indispensable to the happiness and even comfort of the after part of existence. When I fell into misfortunes and saw all the means of domestic establishment pass away like a dream, I used to comfort myself with the idea that if I was indeed doomed to remain single, you and Brevoort and Gouv. Kemble would also do the same, and that we should form a knot of queer, rum old bachelors, at some future day, to meet at the corner of Wall Street or walk the sunny side of Broadway and kill time together. But you and Brevoort have given me the slip, and now that Gouv. has turned Vulcan and is forging thunderbolts so successfully in the Highlands, I expect nothing more than to hear of his conveying some blooming bride up to the smithy. But heaven prosper you all, and grant that I may find you all thriving and happy when I return.

I cannot close my letter without adverting to the sad story of our gallant friend Decatur ; though my heart rises to my throat the moment his idea comes across my mind. He was a friend "faithful and just" to me, and I have gone through such scenes of life as make a man feel the value of friendship. I can never forget how generously he stepped forth in my behalf when I felt beaten down and broken-spirited ; I can never forget him as the companion of some of my happiest hours, and as mingled with some of the last scenes of home and its enjoyments ; these recollections bring him closer to my feelings than all the brilliancy of his public career. But he has lived through a life of animation and enjoyment, and died in the fullness of fame and prosperity ; his cup was always full to the brim, and he has not lingered to drain it to the dregs and taste of the bitterness. I feel most for her he has left behind, and from all that I recollect of her devoted affection, her disconsolateness even during his temporary absence and jeopardy, I shrink from picturing to myself what must now be her absolute wretchedness. If she is still

near you give her my most affectionate remembrances; to speak of sympathy to her would be intrusion.

And now, my dear James, with a full heart I take my leave of you. Let me hear from you just when it is convenient; no matter how long or how short the letter, nor think any apologies necessary for delays, only let me hear from you. I may suffer time to elapse myself, being unsettled, and often perplexed and occupied; but believe me always the same in my feelings, however irregular in my conduct, and that no new acquaintances that a traveller makes in his casual sojournings are apt to wear out the deep recollections of his early friends. Give my love to Gertrude, who I have no doubt is a perfect pattern for wives, and when your boy grows large enough to understand tough stories, tell him some of our early frolics, that he may have some kind of an acquaintance with me against we meet.

Affectionately your friend,

W. Irving.

On the 28th of June, after the printers had commenced upon the English edition of the second volume of the "Sketch Book," Mr. Irving transmitted to his brother Ebenezer the sheets for the seventh number, to be made up of "Westminster Abbey," "Stratford-on-Avon," "Little Britain," and the "Angler."

Of the last article he writes:

It is a sketch drawn almost entirely from the life; and, therefore, if it has no other merit, it has that of truth and nature.

It is not likely (he adds) that I shall publish another number soon. I have had so much muddling work with the "Sketch Book" from publishing in both countries, that I have grown tired of it, and have lost all excitement. I shall feel relieved from a cloud, when I get this volume printed and out of my sight. . . . .

The seventh number, published September 13, 1820, terminated the series in America; but the second volume of the English "Sketch Book," included two additional articles, previously contributed by Mr. Irving to the "Analectic Magazine," namely: "Traits of Indian Character," and "Philip of Pokanoket." These articles were subsequently incorporated in the American volumes.

The following letters to his brother Ebenezer and Brevoort were written on the eve of his departure for the continent on that long-talked-of excursion, to which he was looking forward when he embarked from America; but which circumstances had so conspired to delay.

[*To Ebenezer Irving.*]

LONDON, August, 15, 1820.

. . . . The "Sketch Book" has been very successful in England. The first volume is out of print, which is doing very well, considering that it is but four or five months since it was published; that it has had to make its own way, against many disadvantages, being written by an author the public knew nothing of, and published by a bookseller who was going to ruin. The second volume, of which a thousand were printed, is going off briskly; and Murray proposes putting to press immediately a uniform edition of the two volumes at his own expense. I have offered, however, to dispose of the work to him entirely, and am to know his answer to-morrow.* He wishes, likewise to publish an edition of Knickerbocker, which has been repeatedly spoken well of in

* Murray bought the copy-right for two hundred pounds.

the British publications, and particularly in "Blackwood's Magazine," in which I have received the highest eulogium that has ever been passed upon me. It is written by Lockhart, author of "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," and son-in-law to Sir Walter Scott. You will perceive that I have dedicated my second volume to Scott; but this dedication had not been seen by Lockhart at the time he wrote the eulogium. Should a new and complete edition of the work be published in America, I wish the dedication to be placed in the first volume. I cannot sufficiently express how sensible I feel of the warm and affectionate interest which Scott has taken in me and my writings. My second volume has been noticed by two or three periodical publications, and in the same favorable way with the first. I have received abundance of private marks of approbation from literary people here ; and upon the whole, have reason to be highly gratified with the success of my literary enterprise in this country. After all, I value success here chiefly as tending to confirm my standing in my own country ; for it is to popularity at home that I look as the sweetest source of enjoyment.

London, August 15, 1820.

My dear Brevoort :—

I am now in all the hurry and bustle of breaking up my encampment, and moving off for the continent. After remaining so long in one place it is painful to cast loose again and turn oneself adrift ; but I do not wish to remain long enough in any place in Europe to make it a home.

Since I have published with Murray, I have had continual opportunities of seeing something of the literary world, and have formed some very agreeable acquaintances. . . . .

There have been some literary coteries set on foot lately, by some Blue Stockings of fashion, at which I have been much amused. Lady Caroline Lamb is a great promoter of them. You may have read some of her writings, particularly her "Glenarvon," in which she has woven many anecdotes of fashionable life and fashionable characters ; and hinted at particulars of her own story, and that of Lord Byron. She is a strange

being, a compound of contradictions, with much to admire, much to stare at, and much to condemn. . . . .

I have been very much pleased also with Belzoni, the traveller, who is just bringing out a personal narrative of his researches, illustrated with very extraordinary plates. There is the interior of a temple, excavated in a hill, which he discovered and opened ; which had the effect on me of an Arabian tale. There are rows of gigantic statues, thirty feet high, cut out of the calcareous rock, in perfect preservation. I have been as much delighted in conversing with him, and getting from him an account of his adventures and feelings, as was ever one of Sindbad's auditors. Belzoni is about six feet four or five inches high ; of a large frame, but a small, and, I think, a very fine head ; and a countenance which, at times, is very expressive and intelligent. . . . .

I have also frequently met with Mr. Hallam, whose able and interesting work on the Middle Ages you have no doubt seen, and most probably have in your library. Like all other men of real talent and unquestionable merit, he is affable and unpretending. He is a copious talker, and you are sure, when he is present, to have conversation briskly kept up. But it is useless merely to mention names in this manner ; and is too much like entertaining one with a description of a banquet, by merely naming the dishes. One thing I have found invariably, that the greater the merit, the less has been the pretension ; and that there is no being so modest, natural, unaffected, and unassuming as a first-rate genius.

I am delighted to hear that our worthy Patroon is doing well with his foundry. God bless and prosper him, and make him as rich and as happy as he deserves to be. I believe I told you in my last of a long letter, which I received from James Paulding—it was a most gratifying one to me; and it gave me a picture of quiet prosperity and domestic enjoyment, which it is delightful for a wandering, unsettled being like myself to contemplate. O ! my dear Brevoort, how my heart warms towards you all, when I get talking and thinking of past times and past scenes ! What would I not give for a few days among the Highlands of the Hudson, with the little knot that was once assembled there ! But I shall return home and find all changed, and shall be made sensible how much I have

changed myself. It is this idea which continually comes across my mind, when I think of home ; and I am continually picturing to myself the dreary state of a poor devil like myself, who, after wandering about the world among strangers, returns to find himself a still greater stranger in his native place. . . . .

And now, my dear fellow, I must take my leave, for it is midnight, and I am wearied with packing trunks and making other preparations for my departure. The next you will hear from me will be from France ; and after passing five years in England among genuine John Bulls, it will be like entering into a new world to cross the channel.

CHAPTER XXV.

LODGINGS IN PARIS.—GROWING POPULARITY OF THE "SKETCH BOOK" IN ENGLAND.—ITS PARENTAGE ASCRIBED TO SCOTT.—CORRESPONDENCE ON THE SUBJECT.—CHRISTMAS INVITATION.—MURRAY AUTHORIZES DRAFT OF ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS FOR "SKETCH BOOK," IN ADDITION TO THE TERMS AGREED UPON, AND PUBLISHES KNICKERBOCKER.—LETTER TO LESLIE.—HIS DESIGNS FOR KNICKERBOCKER.—HIS LIKENESS OF GEOFFREY.—PETER POWELL'S BURLESQUE ACCOUNT OF ITS COSTUME.—THE AUTHOR'S SENSITIVE COMMENT, AND LESLIE'S REPLY.—SUBJECTS CHOSEN BY LESLIE FOR KNICKERBOCKER.—THE AUTHOR'S OPINION OF THEM.—INCREASING REPUTATION IN ENGLAND.

THE two brothers left London for Paris on the 17th of August.

I ought to have mentioned before, that they had occupied the same lodgings in London for about a year, during which Peter gave anonymously to the world a Venetian tale, taken from the French, entitled "Giovanni Sbogarro," which he had written at Birmingham. It was published in London and in New York, but belonging as it did to a school of fiction that was passing away under the brilliant advent of Scott, its pecuniary success was not very encouraging.

Mr. Irving took lodgings at Paris, at No. 4 Rue Mont Thabor, in the vicinity of the Tuileries; but he had be-

come so unsettled in mind by shifting his quarters to new scenes, that it was some time before he was able to resume his pen.

I have been about a month in Paris (he writes to William, September 22d), and begin to feel a little more at home. Mr. Gallatin * has been extremely attentive to me. I have dined with him repeatedly. Either Paris or myself has changed very much since I was here before. It is by no means so gay as formerly; that is to say, the populace have a more grave and triste appearance. You see but little of the sprightliness and gayety of manner for which the French are proverbial. However, as I have been here but a little time I will not begin to give opinions; and as I wish my letter to go safe, I will not interlard it with any speculations on national character or concerns.

Meanwhile the "Sketch Book" was making a fame for him in England. The "Edinburgh Review," in an article written by Jeffrey, contained a handsome tribute to his talents, and perhaps not the least flattering circumstance connected with its publication in the eyes of Mr. Irving, was a rumor which ascribed its parentage to Sir Walter Scott.

This fact was brought to his knowledge in a most gratifying manner in a letter from Mr. Richard Rush, our minister at the court of St. James, transmitting one from the accomplished Lady Lyttleton, the daughter of Earl Spencer. As it forms a curious and interesting anecdote,

* Albert Gallatin, the American Minister.

I give the correspondence; a portion of it being from copies retained by Mr. Irving.

[*From the Hon. Richard Rush to Wash. Irving.*]

LONDON, October 20, 1820.
11 Blenheim Street.

MY DEAR SIR :—

I value the inclosed letter very highly, and would not trust it out of my own hands but to pass it to yours, and almost tremble at risking it to Paris. Pray, therefore, do not fail to return it, and I must say the sooner the better, as I shall wait impatiently for your answer before returning a final one to my fair correspondent.

She is Lady Lyttleton, the daughter of Earl Spencer, and is among the most accomplished and lovely women of England; worthy, as I think, of another monody from Hayley, should fate ever snatch her from her almost equally estimable husband. If you do not write to me soon all that you have to say upon her letter, I shall certainly give her to understand, and perhaps under my official seal, that *you* are the author of "Waverley," "Rob Roy," and some two or three more of the Shakespearian novels; for as Sir Walter Scott is to have the credit of the "Sketch Book," I can see no good reason why a portion of his laurels should not be transferred to you by way of indemnification. . . . .

[*From Lady Lyttleton to Mr. Rush.*]

DEAR SIR:—

I hope your Excellency will not think that I am presuming too far upon your goodness in taking the liberty of making an inquiry which relates to a subject of some interest, I think to yourself as well as to me. A report has lately prevailed in the literary world, I do not exactly know upon what grounds, that the "*Sketch Book*," which you first procured us the very great pleasure of reading, was written, not as it professes to be, by a countryman of yours, but by Sir Walter Scott, whose very numerous dis-

guises and whose well-known fondness for literary masquerading seem to have gained him the advantage of being suspected as the author of every distinguished work that is published. It appears to me that the merits of the "Sketch Book" are so very unlike those of Scott, and that the style and nature of the work are so new and peculiar, that it puts me out of all patience to hear the surmise, and I could not rest till I had applied to your Excellency for *some proof* of its falsehood. I am told that nobody has yet *actually seen* a copy of the book printed in America; that Sir Walter Scott, a great friend, as he calls himself, of the pretended author, inadvertently asserted one day that Mr. Washington Irving had resided in *London* all the time he was in England; he *could* not, therefore, it was inferred, have written the admirably just descriptions of English *rural* life; and upon my appearing obstinately incredulous, I was assured that if Sir Walter Scott did not write the whole, he at least revised the language, and had all the merit of the style. Let me entreat your Excellency to send me a *triumphant* proof that all this is groundless, and that the very prettiest and *most amiable* book we have read for a long time has not the defect of being a trick upon readers. . . . .

[*From Washington Irving to Mr. Rush.*]

PARIS, October 28, 1820.
4 Rue Mont Thabor.

MY DEAR SIR:—

I feel very much obliged by your letter of the 20th, and am highly flattered by the letter of Lady Lyttleton, which you were so good as to inclose, and which I herewith return. It is indeed delightful to receive applause from such a quarter. As her ladyship seems desirous of full and explicit information as to the authorship of the "Sketch Book," you may assure her that it was entirely written by myself; that the revisions and corrections were my own, and that I have had no literary assistance either in the beginning or the finishing of it. I speak fully to this point, not from any anxiety of authorship, but because the doubts which her ladyship has heard on the subject seem to have arisen from the old notion

that it is impossible for an *American to write decent English.* If I have indeed been fortunate enough to do anything, however trifling, to stagger this prejudice, I am too good a patriot to give up even the little ground I have gained. As to the article on "Rural Life in England," which appears to have pleased her ladyship, it may give it some additional interest in her eyes to know that though the result of general impressions received in various excursions about the country, yet it was sketched in the vicinity of Hagley* just after I had been rambling about its grounds, and whilst its beautiful scenery, with that of the neighborhood, were fresh in my recollection.

I cannot help smiling at the idea that anything I have written should be deemed worthy of being attributed to Sir Walter Scott, and that I should be called upon to vindicate my weak pen from the honor of such a parentage. He could tenant half a hundred scribblers like myself on the mere skirts of his literary reputation. He never saw my writings until in print; but though he has not assisted me with his pen, yet the interest which he took in my success; the praises which he bestowed on some of the first American numbers forwarded to him; the encouragement he gave to me to go on and do more, and the countenance he gave to the first volume when republished in England, have, perhaps, been more effectually serviceable than if he had revised and corrected my work page by page. He has always been to me a frank, generous, warm-hearted friend, and it is one of my greatest gratifications to be able to call him such. Indeed, it is the delight of his noble and liberal nature to do good and to dispense happiness; those who only know him through his writings know not a tithe of his excellence.†

Present my sincere remembrances to Mrs. Rush, and believe me, dear sir, With very great respect,

Yours faithfully,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

* The seat of Lord Lyttleton, where the old customs were kept up, as related by Geoffrey Crayon in his Christmas Eve and Christmas Dinner.

† From a draft of Mr. Irving's reply.

The information contained in this letter, or perhaps the letter itself, was communicated by Mr. Rush to Lady Lyttleton, and was succeeded by a message from Lord and Lady Spencer, her parents, expressing an earnest desire to become acquainted with the author of the "Sketch Book," and inviting him to spend the approaching Christmas at their place. The invitation was conveyed through Mr. Rush, in a note from Mr. Lyttleton. The following is Mr. Irving's reply, which I give from a copy preserved among his papers.

[*To the Hon. Richard Rush.*]

PARIS, December 6, 1820.

MY DEAR SIR :—

I feel very much indebted to you for your letter of the 27th, and hardly know how to express myself as to the very flattering communication from Mr. Lyttleton. It is enough to excite the vanity of a soberer man than myself. Nothing would give me greater gratification than to avail myself of the hospitable invitation of Lord and Lady Spencer, but at present it is out of my power to leave Paris, and would be deranging all my plans to return immediately to England. Will you be kind enough to convey to Mr. Lyttleton my sincere acknowledgments of his politeness, and also of the honor done me by Lord and Lady Spencer; but above all, my heartfelt sense of the interest evinced in my behalf by Lady Lyttleton, which I frankly declare is one of the most gratifying circumstances that has befallen me in the whole course of my literary errantry.

Excuse all this trouble which circumstances oblige me to give your Excellency, and believe me, with my best remembrances to Mrs. Rush,

Yours very faithfully,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Some weeks prior to the date of this letter (October 26), Mr. Murray informed the author that his volumes had succeeded so much beyond his mercantile estimate, that he begged he would do him the favor to draw on him at sixty-five days for one hundred guineas, in addition to the terms agreed upon.

He had also been encouraged to publish the "History of New York."

I did not know you [he writes] as I ought and might have known you until I read "Knickerbocker," of which I am equally happy and proud to have been, though tardily, the publisher. After all, it is at present, and only at present, I trust, your opus magnum; it is the Don Quixote or Hudibras of your country, and, connected with your age at the time it was written, displays most certain marks of genius. It is very generally liked here; and if so, how much more it must be felt, and therefore much more enjoyed by your own countrymen. I am quite delighted with the novelty of character and scenery, which you have so admirably dramatized, and so vividly painted. I have printed it in one octavo volume to range with the "Sketch Book;" but I think this is not the form most appropriate to it, and I now propose to reprint it in four or five small volumes like Lord Byron's works, and denominated foolscap octavo.

In the same letter, Mr. Murray informs him that he had been very much struck with the exquisite humor and correct taste of Leslie's first design, and had engaged him to look over the volume and see if he could make eight or twelve designs equally happy with the first. He also urges him no longer to conceal his name from the world, but to accept openly the wreath the pub-

lic had in store for him, give his name to the works, and write a simple preface announcing it.

At this time Murray had already reprinted the second volume of the "Sketch Book," and was preparing a new and uniform edition of both volumes in a smaller size.

In another part of his letter he says: "By the way, Lord Byron says in his pithy manner, in a letter received to-day, of date October 8, 'Crayon is [very] good,' interlined as I have written it."*

It is very evident, if Mr. Murray had placed too low an estimate upon Mr. Irving at first, he was fully alive to his merits now. "I am convinced," he says, "I did not half know you, and esteeming you highly as I did, certainly my esteem is doubled by my better knowledge of you." It was something of a triumph to receive such a letter from the bookseller who had first declined being his publisher.

* In a manuscript account of a visit to Byron at Ravenna, in June, 1821, now before me, by a young American, whom Byron describes as "intelligent, very handsome," "a little romantic," the poet, after a high encomium upon the Knickerbocker history, thus breaks off about the "Sketch Book:" "His Crayon—I know it by heart, at least there is not a passage that I cannot refer to immediately."

In alluding to this American visitor, Mr. Coolidge of Boston, Byron says in a letter to Moore: "I talked with him much of Irving, whose writings are my delight. But I suspect that he did not take quite so much to me, from his having expected to meet a misanthropical gentleman, in wolf-skin breeches, and answering in fierce monosyllables, instead of a man of this world. I can never get people to understand that poetry is the expression of *excited passion*, and that there is no such thing as a life of passion any more than a continuous earthquake, or an eternal fever."

On the receipt of this letter he writes to Leslie :—

I have just received a very long and friendly letter from Mr. Murray, who in fact has overwhelmed me with eulogiums. It appears that my writings are selling well, and he is multiplying editions. I am very glad to find that he has made your acquaintance, and still more that he has taken a great liking to you. He speaks of you in the most gratifying terms. He has it in his power to be of service to you, and I trust he will be. He tells me he has requested you to look over "Knickerbocker" for subjects for eight or ten sketches, and the "Sketch Book" for a couple, and he wishes me to assist you with my opinion on the subject. I will look over the books and write to you in a day or two. Murray is going to make me so fine in print that I shall hardly know myself. Could not Allston's design be reduced without losing the characteristic humor of it? I am delighted to think that your labors are to be thus interwoven with mine, so that we shall have a kind of joint interest and pride in every volume.

My dear boy, it is a grievous thing to be separated from you, and I feel it more and more. I wish to heaven this world were not so wide, and that we could manage to keep more together in it; this continual separating from those we like is one of the curses of an unsettled life, and with all my vagrant habits I cannot get accustomed to it.

. . . . Mr. Tappan, who bears this letter, told me that it was the wish of Fairman and yourself that an engraving should be made from the likeness you have of me. It is a matter I do not feel so much objection to as I did formerly, having been so much upon the town lately as to have lost much of my modesty. And as I understand that there has been some spurious print of my phiz in America, I do not care if another is made to push it out of sight. You will only be careful to finish the picture so as not to give it too fixed and precise a fashion of dress. I preferred the costume of Newton's likeness of me, which was trimmed with fur. These modern dresses are apt to give a paltry, commonplace air.

This caution to Leslie about the costume proved the

occasion of a piece of waggery on the part of a facetious friend, Peter Powell, one of his little circle of intimates in London, consisting of Leslie, Newton, the "Childe," as he was nicknamed, and Willis, an Irish landscape painter, more frequently spoken of in his letters as Father Luke. In writing to him, Powell informed him that he understood the world was soon to be gratified by an engraving of his physiognomy, to grace the next edition of his works. "Leslie's picture is very much like you," he writes, "but I think plain, unsophisticated people will be monstrously puzzled to know why you should be drawn in the habiliments of a Venetian nobleman of the sixteenth century, though as far as effect goes it is *picturesque* enough."

This supposed change in Leslie's portrait of him called out the following sensitive comment in a letter to the artist, of December 19.

I received a letter from Peter Powell, in which he speaks of my portrait being in the engraver's hands, and that it is painted in the old Venetian costume. I hope you have not misunderstood my meaning when I spoke about the costume in which I should like to be painted. I believe I spoke something about the costume of Newton's portrait. I meant Newton's portrait of *me*, not of *himself*. If you recollect, he painted me as if in some kind of an overcoat with a fur cape ; a dress that had nothing in it remarkable, but which merely avoided any present fashion that might in a few years appear stupid. The Venetian dress which Newton painted himself in would have a fantastic appearance, and savor of affectation. If it is not too late, I should like to have the thing altered. Let the costume be simple and picturesque, but such a one as a gentleman

might be supposed to wear occasionally at the present day. I only wanted you to avoid the edges, and corners, and angles with which a modern coat is so oddly and formally clipped out at the present day.

"I received yesterday yours of the 19th," writes Leslie in reply, "and hasten to relieve your mind from any apprehensions you may entertain with regard to the costume of your portrait, which is still in my room exactly in the state in which you last saw it. I shall finish it in a day or two strictly according to your wishes. The Venetian dress was only a phantom of Peter Powell's imagination, conjured up to disturb your evening dreams."

The whimsical personage who had thus amused himself at the expense of the author, I have heard Mr. Irving characterize as a fine, honorable little fellow, with a fund of humor and a special gift for mimicry. One of his performances was a burlesque of the opera of "Moses in Egypt"; another, an oratorio in which he began by handing in his imaginary female singers, and Leslie hints at a third, in an allusion to his "gallanting that imaginary flock of geese." It was a great treat to his friends to witness these comic exhibitions, but in all his travesties, said Mr. Irving, in attempting an exemplification of one of them, there was nothing overdone. He made his acquaintance when preparing the first number of the "Sketch Book," and introduced him afterwards to Leslie and Newton, with the first of whom he became a great crony.

November 30, 1820, he writes to Leslie:—

I hear that you are going on with the sketches for "Knickerbocker," and that you have executed one on the same subject Allston once chose,

namely, "Peter Stuyvesant rebuking the cobbler." I wish you would drop me a line and let me know what subjects you execute, and how you and Murray make out together. I hear that you have taken the "Childe" to Murray's; you have only to make him acquainted with Willis and Peter Powell, and he will then be able to make one at your tea-kettle debauches.

"The Childe" had just written to him that Willis had sent them home at four in the morning, "reeling with Bohea."

The letter proceeds:—

I have just made a brief but very pleasant excursion into Lower Normandy in company with Mr. Ritchie. I must refer you to a letter scribbled to Peter Powell for a full and faithful narrative of this tour.

I have not this letter, but some pencil memoranda of the tour show that he started on the 8th November, and that his travels extended to Honfleur, at the mouth of the Seine, the scene of his story of "Annette Delarbre" in "Bracebridge Hall."

In his answer, dated December 3, Leslie says:—

The subjects I have chosen are a Dutch fireside, with an old negro telling stories to the children; William the Testy suspending a vagrant by the heels on his patent gallows; Peter Stuyvesant confuting the cobbler; and Anthony Van Corlear taking leave of the young vrows. All of them I have finished except the last, and Mr. Murray appears to be highly pleased with them.

He is delighted with Allston's picture of "Wouter Van Twiller," which will be engraved with the rest. He talks a great deal about you, whenever I see him, in terms of the highest praise and friendship. The "Sketch Book" is entirely out of print.

I like all the subjects that you have chosen for the designs [writes the author in reply] except that of William the Testy suspending the vagabond by the breeches. The circumstance is not of sufficient point or character in the history to be illustrated.

Leslie, in explanation, assigns as a reason for the selection, that Murray wished one design at least from the reign of each governor, and he was puzzled in finding one that could be brought within a small compass from that part of the book. "I was somewhat fearful of it myself," he adds, "but Newton thinks you would like it."

Meanwhile the new candidate for fame was steadily gaining in reputation in England. "I think you are a most fortunate fellow of an author," writes Peter Powell, December 3, "in regard to your debut amongst us in this critical age, for I have not heard of your having so much as a *nose* or a member of any kind cut up by the anatomists of literature; on the contrary, there seems to be almost a *conspiracy* to hoist you over the heads of your contemporaries." And Leslie writes, December 24: "Miller says Geoffrey Crayon is the most fashionable fellow of the day. I am very much inclined to think if you were here just now, 'company would be the spoil of you.'" Then, begging to be remembered to his brother Peter, he concludes: "All the lads join in wishing you both a merry Christmas and happy New Year. I intend appropriating a part of to-morrow to reading your Christmas article. I shall stick up your portrait before my face, and bury myself in an enormous elbow-chair I have

got, over which 'Murphy often sheds his puppies,' relying on the book I shall hold in my hand to act as a charm against the seductions of the seat. These associations are the best means by which I can console myself for your absence."

CHAPTER XXVI.

MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF THOMAS MOORE, THE POET. — VISIT TO THE PRISON OF MARIE ANTOINETTE. — LETTER TO BREVOORT. — REASONS FOR REMAINING ABROAD.—MOORE.—CANNING.—MOORE'S HINT OF THE ORIGIN OF "BRACEBRIDGE HALL." — ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF IRVING FROM MOORE. —JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.—TALMA.—HIS PERFORMANCE OF HAMLET.—LETTER TO LESLIE.—KENNEY, AUTHOR OF "RAISING THE WIND," ETC.—LUTTREL.—INTRODUCED TO THE HOLLANDS.—MURRAY BEGS HIS ACCEPTANCE OF AN ADDITIONAL ONE HUNDRED POUNDS FOR THE "SKETCH BOOK."—THE AUTHOR'S LETTER THEREUPON. — READS MANUSCRIPT TO MOORE. — BANCROFT.—SETS OFF FOR ENGLAND JULY 11TH, HOPING TO HAVE SOMETHING READY FOR THE PRESS BY AUTUMN.

IT was at the close of this year that Mr. Irving made the acquaintance of one of the most brilliant and delightful of his contemporaries, Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, then an absentee in Paris, on account of some pending liabilities of government against him, arising out of the defalcation of his deputy at Bermuda, which he was hoping to adjust. Moore has this entry on the subject in his diary:—

December 21, 1820.—Dined with McKay at the *table d'hôte* at Meurice's for the purpose of being made known to Mr. Washington Irving, the author of the work which has lately had success, the "Sketch Book;" a good-looking and intelligent-mannered man.

McKay, who brought the two authors together, was an Irish gentleman who had come to the French capital from England on a mission to inspect the prisons; and two days after (December 23), he, Lord John Russell, Moore, and Mr. Irving were visiting in company the room in which the ill-fated Marie Antoinette was confined.

I find loose among his papers this brief record of the visit to a place seldom open to a stranger's inspection.

I have just returned from the prison of Marie Antoinette. Under the palace of Justice is a range of cavernous dungeons, called the Conciergerie, the last prison in which criminals are confined previous to execution. We were admitted through grated doors, and conducted along damp dark passages, lighted in some places by dim windows, in others by lamps. On these passages opened the grates of several dungeons in which victims were thrown during the revolution, to indulge in the horrible anticipation of certain death. My flesh crept on my bones as I passed through these regions of despair, and fancied these dens peopled with their wretched inhabitants. I fancied their worn and wasted faces glaring through the grates, to catch, if possible, some ray of hope or mitigation of horror, but seeing nothing except the sentinel pacing up and down the passage, or perhaps some predecessor in misery, dragged along to execution. In this were confined the victims of Robespierre, and finally Robespierre himself.

From this corridor we were led through a small chapel into what at present forms the sacristy, but which was once the dungeon of the unhappy Queen of France. It is low and arched; the walls of prodigious thickness, lighted dimly by a small window. The walls have been plastered and altered, and the whole is fitted up with an air of decency; nothing remains of the old dungeon but the pavement. In one part is a monument placed by Louis XVIII., and around the dungeon are paintings illustrating some of the latest prison scenes of her unhappy life.

The place is shown where her bed stood, divided simply by a screen from the rest of the dungeon in which a guard of soldiers was constantly stationed; beside this dungeon is the black hole—I can give it no better term—in which the Princess Elizabeth was thrust a few hours prior to her execution.

Never have I felt my heart melting with pity more than in beholding this last abode of wretchedness. What a place for a queen, and such a queen! one brought up so delicately, fostered, admired, adored.

The acquaintance with Moore thus commenced grew speedily into intimacy, as will be seen by the following letter to Brevoort, in answer to one urging his return to New York.

PARIS, March 10, 1821.

DEAR BREVOORT :—

. . . . You urge me to return to New York, and say, many ask whether I mean to renounce my country. For this last question I have no reply to make, and yet I will make a reply. As far as my precarious and imperfect abilities enable me, I am endeavoring to serve my country. Whatever I have written has been written with the feelings and published as the writing of an American. Is that renouncing my country? How else am I to serve my country? by coming home and begging an office of it; which I should not have the kind of talent or the business habits requisite to fill? If I can do any good in this world it is with my pen. I feel that even with that I can do very little, but if I do that little and do it as an American, I think my exertions ought to guarantee me from so unkind a question as that which you say is generally made.

As to coming home, I should at this moment be abandoning my literary plans, such as they are. I should lose my labor in various literary materials which I have in hand, and to work up which I must be among the scenes where they were conceived. I should arrive at home at a time when my slender finances require an immediate exercise of my talents, but should be so agitated and discomposed in my feelings by the meet-

ings with my friends, the revival of many distressing circumstances and trains of thought, and should be so hurried by the mere attentions of society, that months would elapse before I could take pen in hand, and then I would have to strike out some entirely new plan and begin *ab ovo.* As to the idea you hold out of being provided for *sooner or later* in our *fortunate* city, I can only say that I see no way in which I could be provided for, not being a man of business, a man of science, or in fact any thing but a mere belles-lettres writer. And as to the fortunate character of our city; to me and mine it has been a very disastrous one. I have written on this point at some length, as I wish to have done with it. My return home must depend upon circumstances, not upon inclinations. I have by patient and persevering labor of my most uncertain pen, and by catching the gleams of sunshine in my cloudy mind, managed to open to myself an avenue to some degree of profit and reputation. I value it the more highly because it is entirely independent and self-created; and I must use my best endeavors to turn it to account. In remaining, therefore, abroad, I do it with the idea that I can best exert my talents, for the present, where I am; and that I trust, will be admitted as a sufficient reply from a man who has but his talents to feed and clothe him. . . . .

I have become very intimate with Anacreon Moore, who is living here with his family. Scarce a day passes without our seeing each other, and he has made me acquainted with many of his friends here. He is a charming, joyous fellow; full of frank, generous, manly feeling. I am happy to say he expresses himself in the fullest and strongest manner on the subject of his writings in America, which he pronounces the great sin of his early life. He is busy upon the life of Sheridan and upon a poem. His acquaintance is one of the most gratifying things I have met with for some time; as he takes the warm interest of an old friend in me and my concerns.

Canning is likewise here with his family, and has been very polite in his attentions to me. He has expressed a very flattering opinion of my writings both here and in England, and his opinion is of great weight and value in the critical world. I had a very agreeable dinner at his

house a few days since, at which I met Moore, Sir Sidney Smith, and several other interesting characters.

"You keep excellent company in Paris," Brevoort answers. "Anacreon Moore and Mr. Canning; these are names that set one's blood in motion." Brevoort would have been glad if he had enriched his letters with more particulars of the interesting characters he was meeting, but his friend used jestingly to say that he was now living by his pen, and must save up all his anecdotes and good things for his publishers.

Nine days after the date of this letter, March 19, Moore furnishes this interesting glimpse of the author, and of the origin of "Bracebridge Hall," the work which Mr. Irving was next to give to the world.

19*th*.—Too happy to dine at home to-day. Bessy in low spirits at parting with our dear Anastasia, who goes to-day to Mrs. Forster's. Irving called near dinner time; asked him to stay and share our roast chicken with us, which he did. He has been hard at work writing lately; in the course of ten days has written about one hundred and thirty pages of the size of those in the "Sketch Book;" this is amazing rapidity. Has followed up an idea which I suggested, and taken the characters in his "Christmas Essay," Master Simon, etc., etc., for the purpose of making a slight thread of a story on which to string his remarks and sketches of human manner and feelings; left us at nine.

A week later we have from Moore this further glimpse of Irving at a dance at the poet's new apartments, in celebration of the tenth anniversary of his marriage to Bessy, for whom, with all his devotion to the gay world,

Mr. Irving used always to bear witness, his affection was deep and unchanging.

26th.—Bessy busy in preparations for the dance this evening. . . . . Went into town too late to return to dinner, and dined at Very's alone. Found on my return our little rooms laid out with great management and decorated with quantities of flowers, which Mrs. Story had sent. Our company, Mrs. S. and her cousins, Mrs. Forster, her two daughters and Miss Bridgeman, the Villamils, Irving, Captain Johnson, Wilder, etc., and the Douglases. Began with music; Mrs. V., Miss Drew, and Emma Forster sung. Our dance afterwards to the pianoforte very gay, and not the less so for the floor giving way in sundry places ; a circle of chalk was drawn around one hole, Dr. Yonge was placed sentry over another, and whenever there was a new crack, the general laugh at the heavy foot that produced it, caused more merriment than the solidest floor in Paris could have given birth to. Sandwiches, negus, and champagne crowned the night, and we did not separate till near four in the morning. Irving's humor began to break out as the floor broke in, and he was much more himself than ever I have seen him.

A few loose leaves of an imperfect journal of the author, found among his papers after his death, give an interesting account of his first meeting with Talma, the great French tragedian, in company with John Howard Payne, the young American Roscius of former days. Payne was a fellow-townsman of Mr. Irving, who had appeared with great éclat at the Park Theatre in New York in his sixteenth year, in the character of young Norval. He had outgrown all tragic symmetry after leaving his country in 1813 to try his success in England, and from being an actor, had assumed at one time the man-

agement of Sadler's Wells; had failed in this and got in debt. He afterwards brought out Junius Brutus, a tragedy which he had manufactured out of two or three plays. It had a great run, and Mr. Irving called on him in London to congratulate him on his success: but alas! its success had proved his ruin. It brought his creditors down upon him, and he was thrown into prison. Here he wrote "Teresa, or the Orphan of Geneva," which was successful and extricated him. Then he escaped to Paris, where Mr. Irving met him. Payne was a fluent writer, and for a while a successful performer; but he is most favorably known at the present day as the author of "Home, Sweet Home," a popular song which he introduced in his opera of "Clari, or the Maid of Milan." The profits arising from it, realized by the manager and not by Payne, have been stated to have amounted to two thousand guineas in two years.

Paris, April 25th, 1821.—Breakfasted this morning with John Howard Payne. He has the first floor of a small house, in a garden No. 16 Petit rue de St. Petre, Pont aux choux. The morning was fine and the air soft and spring-like. His casements were thrown open, and the breezes that blew in were extremely grateful. He has a couple of canary birds, with a little perch ornamented with moss. He stands it in the window, and they fly about the garden and return to their perch for food and to rest at night.

Payne is full of dramatic projects, and some that are very feasible.

After breakfast we strolled along the Boulevards, gossiping, staring at groups and sights and signs, and looking over booksellers' stalls. He proposed to me to call on Talma, who had just returned to Paris. He has

a suite of apartments in a hotel, No. — Rue des Petites Augustines. He has a seat in the country about — miles from Paris, of which he is extremely fond, and is continually altering and improving, though he can seldom get there above once a week. He is about to build a town residence, and at present lives in lodgings. I got Payne to mount before me, as I did not wish to call on Talma so unceremoniously. Payne found him changing his linen. He requested him immediately to bring me up. On entering he received me in a very friendly, frank way, and turning to Payne, said : "Why he is quite a young man ;" it seems he had expected to see an old one ; his room was full of furniture, and books, etc., rather confused. I remarked a colored engraving of John Kemble.

Talma is about 5 feet 7 or 7½ inches English, rather inclined to fat, with large face and thick neck. His eyes are bluish, and have a peculiar cast in them at times. He speaks English well, and is very frank, animated, and natural in conversation ; a fine, hearty simplicity of manner. Asked me if this was my first visit to Paris ; told him that I had been here once before—about fourteen years since. "Ah ! that was in the time of the Emperor," said he. He remarked that Paris was very much changed ; thinks the French character greatly changed; more grave. You see the young men from the colleges, said he ; how grave they are ; they walk together, conversing incessantly on politics and other grave subjects ; says the nation has become as grave as the English.

We spoke of the French play of Hamlet. I asked if other of Shakespeare's plays were adapting for the French stage. He believed not. He thinks there is likely to be great changes in French drama. The public feel greater interest in scenes that come home to common life and people in ordinary situations, than in the distresses of heroic personages of classic literature. Hence they never come to the Théâtre Français except to see a few great actors, but they crowd to the minor theatres to see the representation of ordinary life. He says the revolution has made so many strong and vivid scenes of real life pass before their eyes, that they can no longer be affected by mere declamation and fine language ; they require character, incident, passion, life.

Says if there should be another revolution it would be a bloody one.

The nation (*i. e.* the younger part, children of the revolution) have such a hatred of the priests and noblesse, that they would fly upon them like sheep. Mentions the manner in which certain parts of plays have been applauded lately at Rouen ; one part which said, "Usurpers are not always tyrants." When we were coming away he followed us to the door of his ante-chamber; in passing through the latter I saw children's swords and soldiers' caps lying on the table, and said, "Your children, I see, have swords for playthings." He replied with animation, that all the amusements of the children were military ; that they would have nothing to play with but swords, guns, trumpets, drums, etc.

It was after this interview that Mr. Irving saw Talma's performance of Hamlet, and I find among his papers this allusion to the tragedy and the actor.

The successful performance of a translation of Hamlet has been an era in the French drama. It is true the play has been sadly mutilated ; it has been stripped of its most natural and characteristic beauties, and an attempt has been made to reduce it to the naked stateliness of one of their own dramas ; but it still retains enough of the wild magnificence of Shakespeare's imagination to give it an individual character on the French stage. Though the ghost of Hamlet's father does not actually tread the boards, yet he hovers in idea about his son, and the powerful acting of Talma gives an idea of this portentous visitation far more awful and mysterious than could be presented by any spectral representation. The effect of this play on the French audiences is astonishing. The doors of the theatre are besieged at an early hour on the evening of its representation ; the houses are crowded to overflowing ; the audience continually passes from intervals of breathless attention to bursts of ungovernable applause. I have seen a lady carried fainting from the boxes, overcome by the acting of Talma in the scene with his mother, where he fancies he sees the spectre of his father.

Newton had at this time acquired a good deal of dis-

tinction from a picture, "Le Facheux," which had got one of the best places at the exhibition, between Wilkie and Jackson. It had made quite a sensation in the papers, and had been purchased by Thomas Hope, the author of "Anastasius." He could hardly have been more fortunate in the character of the purchaser or the gallery to which it was destined, Hope having the finest collection in London. "I have something of your feeling," he writes to the author of the "Sketch Book," February 10, 1821, "on occasion of this distinction, and am terribly nervous lest I should not get as good a subject for my next."

At the date of the leaf or fragment which follows, and which, like the note of his visit to Talma, I gleaned from some literary rubbish of the author, Moore had changed his quarters for a cottage in the neighborhood of St. Cloud; and Kenney, the delineator of "Jeremy Diddler," had found a nestling place in the elbow of an old royal castle on the crest of a hill opposite.

May 16*th*, 1821.—I took an early dinner at 4 o'clock, and rode but afterwards to see Moore. Took a place in a cuckoo to St. Cloud. It was a lovely afternoon, and the walk through the park of St. Cloud was delightful; views of the Seine, with boats drifting down it; bridges crossing it. Found Moore at his cottage in the park of Mr. Villamil's seat, La Butte; a very pretty cottage; magnificent scenery all about it. It stands on the side of the hill that rises above Sèvres. To the left is St. Cloud and its grand park. The Seine winds at the foot of the hill, and the great plain of Neuilly lies before you, with the Bois de Boulogne and Paris in the distance; glorious effect of sunset on Moore's balcony; the gilded dome of the Invalides flaming in the sunshine.

Accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Moore, and the Villamils to Mr. Kenney's, author of "Raising the Wind," etc. He married the widow of Holcroft, who had several children; her stock and his own made eight children. They have apartments in one of the wings, or rather the offices of the old chateau of Bellevue, built by Louis XV., where he and Madame Pompadour lived. The old chateau is a picture of grandeur in decay; the windows broken; the clock shattered; the court-yards grass-grown; apartments in a ruined and dilapidated state. Kenney's establishment squalid; remains of magnificent furniture; old sofa, with griffin-head arms; old stools, which had doubtless been for the courtiers in the royal apartments.

Kenney a very worthy and a very pleasant fellow; a thin, pale man, with a gentleness of demeanor and manner, and very nervous. He gave some descriptions of scenes in London with admirable truth and character. Moore told me that he was once giving Kenney an account of his misfortunes; the heavy blow he sustained in consequence of the default of his agent in Bermuda. Kenney expressed the strongest sympathy. "Gad, sir, it's well you were a poet; a philosopher never would have borne it."

June 21, we have this mention in Moore's diary of a dinner at his cottage, in which Lord John Russell, Luttrel, the author of "Advice to Julia," then newly arrived, and Irving, were his guests. "In speaking of my abuse of the Americans, Irving said it was unlucky that some of my best verses were upon that subject; 'put them in his *strongest* pickle,' said Luttrel."

Luttrel was noted for the grace and delicacy of his wit, and I have heard Mr. Irving express admiration of an impromptu specimen which occurred about this time in his presence.

Moore, Luttrel, and himself were walking together, when Moore alluded to the uncertain fate of a female aeronaut who took her flight into the empyrean and continued to ascend in her "airy ship," until she was lost to view, and, added the poet, "never heard of more." "Handed out by Enoch and Elijah," was Luttrel's immediate and happy response.

In Moore's diary we have this further glimpse of his friend at Paris.

July 2d, 1821.—Took Irving to present him to the Hollands ; my lady very gracious to him.

Mr. Irving was at this time so anxious to get on with his literary pursuits, that he rather avoided the gay world.

I have advances made me by society [he writes to Brevoort not long before], that were I a mere seeker of society, would be invaluable ; but I dread so much being put out in my pursuits and distracted by the mere hurry of fashionable engagements that I keep aloof and neglect opportunities which I may perhaps at some future day look back to with regret.

About this time he received from his London publisher the following concise authority to draw on him for a hundred pounds, a second gratuitous contribution for the "Sketch Book," of which, writes Newton, "Murray says its success, considering all things, is unparalleled."

London, June 20, 1821.

My dear Irving :—

Draw upon me for a hundred pounds, of which I beg thy acceptance, and pray tell me how you are and what you are about ; and above all, pardon my short letter. Believe me ever,

Thy faithful friend,

John Murray.

There is a review of the "Sketch Book" in the "Quarterly," which you will like.

The following is the author's reply :—

[*To John Murray.*]

Paris, July 6, 1821.

My dear Sir :—

I write in very great haste to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 29th ult. I am extremely happy to hear that the "Sketch Book" has been favorably noticed in the "Quarterly." I have not seen the Review, but I doubt whether any criticism in it can be so emphatic as that in your letter. You were certainly intended for a critic. I never knew any one convey so much meaning in so concise and agreeable a manner. In compliance with your request, I have drawn on you for a hundred pounds in favor of Mr. Samuel Williams of London. The supply came opportunely. I am on the point of leaving Paris for Brussels, and where I shall go from thence is at present undetermined ; but I shall write to you from the Netherlands, should I make any stop there.

I have been leading a "miscellaneous" kind of life at Paris, if I may use a literary phrase. I have been rather distracted by engagements, in spite of all my efforts to keep out of society. Anacreon Moore is living here, and has made me a gayer fellow than I could have wished ; but I found it impossible to resist the charm of his society. Paris is like an

English watering-place, with the advantage of the best kind of amusements, and excellent society.

I have scribbled at intervals, and have a mass of writings by me; rather desultory, as must be the case when one is so much interrupted; but I hope, in the fullness of time, to get them into some order.

I write in extreme haste, having to pack up and make other preparations for departure.

With my best regards to Mrs. Murray and the rest of your family, I am, my dear sir,

Very faithfully yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

In this letter the author is "on the point of leaving Paris for Brussels;" but a sudden change of purpose comes over him, and he determines to start for London at once, to be in time for the approaching coronation of George IV.; hoping also to get something ready for the press by autumn. One of his last acts in Paris, is to read to Moore a portion of the manuscript of "Buckthorne and his Friends," originally designed for "Bracebridge Hall," his next work, but forming part of the contents of "The Tales of a Traveller" which succeeded it. He had already read a portion of it to the poet, "sitting on the grass in the walk up the Rocher."

July 9th.—Moore has the following: Irving came to breakfast for the purpose of taking leave (being about to set off for England), and of reading to me some more of his new work; some of it much livelier than the first he read. He has given the description of the booksellers' dinner so exactly like what I told him of one of the Longmans (the carving partner,

the partner to laugh at the popular author's jokes, the twelve edition writers treated with claret, etc.), that I very much fear my friends in Paternoster Row will know themselves in the picture.

Subsequently, he affords the author an opportunity to improve the picture by personal observation, a part of his record of May 22, 1822, in London being: "Introduced Irving to the Longmans, and dined with him there."

It is no disparagement of the poet, however, to say, as has been said by a critical authority, that the picture "owed everything to Irving's handling."

It must have been about this time, also, that Mr. Irving read to our distinguished historian George Bancroft, then fresh from two years' study at Göttingen, a portion of the work he was preparing for the press. "During a summer in Paris," says that gentleman in his commemorative remarks before the New York Historical Society, "I formed with him that relation of friendly intimacy, which grew in strength to the last. Time has in a measure effaced the relative difference in our years, but then he was almost twice as old as I. . . . . One evening, after we had been many hours together, he took me to his room, and read to me what he had written at one sitting. . . . . I remember it to this day: it was his 'St. Mark's Eve,' from the words, 'I am now alone in my chamber,' to the end."

The last glimpse we have in Moore's Diary, of Irving at Paris, is the following:—

July 10*th*.—Went in to dine at Lord Holland's. Company, Lord John, Fazakerly, Irving, Allen. . . . . Kenney and Irving set off for England to-morrow.

The poet does not mention what I have heard Mr. Irving speak of as an impressive recollection of the occasion, that Talma came in after dinner with the news of the death of Napoleon.

The next day he set off for England, accompanied by Kenney, who by the way, was the personage alluded to in his "Life of Goldsmith," as the author whom he had seen with his back to a tree and his foot to a stone, trying to bother out a scene in a farce which he could not manage to his satisfaction.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CORONATION OF GEORGE IV.—MEETING WITH SCOTT.—DETAINED IN LONDON ABOUT A PLAY OF PAYNE. — LITERARY CONCERNS. — EXCURSION TO BIRMINGHAM WITH LESLIE. — "THE STOUT GENTLEMAN."— ITS MORAL.— KEPT AT BIRMINGHAM BY ILLNESS.—NEWTON'S INTRODUCTION TO LA BUTTE BY HIMSELF.—LESLIE AND POWELL'S JOINT ACCOUNT OF THEIR HOUSE-KEEPING IN BUCKINGHAM PLACE. — LETTER TO LESLIE.— DEATH OF HIS BROTHER WILLIAM.—MOORE.

MR. IRVING arrived in London the day before the coronation, and the next morning got a stand on the outside of Westminster Abbey, with Newton and Leslie, to see the procession pass. The following day he called on Scott, who congratulated him in his hearty manner on his success, and asked him if he had seen the coronation. He told him he had seen the procession on the outside. "O you should have been inside." "Why I only came over the day before, and I did not know how to manage it." "Hut, man," said Scott, "you should have told them who you were, and you would have got in anywhere." At parting, Scott expressed his regret that he would not probably see anything more of him in London, as he was *engaged up to the hub.*

Mr. Irving had not meditated any stay in London, but was kept there some time in a fruitless attempt to bring upon the stage a petite comedy of John Howard Payne, entitled "The Borrower," which he had sent him from Paris. The circumstances of Payne were such as to call for prompt action in the matter, and as England was not open to him by reason of his debts, he had availed himself of Mr. Irving's kindness to send him the manuscript. He wrote, July 14, apprising him of its transmission, but the letter would seem not to have taken a very direct course, and to have kept Mr. Irving in London waiting its receipt some time after he had hoped to have joined his sister in Birmingham. Payne laments, in a letter of August 12, that his kind dispositions towards him should have been the source of any derangement of his plans.

In a letter to Peter, dated London, September 6, he says:—

> I have a variety of writings in hand, some I think superior to what I have already published; my only anxiety is to get them into shape and order. . . . .
>
> I have fagged hard to get another work under way, as I felt that a great deal depended upon it, both as to reputation and profit. I feel my system a little affected now and then by these sedentary fits to which, until two or three years past, I have not been accustomed. When I get my present manuscript finished and off of hands, I think I will give myself holiday.

Mr. Irving brought with him to London the manu-

script of the chief part of "Bracebridge Hall," in the rough, intending or hoping to make arrangements for its publication in the autumn. On reading to Leslie "Buckthorne," the part of his "writings in hand" which he had in view in the letter to Peter, just quoted, as in his judgment "superior to what" he had "already published," the artist suggested that he should retain that as the groundwork of a novel, and substitute something else. He accordingly threw it by, and replaced it with the "Student of Salamanca;" an ill-judged change, as he afterwards regarded it, but he was prone to yield too readily to the suggestions of others.

It was about the 9th of September, that Mr. Irving and Leslie started on the excursion to Birmingham, of which the latter speaks in the extract given below. Irving had been previously suggesting to Leslie for his pencil, the subject of Shakespeare brought up for deer stealing, having a picture in his own mind, which the artist, after repeated efforts, could not make out. He caught at the idea at first, however, and was in pursuit of materials, when they started off together, intending to bring up at the residence of Mr. Van Wart, Irving's brother-in-law.

In the account of the expedition which follows, Leslie touches upon the origin of "The Stout Gentleman," the gem of "Bracebridge Hall." I transcribe from his Autobiography.

Towards the close of the summer of 1821, I made a delightful excursion with Washington Irving to Birmingham, and thence into Derby-

shire. We mounted the top of one of the Oxford coaches at three o'clock in the afternoon, intending only to go as far as Henley that night; but the evening was so fine, and the fields filled with laborers gathering in the corn by the light of a full moon, presented so animated an appearance, that although we had not dined, we determined to proceed to Oxford, which we reached about eleven o'clock, and then sat down to a hot supper.

The next day it rained unceasingly, and we were confined to the inn, like the nervous traveller whom Irving has described as spending a day in endeavoring to penetrate the mystery of "the stout gentleman." This wet Sunday at Oxford did in fact suggest to him that capital story, if story it can be called. That next morning, as we mounted the coach, I said something about a *stout gentleman* who had come from London with us the day before, and Irving remarked that "The Stout Gentleman" would not be a bad title for a tale; as soon as the coach stopped, he began writing with his pencil, and went on at every like opportunity. We visited Stratford-on-Avon, strolled about Charlecot Park and other places in the neighborhood, and while I was sketching, Irving, mounted on a stile or seated on a stone, was busily engaged with "The Stout Gentleman." He wrote with the greatest rapidity, often laughing to himself, and from time to time reading the manuscript to me. We loitered some days in this classic neighborhood, visiting Warwick and Kenilworth; and by the time we arrived at Birmingham, the outline of "The Stout Gentleman" was completed. The amusing account of "The Modern Knights Errant," he added at Birmingham, and the inimitable picture of the inn-yard on a rainy day, was taken from an inn where we were afterwards quartered at Derby.

If I may venture to add anything to this delightful sketch by Leslie, which harmonizes with all that Mr. Irving has told me relative to the composition of that story, one of the few things he had written, of which from the first, as I have heard him say, he had never

doubted, it is that he gave the concluding touch to it, sitting on a grave-stone in Lillington church-yard close by Leamington, while Leslie was sketching a view of Warwick castle, which the yard commanded.

Another anecdote rises to my memory, connected with that light and frolicsome specimen of his pen.

I was once reading aloud in his presence, a very flattering review of his works, which had been sent him by the critic in 1848, and smiled as I came to this sentence: "His most comical pieces have always a serious end in view." "You laugh," said he, with that air of whimsical significance so natural to him, "but it is true. I have kept that to myself hitherto, but that man has found me out. He has detected the moral of the 'Stout Gentleman.'"

Mr. Irving had intended but a short visit to the residence of his sister at Birmingham, but was detained there nearly four months by illness, most of the time confined to the house.

I have been upwards of two months in England, [he writes to his brother Ebenezer, September 28]. I came over in hopes of getting some manuscript ready for the press this autumn, but ever since my arrival in England I have been so much out of health as to prevent my doing anything of consequence with my pen. I have been troubled with bilious attacks, to which I had never before been subject. It is the consequence of being too much within doors, and not taking exercise enough. I am now dieting myself and taking medicine, and I trust I shall, with a little care and attention, get myself in fine order again. I am very anxious to get something into print, but find it next to impossible, in my present

state of health, to do anything material. Murray is also extremely desirous ; and indeed the success of my former writings would insure a run to anything I should now bring forward. . . . .

You have wished for an additional number of the "Sketch Book," but I have not been able to prepare one, being occupied with other writings. If you could clear off the stock of odd numbers that remain, even though it should be at considerable sacrifice, I wish you would do it. We could then publish a complete and corrected edition in two volumes.

The following letter to Leslie is written eleven days later from his sister's house, which he designates with characteristic playfulness, Edgbaston *Castle*, as he had styled her husband, Van Wart, on a former occasion, Baron Von Tromp, and his residence the *Castle* of the Von Tromps.

EDGBASTON CASTLE, October 9, 1821.

MY DEAR LESLIE :—

I have been looking for a letter from you every day. Why don't you drop me a line ? It would be particularly cheering just now. I have not been out of the house since you left here; having been much indisposed by a cold, I am at the mercy of every breath of air that blows. I have had pains in my head, my face swollen, and yesterday passed the greater part of the day in bed, which is a very extraordinary thing for me. To-day I feel better ; but I am sadly out of order ; and what especially annoys me is, that I see day after day and week after week passing away without being able to do anything. . . . . Have you begun any new picture yet, or have you any immediately in contemplation ? I received a letter from Newton, which I presume was forwarded by your direction. Why did you not open it ? It was dated the 15th September. He had arrived but two or three days ; had sailed up the Seine from Havre to Rouen with my brother in the steamboat. He had dined with Moore, had passed a day in the Louvre, where he met Wilkie, and strolled the gallery with

him. He speaks in raptures of the Louvre. He says it strikes him in quite a different way from what it did when he was there before. He intended to go to work a day or two afterwards, and expected to pass the greater part of his time there.

Have you seen Murray? when you see him you need not say where I am. I want the quiet, and not to be bothered in any way. Tell him I am in a country doctor's hands at Edgbaston somewhere in Warwickshire. I think that will puzzle any one, as Edgbaston has been built only within a year or two. Get me all the pleasant news you can, and then sit down in the evening and scribble a letter without minding points or fine terms. My sister is very anxious to hear of you. You have quite won her heart, not so much by your merits as by your attention to the children. By the way, the little girls have become very fond of the pencil since you were here, and are continually taking their dolls' likenesses.

Ever yours,

W. I.

In a postscript, dated the 17th, of Newton's letter here alluded to, the artist mentions his dining with Moore the day preceding, and in the body of the letter he gives this account of his introduction to La Butte:—

I was presented last night at La Butte in a most characteristic manner. As Mr. Moore leaves town in a day or two, Mr. Story thought no time should be lost to introduce me, so set off for that purpose after dark and in the rain, which, as you know the place, will of itself give you an idea of the enterprise. I, of course, was ignorant of the situation, or I should have opposed it, as it was undertaken on my account. As it was, figure to yourself Mrs. Story equipped with an old gentleman's shoes (who sat in a carriage the while), and me with a lanthorn and umbrella, slipping about, drabbled, and sometimes lost in those mazes of which I have only still a sort of nightmare recollection. I was extremely mortified at being the cause of so much disaster, but they did not seem to think it so much

out of the way, and as we came off happily, I was on the whole glad of the oddity of the adventure. This and some other little traits amused me extremely, as corresponding with the idea you had given me of this coterie.

October 22, Leslie writes him :—

Powell and I commenced housekeeping a week ago. It is probable that nothing will more astonish you on your return than the metamorphosis at Buckingham Place. Not to speak of window curtains, a piano-forte, *small knives* and plates at breakfast, you will be surprised to find an *academy* established on the principle of mutual education in various branches of learning and the fine arts. During breakfast, Powell gives me a lesson in French. At five we both study carving. After tea I teach him to draw the figures, and at odd times he instructs himself in German and the piano-forte, and once a week he unfolds to me the mysteries of political economy according to Cobbett. Instruction is even extended beyond our walls, as far indeed as Sloane Street, where Powell delivers a weekly lecture on perspective. In this way we pass the time ; and I am quite sure that if I get through the winter as I have passed the last week, and with you and Newton here, it will be the most agreeable one I shall have spent in London. I was glad to hear of Newton from you. I did not see his letter or I should have opened it. I am at present painting the portraits of two little girls, and making a drawing from the "Royal Poet," the incident of the dove flying into the window. Powell has promised to fill up the sheet. I must therefore bid you good-by.

Powell fills up the sheet after this burlesque fashion :—

I am beginning to be ashamed of the prejudices I had imbibed about Buckingham Place. All prejudices are hateful, and people ought to live in every spot they do not like, in order to ascertain whether their opinions are well or ill-founded. There are many charms about this place, the enjoyment of which I never contemplated. While I am now writing, in

addition to the enjoyment of my tea and rolls, a sort of troubadour is warbling beneath my window, together with the partner of his bosom, and a little natural production between both, equally regardless of fame and weather, and seemingly smitten only by the love of half-pence ; the pleasure of getting which in this neighborhood, must, I suppose, like that of angling, be greatly increased by the rarity of the bite. Those things about us here, that to the common view appear disagreeable, tend to increase our happiness. The repose and quiet of our evening talk or studies is rendered still more so by its contrast with a matrimonial squabble in the street, or the undisguised acknowledgment of pain in the vociferations of a whipped urchin up the court.

We are also much more pastoral here than you would imagine.

We have a share in a *cow*, which makes its appearance twice a day in a blue and white cream-jug. We eat our own dinners, and *generally* have enough. Yesterday, to be sure, we came a little short, in consequence of Leslie, who acts as maitre d'hôtel, having ordered a sumptuous hash to be made from a cold shoulder of lamb, the meat of which had been previously stripped from it with surgical dexterity by our host himself during the three preceding days. There have been a great many disputes in all ages about the real situation of Paradise. I have not, to be sure, read all the arguments upon the subject ; but if I were to go entirely by my own judgment, I should guess it to be somewhere near the corner of Cambridge Court, Fitzroy Square.

Adieu, and increased health to you.

Yours, etc., etc., etc.

P. P.

The following is the author's reply to Leslie, the address to his "friend Peter" being missing.

EDGBASTON, October 25, 1821.

MY DEAR LESLIE :—

I thank you a thousand times for your letter. I had intended to have answered your preceding one before, but I am not in mood or condition

to write, and had nothing to say worth writing. I am still in the hands of the physician. I have taken draughts and pills enough to kill a horse, yet I can not determine whether I am not rather worse off than when I began.

I cannot at this moment suggest anything for your Christmas piece. I do not know your general plan. Is it to be a daylight piece, or an evening round a hall fire? Is there no news of Newton? If I had thought he would remain so long at Paris, I would have written to him. I am glad to hear that you are so snugly fixed with friend Powell for the winter, though I should have been much better pleased to have heard that you were turned neck and heels into the street. Reconcile it to yourself as you may, I shall ever look upon your present residence as a most serious detriment to you; and were you to lose six or even twelve months in looking for another, I should think you a gainer upon the whole.

What prospects are there of the plates being finished for Knickerbocker and the "Sketch Book?" When do you begin a large picture, and what subject do you attack first? It is time you had something under way. I must leave a space to reply to friend Peter; so farewell for the present.

Yours, ever,

W. I.

Two days after the date of this letter, Mr. Irving received one from Ebenezer, informing him that his brother William was gradually growing weaker under a seated consumption. He died November 9, 1821.

In alluding to the loss of this brother, whom he describes as having been "a kind of father to them all," he speaks of him in a later letter as "a man full of worth and talents, beloved in private and honored in public life." Paulding has also recorded his appreciation of him as "a man of wit and genius." William died at the age of fifty-five. His disease was thought to have been

hastened by over-anxiety in business. He had been about retiring at the close of the war with a handsome fortune, when a cloud came over the commercial world, and though not involved in the embarrassments of his brothers, he found himself a serious sufferer from the times, and obliged to continue a life of exertion when his health required entire repose.

About this time Mr. Irving received from Newton a letter, which gives the following tidings of Moore.

Moore's affairs are settled, and he is coming to live in England; he goes to France on Monday next; he is sitting to me. He desires his best regards to you, and had he known you were in Birmingham would have stopped there.

Moore had come over incog. from Paris some three weeks before the date of this letter; had settled his affairs; that is, the Bermuda difficulty, with the money arising from the sale to Murray of the "Memoirs of Byron," which the poet had given him in Italy some two years previous, to make what use of them he pleased, though with the understanding that they could not be published during his life. He was now about to return to Paris, where he remained nearly four months after Mr. Irving had gone up to London. He had passed through Birmingham twice during his incognito, without being aware of Mr. Irving's presence in that city. The last time was October 21, on his way from Ireland to London. His diary gives the following record for the next day.

October 22.—Arrived in London at 7 *incog.* . . . . Was preparing, as usual, to sneak out in a hackney coach, when Rees arrived with the important and joyful intelligence that the agent has accepted the £1,000, and that I am now a free man again. Walked boldly out into the sunshine, and showed myself up St. James Street and Bond Street.

Moore had returned to Paris on the 11th of November, and when he visited London again in April, he rescinded his bargain with Murray for the "Memoirs of Byron," making himself a debtor to the publisher for the two thousand guineas advanced, and leaving the manuscript in his hands as security for its repayment. These memoirs, which were not destined to see the light, Mr. Irving had read while in Paris with Moore.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

RETURN TO LONDON.—TRANSMITS FIRST VOLUME OF "BRACEBRIDGE HALL."—MOSES THOMAS.—COOPER AND "THE SPY."—SENDS OFF VOLUME II. "BRACEBRIDGE HALL."—MAKES CONTRACT WITH MURRAY FOR PUBLICATION IN ENGLAND.—JOHN RANDOLPH.—MRS. SIDDONS.—VISIT TO WIMBLEDON, ONE OF THE COUNTRY SEATS OF EARL SPENCER.—MEETING WITH ROGERS.—VISIT TO THE COUNTRY SEAT OF THOMAS HOPE.—LINES WRITTEN IN THE DEEP DENE ALBUM.—ROGERS.—MATTHEWS, THE COMEDIAN.—PREPARING POR AN EXCURSION INTO GERMANY.

MR. IRVING returned to London on the 26th of December, and four weeks thereafter transmitted across the Atlantic the first volume of "Bracebridge Hall," which he had hoped to have had ready for the press the preceding autumn, but which had been retarded by indisposition, depression, and the fact that when he had got it nearly complete he was induced, as has been before stated, to subtract from it a large portion, which would form the foundation of a work by itself, and task himself in the height of his illness to supply its place.

[*To Ebenezer Irving.*]

LONDON, January 29, 1822.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

By the packet from Liverpool which brings this letter I forward you a parcel containing the first volume of "Bracebridge Hall, or the Humour

ists," a medley in two volumes. I had hoped to have sent both volumes, but I have not been able to get the second volume ready in time for this opportunity, though I have tried until the last moment. You will receive it, however, by the next opportunity, and very probably before you can have made the necessary arrangements for printing. At any rate, put the first volume to press *immediately* and publish it *as soon as possible*, with or without the second volume. As it is not like a novel, but rather a connected series of tales and essays, it is of no great importance that they should be published together; but it is of the greatest importance that some part of the work should appear as early as possible, to give me some chance of securing copy-right. I shall have to put it to press here in a very short time, as the season is advancing, and my publisher is very impatient; besides, the public has been expecting something from me for some time past, and it will not do to let expectation get too high. If the work is not got out, therefore, very soon in America, there will be a chance of an English copy getting out beforehand, and thus throwing me at the mercy of American publishers. Should the number of copies make any material difference in the time of getting out the work, you had better let the first edition be rather small; and put another to press the moment I furnish you with proof-sheets of the English edition, in which there will doubtless be many alterations, as I have not had time to revise some parts of the work sufficiently, and am apt to make alterations to the last moment.

The work had better be printed in duodecimo, and to save time in binding, let the volumes be put up in lettered covers like the "Sketch Book." The second edition can be got up in better style. The first volume runs, as near as I can guess, between 340 and 350 pages of the American edition of the "Sketch Book." The second volume will be about the same size. You can make your estimates accordingly. Put what price you think proper. I do not care about its being a very high one. *I wish, expressly, Moses Thomas to have the preference over every other publisher.* I impress this upon you, and beg you to attend to it as earnestly as if I had written three sheets full on the subject. Whatever may have been his embarrassments and consequent want of punctuality, he is

one who showed a disposition to serve me, and who did serve me in the time of my necessity, and I should despise myself could I for a moment forget it. Let him have the work on better terms than other publishers, and do not be deterred by the risk of loss.

My health is still unrestored. This work has kept me from getting well, and my indisposition on the other hand has retarded the work. I have now been about five weeks in London, and have only once been out of doors, about a month since, and that made me worse.

From what Mr. Irving has told me, I infer he must have left his sick chamber this "once" to confer with Murray respecting the publication of "The Spy," the first of Cooper's novels which created his reputation and laid the foundation of his claim to enduring literary distinction. Wiley, his American publisher, had sent the printed volume to Murray, accompanied by a letter from Cooper, referring him to Mr. Irving for terms. Mr. Wiley at the same time wrote to Mr. Irving, apprising him of this proceeding, and requesting him, should Murray decline to make such an offer for the work as in his opinion it might be worth, "to call on some other respectable house." Murray retained the work until Mr. Irving grew impatient for an answer, and then declined its publication, as he had formerly done in the case of the "Sketch Book." Meanwhile, it found its way to the English public through another channel. Mr. Irving reported its fate in a letter to Wiley not in my possession, if it be still in existence, and it is that communication which led to this direct epistle from Cooper, prior to his

adoption, as will be seen from the signature, of his middle name of Fenimore.

DEAR SIR :—

The friendly interest you have taken in the success of my books, demands of me a direct acknowledgment of your kindness. I was not very sanguine as to the success of the "Spy" in England, nor was I at all surprised when I learnt that the book was referred to Mr. Gifford, that Mr. Murray declined publishing it. If the latter is made sensible of the evil guidance that he has been subjected to, one good purpose, at least, will follow the success which you are so good as to communicate. Mr. Benjamin W. Coles, of this city, is now in Europe, and has been so kind as to take charge of my new work, "The Pioneers;" I should be pleased to have him aided by your experience. If you meet he will probably call on you and you will find him a gentleman of acquirements, and modest, pleasing manners.

By a Mr. Halleck, the admirable Croaker, I have sent to Mr. Coles the first hundred pages of the work in print. I shall take proper caution to secure the copy-right in both countries, if it can be done.

I desire, sir, to thank you again for your attention to my interests, and the advice for my future government.

Very respectfully,

Your servant,

NEW YORK, July 30, 1822. JAMES COOPER.

Fitz-Greene Halleck, mentioned above, who shared with Joseph Rodman Drake the authorship of the satirical effusions first published in the New York Evening Post, under the signature of "Croaker and Croaker and Co.," was soon destined to a wider and more exalted celebrity in the front rank of American poets. Drake, whose genius gave promise of a brilliant career, died at

the early age of twenty-five, leaving behind him in manuscript that exquisite creation of fancy, "The Culprit Fay."

Mr. Irving was in Germany when this letter of Cooper was received, and did not return to London for some time, so that he had no opportunity of conferring with Murray respecting the "Pioneers," of which he [Murray] became the publisher.

The second volume of "Bracebridge Hall" was despatched to New York the last of February, a month after the other, but reached its destination within eight days of it, the first having a passage of sixty days. They were received in April, and hurried through the press by Ebenezer for fear of being anticipated by the copy on the English side. The work was printed in the style of the "Sketch Book," and for want of time only a thousand copies were printed in the first edition; "it would have been more profitable," says Ebenezer, "to have made the edition larger, but it would not do to venture on it." It appeared May 21, 1822. Soon after Mr. Irving had sent the second volume to America, and thus given it a fair start, he proceeded to make a contract with Murray for its publication in England.

When the author came up from Birmingham to London with the MS. of "Bracebridge Hall," Colburn called on him, introduced by Campbell the poet, and offered him a thousand guineas for it, but he would not entertain a proposition to leave Murray. The latter had been very

anxious to have something from him as the season was advancing, and when Mr. Irving went to him, at the instance of his friends, who probably knew his too easy acquiescence in any sum that might be offered, he was induced to name his own price, which was fifteen hundred guineas. This staggered Murray, who, after a moment's hesitation, began: "If you had said a thousand guineas;" "You shall have it for a thousand guineas," said Mr. Irving, breaking in. Murray was taken aback by this. He had probably been prepared to divide the difference, and go the length of twelve hundred and fifty guineas. When he found Mr. Irving respond so promptly to the lesser sum, he sat down at once, and drew out the notes for the amount, and gave them to him, although he did not receive the manuscript until nearly two weeks afterwards. He also threw in a handsome donation of books, which the author sent to his sister at Birmingham.

After all, as his brother Peter writes him on hearing of the bargain with Murray, "a thousand guineas has a golden sound."

Mr. Irving sent the last proof of "Bracebridge Hall" to press in London, May 11, 1822. He had made great alterations and additions as the work was printing, so that the first English edition differed considerably from the first American one. The two editions were published within two days of each other, the American appearing on the 21st, and the English on the 23d of May.

Some time before the appearance of "Bracebridge

Hall" in London, Mr. Irving found himself getting the better of the tormenting malady in his ankles, which had troubled him at Birmingham, and confined him to the house since his arrival in London. He had been at a grievous expense with doctors to but little purpose, and he finally determined to undertake his own cure; "for I fancy," he says, "I understand the complaint as well as any of them." His first step was to go out and take exercise every day. Finding his health improving under this regimen, he began to pay visits, and was soon in a constant hurry of engagements, in the midst of which Moore came over to London from Paris for a brief sojourn, arriving April 16, and leaving May 7. During this interval his diary, for Mr. Irving kept none at this period, gives us a few glimpses of the author, of which I select the following:—

May 2d.—Went with Irving to breakfast at Holland House. The Duke of Bedford came in after breakfast, fresh from his duel with the Duke of Buckingham.

May 5th.—Irving walked about with me; called together at Lady Blessington's, who is growing very absurd. "I have felt very melancholy and ill all this day," she said. "Why is that?" I asked. "Don't you know?" "No." "It is the anniversary of my poor Napoleon's death."

In the following extract from a letter to Brevoort, dated London, June 11, we find mention of John Randolph and Mrs. Siddons.

John Randolph is here, and has attracted much attention. He has been sought after by people of the first distinction. I have met him repeatedly in company, and his eccentricity of appearance and manner makes him the more current and interesting; for in high life here, they are always eager after anything strange and peculiar. There is a vast deal, too, of the old school in Randolph's manner, the turn of his thoughts, and the style of his conversation, which seems to please very much.

Among other interesting acquaintances that I have made is Mrs. Siddons. She is now near seventy, and yet a magnificent looking woman. It is surprising how little time has been able to impair the dignity of her carriage, or the noble expression of her countenance. I heard her read the part of Constance at her own house one evening, and I think it the greatest dramatic treat I have had for a long time past.

Four days after the date of this letter, Mr. Irving received an invitation from Lady Spencer to dine with her at Wimbledon, one of the country-seats of Lord Spencer, about twelve miles from London. This was the lady whose Christmas invitation he had not been able to accept. At this dinner he first met the poet Rogers, who had lately returned from the continent; and who, though a stranger, received him with the hearty cordiality of an old friend. Irving at this time was overrun with invitations from many of whom he knew nothing. Rogers cautioned him to be on his guard, or the commonplace would hunt him down. "Show me your list of invitations," said he, "and let me give you a hint or two. This accept," to one; "that decline," to another; to a third, "this man avoid by all means; O! he's a direful bore."

Mr. Irving was quite amused at this worldly advice of the poet, and especially at the decided emphasis of the last sentence. Who the individual was, so impressively complimented, he did not specify when the anecdote fell from him.

I have heard Mr. Irving relate the following curious incident, as occurring at Wimbledon, where it appears he passed the night. He was reading, as was his custom through life, in bed. His door suddenly opened cautiously, and in stalked a grim apparition in the shape of a man with a lantern, who quietly walked up to his light, and with some muttered sentence which escaped him, extinguished it, and then walked out, shutting the door after him, and leaving Geoffrey in a maze at the mysterious intrusion. Lady Spencer laughed heartily when he mentioned the incident the next morning at breakfast. "O," said she, "that was my fireman; we once lost a country-seat by fire, and ever since he has had orders to walk the corridors at night, and when he detects a light from under the door, to extinguish it."

The next trace of him is June 21, when he is passing a few days at the country-seat of Mr. Thomas Hope, author of "Anastasius;" from which he writes to his sister Catherine:—

I am now writing from a country-seat in a beautiful part of the country, where I am passing a few days. It is the residence of Mr. Thomas Hope, one of the richest and most extraordinary men in England, not more famous for his wealth and magnificence than for being the author

of "Anastasius," a work of great merit and curious character. His wife, the Hon. Mrs. Hope, is one of the loveliest women in the kingdom, and one of the reigning deities of fashion. Their country-seat is furnished in a style of taste and magnificence of which I can give you no idea. With all this, they are delightfully frank, simple, and unpretending in their manners, especially in their country retreat; which is the true place to see English people to advantage. There are several persons on a visit here, besides myself, and time passes away very pleasantly.

The following contribution to the Album at Deep Dene, the country-seat above mentioned, I take from the "Cornhill Magazine" of May, 1860, in which it appeared after Mr. Irving's death.

WRITTEN IN THE DEEP DENE ALBUM.

June 24, 1822.

Thou record of the votive throng
  That fondly seek this fairy shrine,
And pay the tribute of a song
  Where worth and loveliness combine—

What boots that I, a vagrant wight
  From clime to clime still wandering on,
Upon thy friendly page should write—
  Who'll think of me when I am gone?

Go plough the wave, and sow the sand;
  Throw seed to every wind that blows;
Along the highway strew thy hand
  And fatten on the crop that grows.

For even thus the man that roams
  On heedless hearts his feeling spends;
Strange tenant of a thousand homes,
  And friendless, with ten thousand friends.

Yet here for once I'll leave a trace,
  To ask in aftertimes a thought;
To say that here a resting-place
  My wayworn heart has fondly sought.

So the poor pilgrim heedless strays,
  Unmoved, through many a region fair;
But at some shrine his tribute pays,
  To tell that he has worshipped there.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

June 30, he writes to Brevoort from London:—

Rogers, the poet, returned not long since from the continent, and I breakfast occasionally with him, and meet Crabbe and others of his literary friends. He has one of the completest and most elegant little bachelor establishments that I have ever seen. It is as neat, and elegant, and finished, and small, as his own principal poem.

Matthews, the comedian, is coming out to make a tour in America, which I have no doubt will be a successful one. His powers of entertainment are wonderful. By his talents at imitation, he in a manner raises the dead and makes them walk and talk for your amusement; for his specimens of Tate Wilkinson, Macklin, Wilkes, etc., etc., are among the best of his imitations. He is a very correct, gentlemanlike man in private life, and at times the life of a dinner-table by his specimens of characters of the day. I shall give him letters to America, and among others to yourself.

When Mr. Irving returned from Deep Dene to his

lodgings in London, he found his table covered with invitations which had accumulated during his absence.

I have been leading a sad life lately [he writes to his brother Peter, June 30], burning the candle at both ends, and seeing the fashionable world through one of its seasons. The success of my writings gave me an opportunity, and I thought it worth while to embrace it if it were only for curiosity's sake. I have therefore been tossed about "hither and thither and whither I would not;" have been at the levee and the drawing-room, been at routs, and balls, and dinners, and country-seats; been hand-and-glove with nobility and mobility, until, like Trim, I have satisfied the sentiment, and am now preparing to make my escape from all this splendid confusion.

He was intending to make the best of his way to Aix-la-Chapelle, for the benefit of the baths and waters.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—OLD CUSTOM.—MAYENCE.—INTRODUCTION TO THE "TALES OF A TRAVELLER."—HEIDELBERG.—LETTER FROM MOORE.—MUNICH.—EUGENE BEAUHARNOIS.—VIENNA.—THE YOUNG NAPOLEON.

THE restless life which the author had been leading in London, had thrown him back in his recovery, and when he started for Aix-la-Chapelle, he was still rather lame from the lingerings of his complaint. From this ancient city, which he reached on the 17th of July, and where he spent some weeks, he writes to his sister, Mrs. Van Wart:—

This is the birthplace, and was once the seat of empire of Charlemagne, that monarch so renowned in history and song. His tomb is in the cathedral, and is only marked by a broad slab of black marble, on which is the inscription, *Carolo Magno.* The cathedral is an extremely ancient, venerable-looking pile. Every night I hear the hours chimed on its bells; and the midnight hours announced by the watchman from its tower. The Germans are full of old customs and usages, which are obsolete in other parts of the world. At eleven, twelve, and one o'clock, the watchman on the tower of the cathedral, when the clock strikes, blows as many blasts of a horn as there are strokes of the clock; and the sound of these warning notes of time in the stillness of the night, has to me something extremely solemn.

From this "little old ghost-ridden city," as he terms Aix-la-Chapelle in his notes, he ascended the Rhine to Wisbaden, and proceeded thence to Mayence, where he remained about three weeks.

It was from the Hotel de Darmstadt at Mayence, that the introduction to the "Tales of a Traveller" is dated. The author was thrown back in his recovery after his arrival at Mayence, and was detained there some time by indisposition, as stated in that introduction, nor was Katrina, the pretty daughter of mine host, under whose tuition he conjugated *ich liebe*, a fiction, but the tales really were written partly in Paris, and partly in England. As, however, he tells Peter, he was in hopes to have something under way for spring publication, it is probable he attempted some scribbling under the roof of the jolly publican, John Ardnot, from which the fancy took him to date his lucubrations from that hotel. From Mayence, which he left on the 13th of September, he proceeded to Frankfort, and thence through Darmstadt to Heidelberg.

With all my ailments and my lameness [he writes to a sister from this place], I never have enjoyed travelling more than through these lovely countries. I do not know whether it is the peculiar fineness of the season, or the general character of the climate, but I never was more sensible to the delicious effect of atmosphere: perhaps my very malady has made me more susceptible to influences of the kind. I feel a kind of intoxication of the heart, as I draw in the pure air of the mountains; and the clear, transparent atmosphere, the steady, serene, golden sunshine, seems to enter into my very soul.

Awaiting his arrival at Heidelberg, which he had expected to reach much earlier, when he set out on his tour, Mr. Irving found the following letter:—

[*From Thomas Moore.*]

August 5, 1822.

My dear Irving:—

I have been so deplorably lazy about writing to you, that I fear I am now too late to catch you at Heidelberg, and lest it should be the fate of my letter to die in the Dead Letter office of a German town ("la plus morte mort" as Montaigne calls it, that I can imagine), I will only venture two or three hasty lines, to tell you that we are all quite well, and full of delight at the idea of seeing you here in autumn. I have taken up a subject for a poem since I came to Passy, and nearly finished it—only about twelve or thirteen hundred lines in all, which I shall publish singly. Bessy has been for some weeks (with that "John Bull," as Tom now calls himself) at Montmorenci, drinking the waters. I will just give you an extract from a letter I received from her yesterday, because I think it is about as good criticism as is to be had (for *love* at least, whatever there may be for *money*), nowadays. "I have just finished 'Bracebridge Hall,' and am more than ever delighted with the author. How often he touches the heart! at least mine." I think you will agree with me that the modesty of this last limitation is such as critics would do well to imitate oftener. "Parlez pour vous" would dispel the illusions of the plurality exceedingly.

I want you very much here, and often express my wants aloud, though I have not Mrs. Story to give her gentle echo to them. She complains in her last letter to Bessy, that she has no longer any traces of your existence in the world. I could scribble a good deal more, now I have begun, but having the fear of that Epistolary Death at Heidelberg before my eyes, I must stop short, and am, my dear Irving,

Ever faithfully yours,

Thomas Moore.

At the receipt of this letter, Mr. Irving was undetermined whether to return to Paris, or to strike into the interior of Germany and pass his winter in Dresden. He left Heidelberg on the 30th of September, with his mind made up to the latter course, though at Strasburg as he records, he had to resist "several strong tugs of feeling that pulled him towards Paris." He reached Ulm on the 5th of October, continued along the Danube the next day to visit the field of Blenheim, the famous battle-ground, and the day following arrived at Munich, the capital of Bavaria, where "a grand fête on the king's birthday" gave him a fine opportunity of seeing both the court and the populace.

I had a good view also [he writes], of Eugene Beauharnois, the stepson of Bonaparte. He married a daughter of the King of Bavaria, and is one of the most fortunate of Bonaparte's relatives and followers; for he has ever maintained a character for honor and bravery, and now lives in opulence and ease, with a superb palace, a charming wife and family, beloved by his father-in-law, the old king, and esteemed by the public.

On the 17th of October, he left Munich for Salzburg, which he pronounces "one of the most romantic places, as to its situation and scenery he had ever beheld." Here he remained two or three days and then resumed his journey for Vienna, where he was occupied "in looking about for nearly a month." In a letter to his sister from this city, dated November 10, he gives this glimpse of the young Napoleon.

The Emperor is at present in Italy, attending the Congress at Verona. I have seen the other members of the Imperial family several times at the theatre, where they appear in the Imperial box without any show, nor any sensation on the part of the audience, as it seems quite a common occurrence. The most interesting member of the family, however, was the young Napoleon, son of poor Boney. His mother, now called the archduchess Marie Louise, was, as you may recollect, daughter of the Emperor of Austria. She is now at Verona. The young Napoleon, or the Duke of Reichstadt, as he is called, is a very fine boy, full of life and spirit, of most engaging manners and appearance, and universally popular. He has something of Bonaparte in the shape of his head and the lower part of his countenance ; his eyes are like his mother's. I have seen him once in an open carriage, with his tutor. Every one took off his hat as the little fellow passed. I have since seen him at the theatre, where he appeared to enjoy the play with boyish delight ; laughing out loud, and continually turning to speak to his more phlegmatic uncles, the other young princes.

CHAPTER XXX.

FROM VIENNA TO DRESDEN.—PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—LETTER TO MRS. VAN WART.—LETTER TO PETER.—THE CONSPIRACY.—PLAYS SIR CHARLES RACKETT IN "THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE."—LETTER TO LESLIE.—EXTRACTS FROM NOTE-BOOK.—LEAVES DRESDEN FOR PARIS.

EFORE he left Vienna, the author visited the Imperial library, where he saw the MSS. of Tasso's "Jerusalem." He has this note on the subject: "I thought I saw a similarity between his handwriting and Lord Byron's; many alterations in MSS." He left Vienna on the 18th of November, and passing a few days at Prague, on the way, arrived at Dresden on the 28th.

In this little capital, where his stay was prolonged through several months, the author was destined to find a delightful residence.

He met an old acquaintance here in Morier, the British minister, whom he had known as Chargé at Washington, in 1811, and through him he soon found himself mingling familiarly with the diplomatic corps, who formed a sort of social brotherhood. Here he also met for the first time, an English family by the name of

Foster, with whom he became extremely intimate and to whom allusion is made in the notes and letters which are to follow. Mrs. Foster had been for some time residing in Dresden for the education of her children, two daughters now grown up, and two younger sons. Her house soon became a home to him. One of the daughters, in a letter addressed to him long years afterwards, says of this period: "You formed a part of our daily life." I transcribe a letter from another daughter, which gives her impression of his character, as exhibited at this period of familiar intercourse. The letter, it will be seen, bears date after the author's death, and was addressed to me in reply to an application for his correspondence with the family.

THORNHAUGH RECTORY, WANSFORD,
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, March 10, 1860.

DEAR SIR:—

I have sent a few extracts from Mr. Irving's letters that I thought were characteristic, or might be generally interesting, but only a few, for he expressed so strong a desire that his correspondence should be strictly private, that I have only chosen those that I think he would not have disliked being made public, or I should feel as if I had violated the sacred confidence of a friendship so valued. The passages I have sent give an idea of his life in Dresden. Sought after by all in the best society, and mingling much in the gay life of a foreign city, and a court where the royal family were themselves sufficiently intellectual to appreciate genius; but really intimate with ourselves only, and to such a degree that it gives me a right to judge of some points in his character. He was thoroughly a gentleman, not merely externally in manners and look, but to the innermost fibres and core of his heart. Sweet-tempered, gentle, fastidious,

sensitive, and gifted with the warmest affections, the most delightful and invariably interesting companion, gay and full of humor, even in spite of occasional fits of melancholy, which he was however seldom subject to when with those he liked—a gift of conversation that flowed like a full river in sunshine, bright, easy, and abundant. He stayed at Dresden till we left, and then accompanied us on our return home, even into the packet-boat, and left us in the channel. That was not, happily, our last parting; he visited us in England, and I saw a good deal of him in London afterwards; but the farewell in that open boat, with the looks of regret on all sides, seemed the real farewell, and left the deepest impression. The picture he received in Paris was the little miniature you mention. I am, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

EMILY FULLER.

You are quite welcome to make any use of my letter that you please. It is a very faint testimony of a real friendship.

The "picture" referred to at the close of this tribute to the departed, was a miniature copy of the "Head of Herodias," painted by Miss Foster, from the Dresden gallery, and which has been for years suspended from the walls of Sunnyside. "I treasure it," says the author in a letter to her a few years before his death, "as a precious memorial of those pleasant days." It was received by Mr. Irving at Paris four or five months after his parting with the family on their return to England in July, 1823. One of the records of his diary at Paris, under date of December 15, 1823, is as follows:—

Return home, and find parcel from Mrs. Foster, with German books, and miniature painted by Emily.

The first letter I find from Dresden was addressed to Leslie a few days after his arrival. In it he says :—

By dint of bathing and a little attention to diet, I have conquered the malady that so long rendered me almost a cripple ; and the exercise, change of air, and refreshment of spirit incident to travelling, have operated most favorably on my general health. Since I wrote to Newton, I have been among the Salzburg mountains; then by the way of Lintz to Vienna, where I remained nearly a month; then through part of Moravia and Bohemia, stopping a few days at the fine old city of Prague, to this place, where I mean to winter. How I should have liked to have you as a travelling companion throughout my summer's tour. You would have found continual exercise for the pencil, and objects of gratification and improvement in the noble galleries that abound in the principal German cities. I shall now take a master and go to work to study German. If I can get my pen to work, so much the better ; but it has been so long idle that I fear it will take some time to get it in a working mood. . . . . How often have I thought of you, in exploring some of these old German towns, where you might have a wing of a deserted palace almost for nothing. Such glorious painting-rooms, that might be blocked up or pulled to pieces at your humor ! The living, in fact, is wonderfully cheap in many of the finest cities of Germany. In Dresden, for example, I have a very neat, comfortable, and prettily furnished apartment on the first floor of a hotel ; it consists of a cabinet with a bed in it, and a cheerful sitting-room that looks on the finest square. I am offered this apartment for the winter at the rate of thirty-six shillings a month. Would to Heaven that I could get such quarters in London for anything like the money. I shall probably remain here until the spring opens, as this is one of the pleasantest winter residences, and peculiarly favorable for the study of the German language, which is here spoken in its purity. Which way I shall direct my wanderings when I leave this, I cannot say; I find it is useless to project plans of tours, as I seldom follow them, but am apt to be driven completely out of my course by whim or circumstance.

The letter concludes :—

Farewell, my dear boy.

Give my hearty remembrance to the "Childe," Father Luke, and all the rest of the fraternity, not forgetting my excellent and worthy friend, Peter Powell.

The following letters, written after he had been more than three months in Dresden, give some pleasant glimpses of his mode of life in that city.

[*To Mrs. Sarah Van Wart.*]

DRESDEN, March 7, 1823.

MY DEAR SISTER :—

. . . . . My winter in Dresden has been extremely agreeable. I have become quite at home among the good people, and am invited to everything that is going on in the world of fashion and gayety. The old court has particularly pleased me from its stiff old-fashioned formalities, and buckram ceremonies. I have been treated uniformly with the most marked attention, by all the members of the royal family, and am in great favor with the old queen. There is a singular mixture of state and familiarity in some of the court fêtes. There have been, for instance, several court balls given by the royal family. At those given by the king the common people are admitted as spectators, and rows of seats are erected for them on each side of the great saloon in which the company dance. Here then you see the nobility and visitors of the court, in full court-dresses, dancing in the centre of the saloon, while on each side are long banks of burly faces wedged together, men, women, and children, and gazing, and courtesying as at a theatre. As the court dances are not always the most dignified, one would think this opportunity of seeing royalty cutting capers, would be enough to destroy the illusion with which it is surrounded. There is one romping dance called "the Grandfather," something in the style of *Sir Roger de Coverley*, which generally winds up

the balls, and of which the princes and princesses are extremely fond. In this I have seen the courtiers of all ages capering up and down the saloon to the infinite amusement of the populace, and in conformity to the vagaries of the dance, I have been obliged to romp about with one of the princesses as if she had been a boarding-school girl. . . . .

I wish I could give you a good account of my literary labors, but I have nothing to report. I am merely seeing and hearing, and my mind seems in too crowded and confused a state to produce anything. I am getting very familiar with the German language; and there is a lady here who is so kind as to give me lessons every day in Italian [Mrs. Foster], which language I had nearly forgotten, but which I am fast regaining. Another lady is superintending my French [Miss Emily Foster], so that if I am not acquiring ideas, I am at least acquiring a variety of modes of expressing them when they do come. . . . .

[*To Peter Irving.*]

DRESDEN, March 10, 1823.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

What a time have I suffered to pass by without writing to you. I can give no excuse for it but the wretched and unsatisfactory one, of continual procrastination, and too much distraction and dissipation of mind; but I know you to be indulgent in these cases, and not to consider a casual career of dissipation among the *crying* sins. I have been passing a very agreeable, a very idle, but I trust after all, a very profitable winter in Dresden; for though I have done nothing with my pen, and have been tossed about on the stream of society, yet I console myself with the idea that I have *lived into* a great deal of amusing and characteristic information; which after all, is perhaps the best way of studying the world. I have been most hospitably received and even caressed in this little capital, and have experienced nothing but the most marked kindness from the king downwards. My reception, indeed, at court has been peculiarly flattering, and every branch of the royal family has taken occasion to show me particular attention, whenever I made my appearance. I wish

you were here with me to study this little court; it is just the thing that would delight you. It is one of the most formal and ceremonious in Europe, keeping up all the old observances that have been laid aside in other courts. The king is an excellent old gentleman, between seventy and eighty, but a stanch stickler for the old school. He has two brothers, Prince Max and Prince Antoine, and the trio are such figures as you see in the prints of Frederick the Great. Prince Max is one of the most amiable old gentlemen I have ever met with; his countenance and manners peculiarly benevolent; he has two sons, Frederick and John (the former will one day inherit the throne), and two daughters, the youngest of whom is the present Queen of Spain. Prince Antoine, the other brother of the king, is a brisk, lively little gentleman; very religious, but withal as great a hunter as Nimrod, and as fond of dancing as King David. He married a sister of the Emperor of Austria, an old lady that is a complete picture of the dames of the old school. Prince Antoine has always shown a great fancy for me, and I believe I owe much of my standing in the old gentleman's favor, from dancing French quadrilles. I have dined with the king, and been at a number of balls and soirees given by the different members of the royal family. As at these balls every one must be in uniform or court dress, they are very showy.

Among the other amusements of the winter, we have had a little attempt at private theatricals. These have been at the house of Mrs. Foster, an English lady of rank, who has been residing here for a couple of years. She has two daughters, most accomplished and charming girls. They occupy part of a palace, and in a large saloon a little theatre was fitted up, the scenery being hired from a small theatre and the dresses from a masquerade warehouse. It was very prettily arranged, I assure you. We first tried Tom Thumb, which, however, went no further than a dressed rehearsal, in which I played the part of King Arthur, to Mrs. Foster's Dollalolla; and the other parts were supported by some of the English who were wintering in Dresden. There was then an attempt to get up a little opera, altered from the French by Colonel Livius, a cousin of Mrs. Foster, and some such a character as I have described in Master Simon in my last work. The colonel, however, who is a green-room

veteran, and has written for the London theatres, was so much of a martinet in his managerial discipline, that the piece absolutely fell through from being too much managed. In the meantime a few of the colonel's theatrical subjects conspired to play him a trick, and get up a piece without his knowledge. We pitched upon the little comedy of "*Three Weeks after Marriage,*" which I altered and arranged so as to leave out two or three superfluous characters. I played the part of Sir Charles Rackett; Miss Foster, Lady Rackett; Miss Flora Foster, Dimity; Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Druggett; and a young officer by the name of Corkran, the part of Mr. Druggett. You cannot imagine the amusement this little theatrical plot furnished us. We rehearsed in Mrs. Foster's drawing-room, and as the whole was to be kept a profound secret, and as Mrs. Foster's drawing-room is a great place of resort, and as especially our dramatic sovereign, Colonel Livius, was almost an inmate of the family, we were in continued risk of discovery, and had to gather together like a set of conspirators. We, however, carried our plot into execution more successfully than commonly falls to the lot of conspirators. The colonel had ordered a dress rehearsal of his little opera ; the scenery was all prepared, the theatre lighted up, a few amateurs admitted ; the colonel took his seat before the curtain, to direct the rehearsal. The curtain rose, and out walked Mr. and Mrs. Druggett in proper costume. The little colonel was perfectly astonished, and did not recover himself before the first act was finished; it was a perfect explosion to him. We afterwards performed the little comedy before a full audience of the English resident in Dresden, and of several of the nobility that understood English, and it went off with great spirit and success. We are now on the point of playing "*The Wonder,*" which I have altered and shortened to suit the strength of the company, and to prune off objectionable parts. In this, I play the part of Don Felix, to Miss Foster's Violante. She plays charmingly; the part of Colonel Briton I have had to alter into a British captain of a man-of-war, to adapt it to the turn of the actor who is to play it, namely, Captain Morier, of the navy, brother of the British Minister. I have dwelt rather long on this subject because I know you relish matters of the kind.

[*To C. R. Leslie.*]

DRESDEN, March 15, 1823.

I have just been seized with a fit of letter-writing, after having nearly forgotten how to use my pen, so I take the earliest stage of the complaint to scribble to you. I had hoped to receive a gratuitous letter from you before this, but you are one of those close codgers who never pay more than the law compels them.

How often I have wished for you and Newton during the last eight or nine months, in the course of which I have been continually mingling in scenes full of character and picture.

The place where I am now passing my time is a complete study. The court of this little kingdom of Saxony is, perhaps, the most ceremonious and old-fashioned in Europe, and one finds here customs and observances in full vigor that have long since faded away in other courts.

The king is a capital character himself,—a complete old gentleman of the ancient school, and very tenacious in keeping up the old style. He has treated me with the most marked kindness, and every member of the royal family has shown me great civility. What would greatly delight you is the royal hunting establishment, which the king maintains at a vast expense, being his hobby. He has vast forests stocked with game, and a complete forest police, forest masters, chasseurs, piqueurs, jägers, etc., etc. The charm of the thing is, that all this is kept up in the old style ; and to go out hunting with him, you might fancy yourself in one of those scenes of old times which we read of in poetry and romance. I have followed him thrice to the boar hunt. The last we had extremely good sport. The boar gave us a chase of upwards of two hours, and was not overpowered until it had killed one dog, and desperately wounded several others. It was a very cold winter day, with much snow on the ground ; but as the hunting was in a thick pine forest and the day was sunny, we did not feel the cold. The king and all his hunting retinue were clad in an old-fashioned hunting uniform of green, with green caps. The sight of the old monarch and his retinue galloping through the alleys of the forest, the jägers dashing singly about in all

directions, cheering the hounds ; the shouts; the blast of horns; the cry of hounds ringing through the forest, altogether made one of the most animating scenes I ever beheld.

I have become very intimate with one of the king's forest masters, who lives in a picturesque old hunting lodge with towers, formerly a convent, and who has undertaken to show me all the economy of the hunting establishment. What glorious groupings, and what admirable studies for figures and faces I have seen among these hunters.

I have done nothing with my pen since I left you, absolutely *nothing !* I have been gazing about, rather idly, perhaps, but yet among fine scenes of striking character, and I can only hope that some of them may stick to my mind, and furnish me with materials in some future fit of scribbling.

I have been fighting my way into the German language, and am regaining my Italian, and for want of more profitable employment have turned *play actor.*

We have been getting up private theatricals here at the house of an English lady. I have already enacted Sir Charles Rackett in "Three Weeks after Marriage," with great applause ; and I am on the point of playing Don Felix in "The Wonder." I had no idea of this fund of dramatic talent lurking within me ; and I now console myself that if the worst comes to the worst I can turn stroller, and pick up a decent maintenance among the barns in England. I verily believe nature intended me to be a vagabond.

I continue the sketch of his life at Dresden, with some extracts from his note-book, beginning some days after the date of the letter to Leslie, just given.

April 1st.—Write letters all the morning—little Madame de Bergh * makes an April fool of me. *2d.*—In the evening, dressed rehearsal of

* Wife of the Danish Minister.

"The Wonder" at Mrs. Foster's. *3d.* [*Thursday.*]—My birthday—at one o'clock drive into the country with the Fosters and Colonel Livius ; . . . . . return before dark. In the evening a small party at Mrs. Foster's to keep my birthday. The Miss Fosters prepare a surprise by getting up tableaux of scenes in the "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall" and Knickerbocker. The picture by Leslie of Dutch courtship admirably represented by Madame de Bergh and Captain Morier. Annette Delarbre by the young Countess Hernenbern, Madame Foster, and Captain Morier. Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap, by Mrs. Foster, Miss Flora Foster, and Captain Morier—conclude the evening by waltzing.

Friday, 4th.—Busy all day getting dress for the character of "Don Felix"—Mrs. Foster assists in new trimming a very handsome velvet dress, and makes a new scarf—in the evening we performed the play of "The Wonder, a Woman keeps a Secret," with great alteration.

Don Felix,	Mr. Irving.
Col. Briton,	Capt. Morier.
Don Pedro,	Mr. Pigott.
Lissardo,	Col. Livius.
Donna Violante,	Miss Foster.
Isabella,	Miss Flora Foster.
Marguerite,	Mrs. Foster.

Among the audience were the Austrian Ambassador, Count and Countess Palffy, Count and Countess Luxbourg, Count Rumigny, Chevalier Campuzano, Countess Loos and daughters, Monsieur and Madame de Bergh, the Lowensteins, Malsburg, Miss Fitzhern, Countess Lubinski, etc., etc., etc.

April 10th.— . . . Go to Ponic to hear decision about my having fired a pistol out of my window. The legal penalty twenty dollars and forfeiture. I am let off for two dollars eight groschen fine, and two dollars some groschen cost, and the pistol returned to me. Very lenient on the part of Mr. Rarow the President.

[The pistol was a small one, borrowed of Colonel Livius, to be used in playing Don Felix in "The Wonder," in the mock drunken scene. Finding it loaded, he opened a window, and fired it off; making himself unconsciously amenable to the law.]

April 11*th.*—Read Italian with Mrs. Foster—dine there—after dinner read them some MSS.

12*th.*— . . . Go to the Fosters, and pass the evening reading from scrap books, and telling ghost stories until eleven o'clock.

13*th.*— . . . Go to the Lowensteins and pass the evening there until near eleven—Mademoiselle Annette very curious about my early history.

Sunday, April 27*th.*—Go to Mrs. F.—read Italian till two—dine there early as there is a court ball at six—return home to dress—at six go to ball given by Prince Max in Prince Frederick's apartments—the King and Queen of Bavaria and of Saxony there—dance with E. and F. Foster—Queen of Saxony sent the master of ceremonies to bring me to her—said she had not seen me for a century—that she had just received my works from Paris, and made many compliments on it—said she expected I would write something about Dresden, etc., and about the *chasse* [a purpose entertained by him, but never fulfilled].—King of Bavaria told me he knew Franklin in Paris, and after Franklin's departure he had bought a horse and cabriolet which belonged to him—returned home about ten or half past.

May 5*th.*—Trotter calls and postpones the journey to the Riesen Gebirge.—Go to Mrs. Foster's to read Italian—dine there with Cockburn, etc.—pass evening there till nine—Mrs. Foster very anxious for me to change my travelling plans and accompany them to England.

May 14*th.*—Walked out to Prussnitz in morning—saw Cockburn, who agreed to accompany me in tour to Riesen Gebirge—went to Foster's in evening—spent a very pleasant evening chatting.

On the 20th of May, in company with the young English officer just named, Mr. John Cockburn of the artillery, Mr. Irving set out on a tour he had been some time contemplating to the Riesen Gebirge, or Giant Mountains, a chain of mountains that separate Silesia from Bohemia. He revisited Prague seven days after his departure, and in this picturesque old city his stay was prolonged by the illness of his companion to the 24th of June. He returned to Dresden on the 26th of June, after an absence of five weeks. Here he remained until the 12th of July, when he took his final departure for Paris, travelling part of the way in company with his friends, the Fosters, who were on their return to England.

They had made their house absolutely a home to me [he writes to Peter] during my residence in Dresden. I travelled in an open carriage with Mrs. Foster ; the two Miss Fosters and her two little boys followed on in a post chaise with their German tutor.

The commencement of our tour was most auspicious, but after leaving Leipsic, as we approached the Hartz regions, we met with one of the most tremendous squalls of wind, dust, rain, hail, thunder and lightning I ever experienced.

I extract the particulars of this travelling incident from some scarcely legible pencilled memoranda.

Mrs. Foster gets on the box with me—fine and warm—country begins to grow more varied—see a storm gathering ahead—it advances rapidly—I see that it is a thunder-gust and likely to be a severe one—get Mrs. Foster into carriage—make the carriage all fast and ready—mount the dicky with box coat and a fur mantle about my legs, and umbrella—gust

comes on with a hurricane of wind, raising clouds of dust—the earth seems thrown up into the air—the clouds brown with dust—the whole atmosphere thickened and darkened—gust comes more and more terrible —horses can hardly draw on the carriage—begins to rain—rain driven with incredible violence—hail—large as hazel-nuts—storm increases—one horrible blast of wind succeeds another—umbrella breaks and is whirled off into a neighboring field—mantle flies after it—horses get frightened—I descend from coach-box—fear the carriage will be blown over—the two leaders become unmanageable—postilion jumps off and tries to hold them —they turn round and go down a bank—try to keep them quiet—they continue restive—drag carriage after them down a steep bank into a ditch —pole breaks—carriage overturns—rush to the place and get the ladies out—none hurt materially—bruised a little—drenched to the skin in an instant—leave them there and run to a house about half a mile off—find a smith's shop with a small country inn beside it—send workmen to look after the carriage, and order rooms to be prepared for ladies—run back to carriage—the storm is already over—find them all drenched to the skin, but in good spirits and unhurt—they walk to the inn—the carriage is with much trouble righted and dragged up the bank backward by two horses and six or eight men—get safe to the inn—a new pole is made—we all change our clothes, and after a repast of cold tongue and wine, set off in good spirits—the ladies give their hats, which were quite wet, to a pretty maid servant at the inn—and likewise a shawl—she will be the belle of the neighborhood.

This storm was "the overture to a long series of bad weather" [he writes to Peter] that lasted during our tour. Still there were intervals of beautiful sunshine which we enjoyed the more from contrast. We accomplished a tour through the Hartz mountains, which surpassed my expectations; not from their height, but from the magnificence of the forest scenery, which reminded me of our American forests. We then passed through the *Golden Arc* or Golden Meadow, which lies between the Hartz and the Kyffhauser mountains, and continued on to Hesse. I was delighted with the beauty of this last country, of which, somehow or other, I had no expectation. In about ten days from our leaving Dresden, we arrived at the

beautiful little city of Cassel, the capital of Hesse, where we remained a couple of days to repose from the fatigues of travelling, and to have a little pleasant time together before we parted, as I had intended making the best of my way for Paris from that place. When it came to the last evening, however, it seemed hard to part thus in the midst of a tour, so the next morning I resumed my seat in the carriage, determined to see my fair companions safely on board the steamboat at Rotterdam. We had better weather during the remaining part of the journey and passed through some lovely country; a part of what was formerly Westphalia. At Rotterdam the Fosters embarked. I accompanied them down to the Brille and then bade them adieu as if I had been taking leave of my own family; for they had been for nearly eight months past more like relatives than friends to me.

I now made the best of my way for Paris, travelling day and night, excepting a short stay of a night and part of a day at Antwerp. I arrived here the day before yesterday [August 3], and have been taking lodgings in the *Hotel de Yorck, Boulevard Montmartre.* I shall now put myself *en train* for literary occupation, as it is high time for me to do something, having been so long unsettled.

END OF VOLUME I.

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